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No. 97.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER AND GENERAL REVIEW.

THIRD SERIES — No. XXVIII.

MARCH, 1840.

CONTENTS.

	Page
I. Hymns of the Primitive Church	1
1. The Hymns of the Primitive Church; now first collected, translated, and arranged. By the Rev. J. Chandler.	
2. Ancient Hymns, from the Roman Breviary, for domestic Use. By Richard Mant.	
II. History of the D'Aubigné Reformation	20
History of the Great Reformation of the Sixteenth Century, in Germany, Switzerland, &c. By J. H. Merle D'Aubigné.	
III. Education of Mothers	44
De l'Education des Meres de Famille ou de la Civilisation du Genre Humain par les Femmes. Par L. Aimé Martin.	
IV. Magee on Atonement and Sacrifice	63
Discourses and Dissertations on the Scriptural Doctrines of Atonement and Sacrifice, &c. By Rev. William Magee.	
V. Discourse on the Death of Dr. Follen. By William E. Channing	68
VI. Scenes in Judea	89
VII. The Temperance Reform	111
Rosanna; or Scenes in Boston. A Story; by the Author of "Three Experiments of Living, &c."	
VIII. The Christian Layman.	123
The Christian Layman, or the Doctrine of the Trinity fully considered and adjudged according to the Bible. By A Christian Layman.	
Notices and Intelligence.	
The Theory and Uses of Natural Religion; being the Dudlean Lecture. By John G. Palfrey	127
The Poet's Tribute. By William B. Tappan	128
The Slave; or Memoirs of Archy Moore	129
Delusion; or the Witch of New England	130
A Sermon on the Destruction of the Lexington. By S. K. Lothrop	130
Pebblebrook, or the Harding Family	131
William V. Thacher	131
Literary Intelligence	135

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PROSPECTUS

OF THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

The present number of the Examiner being the first of a new volume, the Editor makes use of the occasion to call the attention of its friends, and the friends of Unitarian Christianity generally, to its state. It needs, and must have, in order to its vigorous existence, a much larger number of subscribers than it can now boast of. The present list shows but a few over eight hundred names; and from a portion of these payment is doubtful, or long deferred, or is received in a depreciated currency. After deducting the cost of printing, the profits of the publisher, and the amount paid to contributors — being a dollar a page for all original and translated matter — but a very small sum is left as a remuneration for the labors and responsibility of editing. This must be very considerably increased to allow of as much time being exclusively devoted to the work as it may justly claim. A little effort on the part of clergymen and other influential individuals, it is confidently believed, would in a short time greatly enlarge the present list.

In aiming to extend the circulation of this long established journal — instituted by the late Dr. Worcester and conducted, since it passed from his hands in the year 1818, by a succession of sound scholars and learned divines — the Editor feels that he is doing a service to the best interests of literature and religion. No Review of our country has supplied articles of profounder learning, or a higher eloquence, or which have offered to those who read for any other end than mere amusement, a larger amount of instructive and valuable matter. A periodical which has given to the world such pieces as those upon Stuart's Letters to Dr. Channing, and his Commentary on the Hebrews, upon Milton, Fenelon, and Bonaparte, to name no more, has no reason to shrink from comparison with any other. With but few exceptions the names of its earlier contributors are still upon its catalogue with the addition of many others. The Editor believes he may assure the subscribers, that the work in its future numbers will not be less useful, or less honorable to the theological literature of the country than heretofore.

(See third page.)

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CONTENTS

OF

VOL. XXVIII. — THIRD SERIES, VOL. X.

No. I.

ART. I. — Hymns of the Primitive Church, - - 1
1. The Hymns of the Primitive Church; now first collected, translated, and arranged by the Rev. J. CHANDLER.
2. Ancient Hymns, from the Roman Breviary, for domestic Use. By RICHARD MANT.

ART. II. — History of the Great Reformation of the Sixteenth Century, in Germany, Switzerland, &c. By J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ, - - - - - - 20

ART. III. — De l'Education des Meres de Famille ou de la Civilisation du Genre Humain par les Femmes. Par L. AIMÉ MARTIN, - - - - - - 44

ART. IV. — Discourses and Dissertations on the Scriptural Doctrines of Atonement and Sacrifice, &c. By Rev WILLIAM MAGEE, - - - - - - - 63

ART. V. — Discourse on the death of Dr. Follen. By WILLIAM E. CHANNING, - - - - - - - 68

ART. VI. — Scenes in Judea, - - - - - 89

ART. VII. — Rosanna; or Scenes in Boston. A Story; by the Author of "Three Experiments of Living, &c." - 111

ART. VIII. — The Christian Layman, or the Doctrine of the Trinity fully considered and adjudged according to the Bible. By a CHRISTIAN LAYMAN, - - - 123

NOTICES AND INTELLIGENCE. — The Theory and Uses of Natural Religion; being the Dudleian Lecture. By JOHN G. PALFREY, - - - - - - - 127

The Poet's Tribute. By WILLIAM B. TAPPAN, - 128

The Slave; or Memoirs of Archy Moore, - - 127

Delusion; or the Witch of New England, - - 130

A Sermon on the destruction of the Lexington. By S. K. LOTHROP, - - - - - - - 130

Pebblebrook, or the Harding Family, - - - 131

WILLIAM V. THACHER, - - - - - 131

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, - - - - - 135

No. II.

ART. I. — Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY. Vols. V. and VI. Containing Introduction to Ethics, &c. By W. H. CHANNING, - 137

ART. II. — The Samaritan Pentateuch, - - - 147

ART. III. — Historical Christianity, - - - - 166

ART. IV. — National Establishments of Religion, considered in connexion with Justice, Christianity, and Human Nature. By JOHN TAYLOR, - - - - - - 171

Digitized by Google

ART. V. — Charles Elwood; or the Infidel Converted. By O. A. BROWNSON, - - - - - - 180
ART. VI. — Domestic Worship. By W. H. FURNESS, - 199
ART. VII. — The Poetical Works of EDMUND SPENSER. In 5 vols. First American Edition; with Introductory Observations on The Faerie Queene, and Notes, by the Editor, - 208
ART. VIII. — SCENES IN JUDEA, - - - - - 224
ART. IX. — Longfellow's Voices of the Night, - - 242
ART. X. — Crania Americana; or, a Comparative View of the Skulls of Various Aboriginal Nations of North and South America, &c. By S. G. MORTON, M. D. - - 248
CRITICAL NOTICES. — Massachusetts Board of Education, 253
The Religion of Jesus Christ defended from the assaults of Owenism, - - - - - - - 255
Ancient Christianity and the Doctrines of the Oxford Tracts, 257
The Teacher Taught; or the Principles and Modes of Teaching, - - - - - - - 259
The Obligations of the World to the Bible; a Series of Lectures to Young Men, - - - - 261
Dean's Philosophy of Human Life, - - - 263
Pebbles from Castalia, - - - - 265
Gammer Grethel, - - - - - 267
NEW AND RECENT PUBLICATIONS, - - - 268

No. III.

ART. I. — Das Leben Jesu, Kritisch bearbeitet von Dr. DAVID FRIEDERICH STRAUSS, - - - - - 272
ART. II. — The Foundation of Christianity in the Wants of the Soul; a Discourse delivered before the University in Cambridge. By the Rev. W. B. O. PEABODY, - - 317
ART. III. — Local Vestiges of the Early Propagation of Christianity in the City of Rome, - - - - - 325
ART. IV. — Frithiof's Saga, or The Legend of Frithiof. By ESAIAS TEGNER, - - - - - - 339
ART. V. — Eighth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind, 359
CRITICAL NOTICES. — Two Articles from the Princeton Review, concerning the Transcendental Philosophy of the Germans, and of Cousin, and its influence on opinion in this Country, - - - - - - - 378
The Book of Jasher, referred to in Joshua and Second Samuel, faithfully translated from the original Hebrew into English, 390
Critical and Miscellaneous Essays, by T. BABINGTON MACAULAY, - - - - - - - 395
The Scriptural Doctrine of our Lord Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit, in their relation to God the Father. By NATHANIEL S. FOLSOM, - - - - - 396
NEW AND RECENT PUBLICATIONS, - - - 398

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THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

MARCH, 1840.

ART. I. — 1. *The Hymns of the Primitive Church; now first collected, translated, and arranged:* By the Rev. J. CHANDLER. Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and Curate of Witley. London. 1837. pp. 239.

2. *Ancient Hymns, from the Roman Breviary, for domestic Use, every Morning and Evening of the Week, and on the Holy-days of Church; to which are added, Original Hymns, principally of Commemoration and Thanksgiving, for Christ's Holy Ordinances.* By RICHARD MANT, D. D., M. R. I. A. Lord Bishop of Down and Connor. London. 1837. pp. 163.

THE Hymns of the Primitive Church, to be sure, would be a treasure, could they be recovered, at the present day. Not being acquainted with any such as in existence, however, we felt a little curious to see a volume, which held out the promise of so rich an acquisition. True, we had no great faith in the compiler, though we know nothing of him, except that he is a Fellow, as he informs us on the title-page of the volume, of "Corpus Christi College, Oxford." But we are so accustomed to witness unfounded pretension and reckless affirmation, in the class of divines to which he belongs, that really their assertion goes with us for very little. Still, we were not quite prepared for so bold a fiction as that exhibited on the title-page of the work, first named at the head of the present article.

We concluded that possibly we might have overlooked some ancient hymns, so old, perhaps, as to be entitled to be called primitive, belonging, it might be, to the first age of the Church.

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Who knows, we were ready to ask ourselves, but that this learned compiler, profiting by the leisure and opportunity afforded by his fellowship, to explore the archives of his college, has stumbled upon some choice relic of antiquity, some mouldy, and it may be, half legible manuscript, which he has had the good fortune to rescue from the dust and oblivion, in which it was quietly slumbering. Or perchance, he has been rambling on the continent, and from the dark recess of some old cloister, has dragged into light genuine remains of ancient writing, on which no modern eye had as yet rested.

All this occurred to us as possible. And though we are not of those who profess to believe, that all merit belongs to past times, and do not feel bound, as matter of course, to fall into raptures, as often as we are introduced to any musty fragment of antiquity, which accident or industry has disinterred; yet surely, thought we, scraps of the devotional poetry of the early Christians, such as they were accustomed to sing, when, as Pliny tells us, they assembled before it was light, to hymn the praises of their Saviour, meeting, as we know, in private dwellings, in caverns, and whatever secure place they could find, must be worth looking at.

A single glance at the preface and table of contents, however, was sufficient to dispel our pleasing visions. The compilation contains a tasteless selection of hymns from Roman Catholic sources, written, nobody knows when, or by whom, but none of them having the least claim to a primitive antiquity. The compiler and translator, for he appears, too, in the latter character, felt the want, it seems, of some collection of hymns to accompany the Psalms of David in the service of the church. He supposed, at first, that the deficiency might be supplied by some one of the numerous collections already in use. But then he recollected that these were "unauthorized," not having been "sanctioned by proper Episcopal authority," nor had their introduction into the church been "legalized by statute, or order in council."

This, among other reasons, induced him to look elsewhere. And where, as a sound churchman, should he go but to the fountains whence the prayers of his church had been mostly taken — the Roman Catholic Books? Here would be consistency, at least; and the prayers and hymns being derived from a common source, might be expected to harmonize. The "foundation being thus laid," and the "general mass of the work

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constructed out of these ancient materials," some modern hymns might be "very advantageously introduced to finish it off;" the liturgy, as he intimates, having been formed by an analogous process. "So I got," says he, "a copy of the Parisian Breviary, and one or two other old books of Latin Hymns, especially one compiled by Georgius Cassander, printed at Cologne, in the year 1556, and regularly applied myself to the work of selection and translation. The result is the collection I now lay before the public."

The number of "Ecclesiastical Hymns," as the compiler calls them, given in the volume, is one hundred and eight. These he inserts in Latin, as well as in their English dress; but makes no attempt to trace their origin and history. Four of them, without any sufficient authority, however, are ascribed to Ambrose, and one to Gregory; the rest are anonymous. We shall presently see on what slender ground the honors of antiquity can be claimed, in favor of any collection of hymns derived from similar sources. But we must first finish what we have to say of the present collection, and add a few observations on that of Bishop Mant.

The general character of the hymns, in the compilation first mentioned, is simple and devotional, and now and then a stanza occurs of no inconsiderable merit. We do not, however, discover in it any hymns, which, in our view, possess the first order of excellence, and very few which we should wish to see transferred to a place in our modern collections. A few we should be glad to substitute for some in the collections now in use among us. In point of doctrine, the hymns, taken collectively, contain fewer exceptionable sentiments than are found in most writers of hymns among Protestants, far fewer than are met with in Dr. Watts. To the trinitarian doxology, which forms the concluding stanza of nearly all of them, of course, we object. But this may be easily severed from the hymn, without leaving any marks of violence. Nor is it as bad, generally, in the original as in the translation.

Indeed, the manner in which the doxologies are translated, speaks little for the progress of good taste, in the class of Christians to which the compiler belongs. The originals are far more neat and simple, and in every way less offensive than the versions, than which nothing can be more barbarous. We will give a single specimen.

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To many of the hymns, in Latin, is appended the following doxology, which is not necessarily trinitarian.

"Deo Patri sit gloria,
Ejusque soli Filio,
Sancto simul cum Spiritu
Nunc et per omne seculum;"

literally thus, —

"To God, the Father, be glory,
And to his only Son,
Together with the Holy Spirit
Now and through every age."

This, the Oxford translator has transformed into —

"To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the holy Ghost,
Eternal glory be from man,
And from the angel-host;"

Except that sometimes he varies the third line, to —

"All glory be from saints on earth."

Other instances occur still more gross. But it is unnecessary to quote them. It is sufficient to say, that there is scarcely an obnoxious form of a trinitarian doxology, which the translator has not contrived to introduce, in defiance of every principle of taste and correct translation. Are the dark ages again throwing their shadows over Oxford?

Bishop Mant's Collection, which consists partly of original hymns, and partly of versions of hymns found in the Roman Catholic Breviaries, is designed for family and personal use. It breathes, generally, a spirit of calm and elevated piety; but a large proportion of the hymns are marked by the frequent recurrence of unscriptural and sectarian sentiments, which must render it of little value in the estimation of those, whose views do not coincide mainly with those of the author and compiler. This is true of many of the translated hymns, which, besides the trinitarian doxology with which they conclude, retain many traces of the false theology of the age in which they originated. A similar objection lies against the original hymns. Some of them are unexceptionable, embracing sentiments only which are common to all Christians. But a large portion of them relate to the holidays, rites, and ministrations of the Episcopal Church, and can hardly be used by any but churchmen. To them

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the publication must prove, we should think, particularly acceptable.

The first part of the collection contains two sets of hymns for the morning and evening of every day in the week. These, with two exceptions, are versions from the Latin hymns; but they are not of a character to give us a very exalted idea of the devotional poetry to be derived from that fountain. A similar remark is applicable to the hymns for "Our Lord's Holy-days," and those for "Saints' Days," which constitute another division of the volume.

The following stanzas are a version of part of a morning hymn of Prudentius, beginning, "Ales Diei Nuntius," and found in the Catholic books.

"The bird, the harbinger of light,
Has sung his morning strain;
Hear ye not Christ our minds excite,
And call to life again?

"'Arise,' he cries, 'your beds forsake,
Nor slothful, slumbering, lie!
Chaste, upright, temperate, wake, awake;
For I, behold, am nigh.'

"With prayer and praise, and minds sedate,
We, too, the Saviour rouse;
For holy hearts delight to wait
On God with holy vows.

"Do thou, O Christ, our souls awake,
Burst thou the chains of night;
Of ancient sin the bondage break,
And shine with new-form'd light." — p. 6.

We know not but this, which certainly possesses very moderate merit, may be taken as a fair specimen of the hymns purporting to be ancient. Better stanzas occasionally occur, but it is rare that we find among them a whole hymn, which approves itself to our judgment and taste.

Bishop Mant's own hymns, which are chiefly, to use his own phrase, "Hymns of Commemoration and Thanksgiving for Christ's holy Ordinances," though certainly very pious and churchman-like effusions, exhibit few marks of poetic inspiration. The following, which is a hymn of thanksgiving for the Church's Liturgy, is self-complacent enough, we had almost

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said Pharisaic, and will do to go with the Oxford Tracts. We give it as among the signs of the times: —

"O Lord, with ever-varying phrase
We kneel not at thy throne;
More fain the church her homage pays,
In language tried and known.

"Such worship to thy name of old
Thy chosen people brought;
Such worship to his infant fold
The incarnate Saviour taught.

"Such worship, as her cords she spread,
The growing church instill'd;
By thy own heaven-taught pastors fed,
And with thy spirit fill'd.

"Still by the self-same spirit train'd
In her reviving day,
We bless thee that thy church retain'd
Thy worship's ancient way:

"That still she loves thy Grace to seek,
In language still the same,
Most meet her own desires to speak,
Most worthy of thy name.

"To Thee, O Father; Son, to Thee;
To Thee, O Spirit blest;
All Glory in one Godhead be,
By all thy church addrest!" — p. 103.

This is followed by a "Hymn of Thanksgiving for the Church's Primitive Character." Another is a "Hymn of Thanksgiving for the Church's Creeds;" another for the "Church's Moderation." We will give the first stanza of the latter: —

"We deem and own it, Lord, a proof
Of thy peculiar grace,
That from intemperate zeal aloof,
With calm, considerate pace,
Our Mother Church aye runs her race,
Unsway'd by fancies new,
And in thy vineyard holds her place
A fruitful branch and true." — p. 140.

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The following is of a different order, and among the best in the collection.

HYMN COMMENDATORY OF FAITH AND GOOD WORKS.

"In God's own garden stands a tree,
Fast fix'd in earth its root,
Bath'd in heaven's dews, and fair to see,
And charged with goodly fruit.

"Like that fair tree no fruitage grows,
So pleasant and so good;
What else a specious semblance shows,
Affords no wholesome food.

"But should that tree unfruitful wax
Of Good, like thorn or brier,
'T is doom'd to feel the hewer's axe,
And feed the vengeful fire.

"The tree that God's own garden breeds,
Faith is that goodly tree;
The fruit, it genders, are the deeds
Of Christian charity.

"God, may thy church, that cultured field,
Which thou hast fenced around,
Such trees in rich profusion yield,
With such good fruit abound.

"For deeds, though fair, thou wilt not own,
Save of thy Spirit bred;
And faith unfruitful and alone,
By thee is counted dead." — p. 121.

We have dwelt longer on these publications than we intended. In what remains of the present article, we propose to say a few words on the singing and hymns of the ancient churches. Frequent notices of singing, as forming part of the worship of the early Christians, occur in the writings of the Fathers, but the manner of conducting it, and the character of the hymns used, are mostly matters of conjecture and inference.

The first regular choir of Christian singers, of which we have any account, was established at Antioch, in the time of Flavian and Diodorus, — two priests, who had the government of the

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church in that place, during Meletius's exile; and the latter of whom became Bishop of Tarsus, A. D. 375, and the former, of the church of Antioch, A. D. 380. To them is ascribed the introduction into the church of Antioch, of the Antiphonal singing, or singing alternately, or by response, by different divisions of the choir. For this we have the authority of the historian Theodoret,* though Theodore of Mopsuestia, who was a disciple of Diodorus, says that they only translated into Greek a service, which had hitherto been performed in Syriac. The latter appears the better authority of the two.†

It has been asserted,‡ that the ancient mode of singing among Christians was by symphony, or concert, the whole assembly, men, women, and children, uniting as with one voice. This mode was undoubtedly practised, and being less artificial than the other, was probably the mode most in use among the early Christians. That the other mode did not originate with Flavian and Diodorus, however, is evident from the fact that it was in use among the Jews. From them it passed into the Christian church, through the Jewish converts, and was probably never wholly laid aside. In fact, the expression employed by Pliny, in his letter to Trajan, at the beginning of the second century, shows that the hymns, to which he refers, were sung by alternate voices. It was the changes and improvements introduced by Flavian and Diodorus, who possessed a regular choir, which they had trained to the use of this mode, however, which brought it into notice, and contributed to give it currency in the church. "Having begun at Antioch," says Theodoret, "it spread everywhere, and extended to the bounds of the earth."

Ambrose, who became Bishop of Milan, A. D. 374, introduced it into the West. He had it, as Augustine, his friend and admirer, assures us,§ from the East, that is, from Antioch. "He adopted it," says the same writer, "for the relief and refreshment it would afford the people, who might thus be prevented from languishing, and consuming away in a tedious sorrow. The Ambrosian chant owed its origin to him.

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* L. II. c. 24.

† The story of Socrates, that old Ignatius borrowed the idea of the alternate singing from a vision of angels, which was accorded him, and thence introduced it into his church, will hardly, we suppose, be thought to require refutation. See Socr. L. VI. c. 8.

‡ See Bingham's Christian Antiquities, L. XIV. c. 1.

§ Conf. L. IX. c. 6, 7. See also Paulinus's Life of Ambrose.

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We shall relate, before we close, a musical feat of Chrysostom, who has the reputation of introducing the antiphonal singing at Constantinople, though, in fact, he was anticipated by the Arians. We now pass on to Gregory.

What improvements, if any, were introduced after the time of Ambrose, and before the period of Gregory the Great, or how the singing in the churches was conducted in the interval, history does not inform us. At least, we have been able to glean nothing worth relating on the subject.* Gregory the Great, the first pope of the name, was consecrated to the office of Supreme Pontiff, A. D. 590, after having in vain attempted to shun the honor, to effect which, he had caused himself to be conveyed out of the city in a basket, and had concealed himself in a cave. After his elevation, however, though, as it appears, of an infirm constitution, he devoted himself to the duties of his office with great assiduity. Among other enterprises, he undertook to reform the music of his church. Ecclesiastical writers, observes Dr. Burney, are unanimous in asserting, that "he collected the musical fragments of such ancient hymns and psalms, as the fathers of the church had approved and recommended to the primitive Christians, and that he selected, methodized, and arranged them in the order which was long continued at Rome, and soon adopted by the chief part of the Western Church." † We suppose he took whatever had been in use

* The manner of conducting the singing appears to have varied in different churches, and was sometimes made occasion of controversy. Basil, Bishop of Cæsarea, in Cappadocia, the latter part of the fourth century, was accused of innovating, by causing the prayers of the church to be sung. He said, in reply, that he only adhered to the ancient custom of the church, which prevailed in Egypt, Libya, Phœnicia, Palestine, and Syria. In regard to the prayers, it would not seem from his own account, that he had the whole sung: but he mixed up the responsive singing with the prayers, in a manner not accordant with the simplicity of the primitive worship.

It may be observed here, that by "Liturgy of Hymns," a phrase which occurs in some old writers, was meant the singing of hymns, the *performance* of the service, and not the forms prescribed to be sung. The term, "Litargy," was used in a similar sense, when applied to prayers and the reading of the Scriptures, a circumstance, inattention to which has led to some mistakes. "Cantus," among the Latins, was sometimes used to designate the whole service, praying as well as singing. See Clarkson's Discourse on Liturgies, pp. 155, et seq.

† History of Music, Vol. II. p. 15. See also Maimbourg's account, quoted by Sir John Hawkins; History of Music, B. III. c. 8, and Bayle, art. Gregory.

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among Christians of former ages, which appeared suited to his purpose, without probably troubling himself to inquire by whose authority it had been introduced. He also reformed the chant, which, since the time of Ambrose, had undergone very little alteration, and introduced what has since been known as the Gregorian, or Plain Chant. He was opposed to the lively airs of the Pagan music, which had come into the church along with the lyric hymns, and attempted to substitute something more grave in its place. Undoubtedly he laid the foundation for an improved style, and deserves to be considered as a benefactor to sacred music, however barbarous some of his changes may have been pronounced at the time, or since. If he simplified the music of the church in some respects, however, in others he was accused of encumbering it. Some of his friends were disgusted with the new forms he adopted, particularly his imitation of the customs of the church of Constantinople. They disliked exceedingly his frequent introduction of "Hallelujahs," with various ascriptions, invocations, and phrases, to which their ears had been heretofore unaccustomed, the repetition of the Lord's Prayer, and other innovations, as they termed them. In favor of most of his changes he contrived to allege some pretence of antiquity, particularly the repetition of "Hallelujahs," which, he says, Jerome took from the church of Jerusalem, and brought to Rome in the time of Pope Damasus, in the fourth century.

It is asserted on the authority of John, a deacon of Rome, who wrote his life, that the original Antiphonarium, or choral book of Gregory, was in existence in his time, near three hundred years after Gregory's death, as also the bed on which the old invalid pope lay, and the whip "wherewith he threatened the young clerks, and the singing boys, when they were out, or failed in the notes;" for he instituted a school for the education of his choir, and did not consider it as derogating from the dignity of his office, it seems, to superintend it in person.

Having stated these few general facts relating to the mode of singing in the ancient churches, we proceed to give a brief account of the writers of the old hymns, so far as known to us. We begin by observing, that we find no mention of any writer of hymns, by name, till near the expiration of the second century from the birth of Christ, and have no remains of the hymns used during that period, nor do we know anything of their nature, except what Pliny, referring to his own time, tells us in

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his well-known letter to Trajan, that they were sung in honor of Christ. Origen, too, says, that Christians were accustomed to sing hymns to God and to his only Son, as the Pagans to the sun, moon, and stars; and others have expressed themselves in similar general terms. The author of an anonymous treatise against the heretic Marcion, quoted by Eusebius, appeals to the "Psalms and Hymns of the brethren, written at the beginning, by the faithful," and "setting forth the praises of Christ, the word of life." * But no authors are named, and, as we have said, no fragment of the hymns is left us.

The earliest writers of hymns, whose names are preserved, belonged to the Syrian church. The first of any note is Bardesanes, the Heresiarch, a subtle, learned, and eloquent writer, near the end of the second century. He is said, on the authority of Ephrem, the Syrian, to have written one hundred and fifty psalms or hymns, in elegant verse, in imitation of the psalms of David, which contributed greatly to the diffusion of his errors. He corrupted the faith of the young in particular, says Ephrem, by the "sweetness and beauty of his verses." Harmonius, his son, inherited his father's genius for poetry, and, after his example, composed a great number of hymns and odes adapted to the lyre, by which he charmed the ears of the people. From these sources, the Syrians eagerly drank in the poison of heresy. Unfortunately, however, the hymns are lost, and we have no means therefore of ascertaining how far the praises bestowed on them were deserved.† The infusion of heresy they contained, it appears, caused them to be proscribed, and, no doubt, hastened their destruction. They must have been in use, however, among the Syrians for a century, or a century and a half; for they retained their popularity in the time of Ephrem, the Syrian, above alluded to, who flourished about A. D. 370, and whose writings were in such esteem, says Jerome, that they were sometimes read in the churches after the Scriptures.

Ephrem wrote hymns and odes by thousands. He diligently studied the poetical productions of Bardesanes and Harmonius, who were his models, and whose sweetness he attempted to emulate, in the hope of inducing his countrymen to lay aside those

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* Euseb. L. V. c. 28.

† See Sozomen, L. III. c. 16. Beausobre, Hist. de Manichée et du Manicheisme, T. II. p. 140. Also, Bardesanes Gnosticus Syrorum Primus Hymnologus: by Hahn. Lips. 1819.

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pernicious compositions, and sing his own more orthodox lays.* Many of his hymns were of necessity of a controversial character. His design was to set the Eastern world right, on certain points of doctrine, in regard to which the above-named writers had led it astray. He succeeded in excluding their hymns, and causing his own to be substituted in their place. Their beauty was much vaunted by the Syrians, and they are said to be used in their churches to the present day. Multitudes of his hymns, or hymns attributed to him, on various incidents in our Saviour's history and life, his passion, resurrection, and ascension, on the dead, and in celebration of the martyrs, and on other subjects, are still preserved among his works. But whatever sweetness they possessed, or may possess, to the Syrian ear, modern lovers of poetry among us, we fear, will find in them few charms.†

The connexion of Ephrem with Bardesanes has led us to anticipate a little. Returning to the beginning of the third century, it is only necessary to mention a hymn found among the writings of Clement of Alexandria,—and by some attributed to him, though it may be doubted, perhaps, whether he was the author.‡ Passing by Hippolytus, who wrote odes on the Scriptures, which are lost, and Athenogenes, the martyr, who is reported by Basil to have been the author of a hymn, which he delivered to the bystanders at the moment of his death, and which is also lost, we come to Nepos, an Egyptian bishop, who flourished a little before the middle of the third century. Nepos wrote a treatise on the millennium, in reply to which Dionysius of Alexandria, in a passage preserved by Eusebius,§ and written after the death of Nepos, speaks of him with affection, and mentions among his other merits, that he composed "much Psalmody," with which many of the brethren continued

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* Soz. III. 16; Theod. IV. 29. See also Asseman. Biblioth. Orient. T. I. art. Ephrem, who was called the prophet of the Syrians, and harp of the Holy Spirit.

† A selection of them has recently been published in Germany, with a Glossary for the use of students in Syriac, under the following title: —Chrestomathia Syriaca, Sive S. Ephraemi Carmina Selecta. Ediderunt Notis Criticis, Philologicis, Historicis, et Glossario Locupletissimo. Illustraverunt A. Hahn, et Friedricus Ludovicus Sieffert. Lipsiæ. 1825.

‡ See Fabricius, Biblioth. Græc. L. V. c. 1. Fabricius gives two hymns reported to be ancient; the authors of which are not known. We pass over two or three Syriac writers about the time of Bardesanes, or a little later, as not of sufficient importance to require notice.

§ L. VII. c. 24.

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to be delighted. The character of his productions, however, is matter of conjecture, no fragment of them having been preserved.

We come next to the famous Paul of Samosata, who appeared on the stage a few years later. Of Paul we know little, except from the representations of his enemies, which are to be listened to with great distrust. That he enjoyed the friendship of Zenobia, the celebrated Queen of Palmyra, and found an unrelenting foe in Aurelian, the murderer of Longinus, is certainly no discredit to him. That he was too fond of pomp and display, and in other respects exhibited an inordinate vanity, is not to be doubted. To his many popular qualities, and eminent gifts of intellect, he added the zeal of a reformer, which, after all, we suspect, was his great crime in the eye of the bishops, an offence they could never forget nor forgive. He contended for what he regarded as the ancient simplicity of the doctrine of Christ. He undertook also to reform the psalmody of his church, abolishing the psalms and hymns then in use, as "recent, and the compositions of modern men." It is added, that on a certain occasion, the festival of Easter, he "appointed women to sing psalms in his own commendation in the body of the church." But this, it must be recollected, is the charge of his enemies, and is to be taken, it may be presumed, with some grains of allowance. As none of the hymns alluded to remain, we cannot judge of their import for ourselves. It can hardly be supposed, however, that one zealous, as was Paul, to restore the old doctrine, and old music, who rejected the hymns in use in his church, on the ground that they were novel; and, as we may suppose, in his opinion, inculcated sentiments at variance with the ancient faith, would be guilty of all the innovations and extravagance attributed to him.*

Paul is not the only heretic, or reformer, by whichsoever name he may be called, who was accused of making use of music or hymns to captivate the popular ear, or to serve as a channel to convey his private sentiments. We have mentioned Bardesanes, and might add Valentine, Marcus, his disciple, and Faustus. Arius, too, was reproached for writing doctrinal hymns, particularly for mariners, and those employed at the mill, or who were travelling; and his followers, at a subsequent period,

* See Letter of the Bishops, Euseb. L. VII. c. 30.

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as we shall hereafter see, availed themselves of the charms of melody, to win the fickle multitude at Constantinople.

Cotemporary with Arius, we find Juvencus, by birth a Spaniard, of noble extract, according to Jerome. Du Pin pronounces him an "excellent poet;" and other writers have attributed to him no small portion of poetic genius. He wrote the life of Christ, in Hexameter verse, without wandering from the text of the four Evangelists. He also wrote hymns, which are now lost.

Hilary of Poictiers, a little later, a learned, but obscure and inflated writer, was also, according to Jerome, the author of a book of hymns; but the productions of his muse fared no better than those of his predecessors. Envious time has devoured all.

Ambrose, too, wrote several hymns; among which Augustine mentions the "Deus Creator Omnium."* The others, which sometimes go under his name, and some of which are found in the Breviaries, are of uncertain authorship.†

Among the early Christian poets, the best known and most esteemed, perhaps, is Prudentius. The extravagant praise be-

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* Conf. L. X. c. 12.

† The tradition, which makes the "Te Deum Laudamus," the joint production of Ambrose and Augustine, first sung by them at the baptism of the latter by Ambrose, or which asserts, (for such is one version of the story,) that it was received by Augustine, while at the font as the effect of sudden inspiration, has been long exploded. By common consent of critics, it is referred to a later age. Archbishop Usher states some reasons for ascribing it to Nicetius, bishop of Treves, a hundred years after Augustine's death, or to another of the same name, though some fragments of old hymns may have entered into its composition. De Symbolis, p. 3. See also Bingham, Antiquities of the Christian church, L. XIV. c. 11, § 9, and Tentzel referred to by Le Clerc. Biblioth, Univ. et Hist. T. XXV. p. 57.

Augustine, though no poet, yet occasionally, it seems, tried his hand at writing hymns. He has one on the Donatist controversy. Gray, the poet, quotes some jingling lines of Augustine, in which rhyme occurs in the middle of the verse, to show that rhyming verses were known in the church as early as about A. D. 420. The most ancient instance of rhyming, however, he observes, after Sir William Temple, is that of the Emperor Adrian, A. D. 137. Gray's Works, by Mathias, Vol. II. p. 31.

The old Christian poetry was partly metrical, and partly rhythmical, which disregards in a great measure the quantity of syllables, though it aims at a certain uniformity of cadence. This was the more popular species, and was very early introduced into the church. For some remarks on this subject, see Hallam, Introduction to the Literature of Europe, Vol. I. p. 23, Ed. Par.

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stowed on him by some of the old ecclesiastical writers, however, is only proof of the dearth of good poetry in the church.

Prudentius was a Spaniard, born in 348. In his youth, he applied himself to the study of eloquence. He afterwards became an advocate, — and having passed through several offices of honor and trust, both civil and military, he finally renounced secular employments, and devoted his last days to the writing of verses, in which he sung the praises of Christ, and the martyrs, and vigorously combatted heretics and pagans; but either he was not born for a poet, or age had effectually extinguished his imagination and fire, before he sought the society of the muses. His productions, in truth, exhibit a very moderate share of poetic genius, and retain strong traces of the degenerate taste of the day. His versification is negligent, prosaic, and often harsh; he is not sufficiently attentive to quantity, and in his general style, he gives evidence that he had not made the models of classical antiquity his study.

But, however inferior may be his merit as a poet, his productions contain frequent allusions to the opinions and usages of Christians of his time, which render them not without value as sources of history.

There have been several editions of his works. A beautiful edition, printed at Rome, in 1788, in two quarto volumes, contains, besides his larger poems, twenty-six hymns, part of them designed for daily use, and part on the Crowns of the Martyrs, especially those of his own nation. These hymns vary in length, from one hundred to eleven hundred verses. Though apparently not designed for church service, portions of them were from time to time introduced into the Breviaries, particularly the Spanish. They are written in different metres, partly lyric, and partly heroic.*

The humanity of the poet appears in some sentiments he has incidentally thrown out, as that the number of the impious who will be suffered finally to perish are few,† and the damned

* We find nothing of Prudentius in the volume first named at the head of our article. Bishop Mant has three hymns, the originals of which were taken wholly, or in part, from him, though, as he does not appear to have looked beyond the Breviaries, he was not probably aware of the source whence they were derived. We have given four stanzas of one of them in the former part of the present article.

† Idem tamen benignus
Ultor retundit iram
Paucosque non piorum
Patitur perire in ævum. — Cathemer. VI. v. 93.

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find occasional respite from their pains, being allowed one holy-day each year, or night rather, that on which Christ left the region of Hades.* The sentiments of the Fathers touching the state of the dead, indeed, were, as it is well known, various. Even Augustine believed that souls in hell had, at times, some relaxation of their sufferings. Origen contrived finally to save even the devil; and there is not an opinion so extravagant, that an advocate for it may not be found among the old Fathers of the church.

At the close of the poem, called "Namartigenia," or Birth of Sin, we find a somewhat singular prayer of Prudentius, which has given offence to some as savoring of impiety. It certainly savors of modesty, — but we see nothing impious in it. He prays, that when he shall die, he may see no fierce and truculent devil, terrible by his menacing looks and voice, who shall immure his soul in dark caverns, till he shall exact to the uttermost farthing the debt due for the sins of his whole life. He aspires not to a seat among the happy. It is sufficient for him, he says, if he behold the face of no infernal demon, and the fires of insatiate Gehenna devour not his soul, plunged into its lowest furnaces. He consents, he says, since a corrupt nature requires it, that the dismal fires of Avernus shall receive him, only, says he, let their heat be moderated, let them not glow with too intense an ardor. Let others have their temples adorned with glorious crowns, and dwell in regions of purest light, only let it be my punishment to be gently burned.†

It does not appear whether Prudentius expected these fires to be temporary, or such as were afterwards known under the name of fires of purgatory, or whether what he meant to say was, that he should be satisfied to be moderately scorched

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* Sunt et Spiritibus sæpe nocentibus
Pœnarum celebres sub styge feriæ
Illa nocte, sacer qua rediit deus
Stagnis ad Superos ex acheronticis.

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Marcent Suppliciis tartara mitibus,
Exultatque sui carceris otio
Umbrarum populus, liber ab ignibus,
Nec fervent solito flumina sulphure. — Cathem. V. 133, et seqq.

It has puzzled commentators sadly to determine, whether the spirits here referred to are spirits of the damned, or those only in purgatory.

† Hamart. v. 591, et seqq.

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through eternity. In either case, the prayer is a very humble one, though as we said, we see no impiety in it. But in truth, Prudentius, by his own confession, had, in his youth, led a very wicked life.*

Many Pagan notions and customs had crept into the church before the time of Prudentius, as his poems abundantly show; but we cannot stop to point them out. The treatment of martyrs, and various opinions and usages in regard to the dead, to which we find frequent allusion in his works, too, would furnish interesting topics of remark; but we must hasten to a conclusion.

Prudentius had numerous imitators, whose names have long ago sunk into obscurity, if, indeed, they can be said ever to have emerged from it; and in the destruction of their works, the world has probably sustained but trifling loss.†

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* See Procem. Opp. in which he has given a short account of his life.

† In the notice above taken of the writers of ancient hymns, we have mentioned most of the Poetical Fathers, as they may be called. There are a few others, however, who may be entitled to notice. In the fourth century, we have the two Apollinarii, father and son, who, when the Emperor Julian, A. D. 362, prohibited Christians from reading the classical books of the ancients, undertook to furnish what were called Christian classics; the one translating the Pentateuch into heroic verse, in imitation of Homer, and forming the rest of the Old Testament into Comedies, Tragedies, and Odes, in imitation of Pindar, Euripides, and Menander; and the other, taking the New Testament, which he transformed, Gospels, Epistles, and all, into Dialogues, after the manner of Plato. Damasus, too, Bishop of Rome, about the same time, was the author of some worthless verses. Gregory of Nazianzen, who died A. D. 398, left a large number of poems, mostly the fruits of his old age. In one of them he gives an account of his own life. We have, too, Matronius, much praised by Jerome.

Among the Poetical Fathers of the fifth century, some of whose effusions are extant, but are not of a nature to induce us greatly to regret those which are lost, we may mention Nonnus, an Egyptian, who made a poetic version of John's Gospel; Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, A. D. 409, — and Paulinus, of Besançon, a little later; Victorinus, of Marseilles; Synesius, of Cyrene, disciple of the celebrated Hypatia; Cœlius Sedulius, a Scotch poet; Hilary, of Arles; Prosper, of Aquitain; Dracontius, a Spanish priest, author of a heroic poem, on the Creation; Salvian, priest of Marseilles, who wrote a similar poem; Mamertus, of Vienna, asserted by some to be the author of the hymn, "Pange lingua gloriosi;" Apollinaris Sidonius, ishop of Clermont; and Gelasius, the first pope of the name. Besides these, we have Eudocia, a learned Athenian lady, wife of the Emperor Theodosius II.

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We have alluded to the use of doctrinal hymns, which, it seems, date far back in Christian antiquity. Another instance of their use occurs about the time of Prudentius. The story is related by the two historians, Socrates and Sozomen.* The Arians, of Constantinople, then a powerful party, undertook, they tell us, to perambulate the streets of the city by night, singing their responsive hymns much to the annoyance of orthodox ears, which could not endure to hear such expressions as the following: — "Where are they who affirm that three are one power?" which frequently resounded through the nocturnal air. The annoyance was not all. The faithful, it was feared, might be drawn away by the seductions of heretical music. Chrysostom, (the Golden-mouthed,) then bishop of Constantinople, was alarmed; and not thinking it prudent in so dangerous a crisis, to rely exclusively on the charms of his eloquence, he resolved to combat the heretics with their own weapons. He consequently instituted musical processions, attended with great pomp and show, his choir traversing the streets, shouting their homoousian hymns in the ear of night, preceded by persons bearing aloft silver crosses, surmounted by lighted waxen tapers, which the Golden-mouthed had invented, the Empress Eudoxia defraying the expense. The result was such as might have been anticipated. Discord ensued. The hostile parties came into collision, and an affray took place in the streets, during which, several lives were lost, and the Empress's eunuch, Briso, who had acted in the capacity of singing-master to the orthodox choir, received a wound in his forehead. The Emperor, incensed in consequence, prohibited the Arians from singing their hymns any more in public, and peace was restored.

The subject of hymns, it would seem, occasionally engaged the attention of councils. One instance of the kind we recollect not far from the time at which the events just related occurred, probably a little earlier. We refer to the Council of Laodicea; the time of which is uncertain, but which is now

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author of some poetical paraphrases of the Old Testament; and Proba Falconia, the reputed author of the "Centones Virgiliani," or Life of Christ, composed wholly of fragments of Virgil's Poems. A similar work, called "Centones Homerici," containing a life of Jesus Christ, wholly in Homeric expressions, passes under the name of Eudocia, — but is spurious.

* Socrates, L. VI. c. 28; Sozomen, L. VIII. c. 8.

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generally supposed by the learned, to have been holden a little after the middle, or between the middle and the close of the fourth century. This council, in its fifty-ninth canon, prohibits the use of private psalms in churches, as well as the reading of all uncanonical books of the Old and New Testaments. Some irregularities and extravagances must have given rise to a regulation of this sort. It would be construing the canon too rigorously, we think, to suppose with some, that it was intended to exclude the use of all psalms, except those taken from the Bible, and which were distinguished from private, as being derived from inspiration; for psalms or hymns "written by the brethren," were in use, as we have seen, from the first. It was probably meant to exclude those only which had not received some public sanction, as that of the congregation, or perhaps of the bishops, whose power and prerogatives were now rapidly increasing. Of this, we have evidence in the thirteenth canon of the same council, which ordains, that the "choice of bishops shall not be left wholly to the people," — a regulation which cleary shows, that the people had hitherto been accustomed to elect their bishops, as they had been, no doubt, to use their discretion in regard to the hymns.

After this slight sketch, it will appear on how frail a foundation any collection purporting to give the hymns of the Primitive Church must rest. There are not half a dozen hymns, we will venture to say, in existence, certainly not in the Western Church, which can be traced back to the time of the Council of Nice, (A. D. 325,) or to within about half a century of that time.* Some of the doxologies, or scraps of doxologies, and ascriptions, belong, no doubt, to an earlier period, though their original form has not in all instances been retained. Thus Philostorgius, an ecclesiastical historian, who wrote early in the fifth century, asserts, that the "Glory be to the Father, and to

* If we except the hymns of Ephrem, the use of which has, we suppose, been confined wholly, or chiefly, to the Eastern Church, we might add another century, at the expiration of which, as soon after, we find Prudentius. His hymns, as we have said, were not designed for church service, though parts of some of them found their way into the Breviaries. Most of the Roman hymns are of far more recent origin than the time of Prudentius, or Gregory even, and very few of them, it is presumed, can now be traced to their authors. There are said to be many inedited hymns deposited in the Vatican Library, and in other places; but none of them probably are very ancient. See Hahn. Chrestom. Syriac. before referred to, Pref. p. 8.

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the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, owes its present form to Flavian of Antioch, a zealous opposer of the Arians, at the end of the fourth century; the original form, or that in use before his time having been, "Glory to the Father, through the Son, in the Holy Ghost."*

The writer of one of the recent Oxford Tracts, (No. 75,) thinks that the Athanasian creed forms a very good "psalm or hymn of praise." We shall not dispute his taste; but as the creed cannot lay claim to so venerable an antiquity as the time of Athanasius, and was not heard of till the sixth century or later, we do not feel ourselves called upon, at present, to enter into any discussion of its merits as a musical composition. We leave it to the Oxford divines to settle that point, and to say or sing the creed as may most tend to elevate their thoughts, and warm and enlarge their affections. "By using it weekly," says the writer just referred to, "its living character and spirit are incorporated into the Christian's devotions, and its influence on the heart, as far as may be, secured. The time, too, should be observed. The dawn of the first day of the week." Truly, a very hopeful beginning. The feelings must be put in a sweet, charitable tone for the week.

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ART. II. — *History of the Great Reformation of the Sixteenth Century, in Germany, Switzerland, &c.* By J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNE, President of the Theological School of Geneva, and Member of the "Societé Evangeliqué. Vol. I. 1838: vol. II. 1839. London.

THESE books are translations from the French, though there is nothing upon the title-page to indicate the fact, and we are left in ignorance of the Translator. The author is a distinguished Calvinistic divine, president of a Theological School lately set up at Geneva, to oppose the influence of the ancient institution in which sentiments akin to our own prevail. M. D'Aubigné has received honor from his friends for his earnest endeavors to restore to the faith of Calvin a revival of influence, in the famous city where he preached the Reformation.

* L. III. c. 13.

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The duties of his office make the History of the Church his great study, and his zeal for certain sentiments, which have been called, improperly, as we think, the doctrines of the Reformation, has led him to devote his time to telling anew the story of that German monk, who (in his own words) "inflicted a wound upon the Pope, from which he will never recover." His story has never before been told with equal philosophy, truth, and interest. The History has all the intense interest of a story of fiction, in which the hero wades through dangers, and it is moreover thoroughly imbued with the spirit of piety and charity. Candor, discrimination, and generous feeling, and a reverence for faith are its best characteristics. The great value of the history consists in its faithful delineation of Luther, his own early groping in the darkness, his wrestlings with sin and error, his struggles against seeming presumption, his gradual light and conviction of mind, his honest utterance, his natural hesitation, his successive declarations of his convictions, his boldness, his constancy, his unflinching fidelity, his growing influence from the moment when he met the wants of a brother monk, who had passed through similar struggles, to that when with impunity he burnt the Papal Bull, and plunged all Germany into religious discord. Luther is now vindicated from the insulting charge of self-interested motives, by the exposure of his own dire conflicts. The Reformation is now vindicated from the charge of being a mere political rebellion. Luther and his work are proved to have grown up together, with their age, both being the result of true faith contending with error, whose issue is truth.

The whole History will fill four volumes. Only two are yet published. Of these we intend to give a minute analysis, presenting every fact of interest in the story up to the time when Luther, having set all Germany in a blaze, was a prisoner in the custody of devoted but trembling friends. This is as far as the volumes before us carry him. They leave him at a momentous period, when having denounced the Pope as Antichrist, and defied his power, he dared to encounter alone the august majesty of the Diet of Imperial Germany.

The author takes as the "guiding star" of his work, the truth, that "God is in History." So said Luther at a dinner conversation. "The world is a vast and grand game of cards, made up of emperors, kings, and princes. The Pope for several centuries has beaten them. They have been put down and taken up by

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him. Then came our Lord God; he dealt the cards; he took the most worthless of them all, (Luther,) and with it he has beaten the Pope, the conqueror of the kings of the earth. There is the ace of God."

The author gives first a prefatory Essay of one hundred and twenty-eight pages, on the State of Europe prior to the Reformation, containing a rapid and philosophical Sketch of the rise of the Papacy. Its errors are identified with those which characterize human nature. Christianity came into the world, a breath of life moving over the vast field of death. The new religion had two distinguishing features: 1. "One is your Master, and all ye are brethren." 2. "The gift of God is eternal life." The first abolished living and dead idols; the second abolished earthly salvation, its price, and its human mediums. One of these principles was to govern the history of Christianity, the other, its doctrine. We may trace that corruption of both which resulted in the Papacy.

First; the Church was composed of brethren. Paul founded a church at Rome, composed of Jews, Greeks, and Romans; in the beginning it was pure and bright; its spiritual dominion arose and increased, as the political and military power of the city had done before. The little communities of believers, in the neighboring towns and villages of Rome, looked to the city for friendly aid; she was the richest, most powerful and splendid city in the world; the mother of nations. She was the Queen of Cities; why should not her pastor be the King of Bishops? The bishops of the other parts of the Empire first yielded her honor without dependence. Then a jealousy of the East, and a preference of spiritual to political subjection favored the gradual encroachments of the Roman pastors. The various theological sects which distracted the East, looked in turn for aid to Rome. She carefully recorded these requests, and smiled to see the nations throwing themselves into her arms. Mark how titles and documents of authority increase! The constitution of the patriarchate next contributed to the exaltation of Rome. In the first three centuries, the churches of the Metropolitan cities were especially honored. The Bishops of Alexandria, Antioch, and Rome, were called Exarchs, like their political governors. The Council of Nice decreed to the churches of these cities authority over the provincial churches, [A. D. 315.] The Council of Constantinople changed their title to that of Patriarchs, and made that city a

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fourth Patriarchate. Rome at first shared an equal power with the others. Constantinople fell away and separated herself from the West. Rome remained in glory; others rallied around her; she was without a rival. Then were invented the doctrines of Divine Right, and of the Supremacy of St. Peter, never before heard of. Ignorance and superstition came in to her aid. Particular churches, especially in Proconsular Africa, and the East, remonstrated. But Rome found new allies in princes, whose thrones tottered, who purchased secular dominion by spiritual subjection. Theodosius II., Valentinian III., and Justinian, issued decrees, that the Bishop of Rome was ruler of the whole Church. The Emperors of Italy gradually losing their power, the bishops of the city withdrew from allegiance. Meanwhile, Northern Savages and Vandals, Ostrogoths, Burgundians and Visigoths, Lombards and Anglo Saxons, who had invaded and settled in the West, bowed themselves in a half heathen state of mind before the chief priest of Rome.

"It was the sturdy shoulders of the idolatrous children of the North, which elevated to the supreme throne of Christendom, a pastor of the banks of the Tiber." So far had the work of the Papacy progressed by the beginning of the seventh century. Then in the midst of the political contests between the East and West, Leo III. puts upon Charlemagne the crown of the Roman emperors. The priest distributes sceptres. In the ninth century, disunion had destroyed the feeble successors of Charlemagne, and Rome seized the occasion. Then was invented the monstrous falsehood of the decretals of Isidorus, in which the bishops, who were contemporaries of Tacitus and Quintillian, were made to speak the barbarous Latin of the ninth century. Popes quoted from the Vulgate of St. Jerome, which was made two or three centuries after them; and Victor, Bishop of Rome, in 192 writes to Theophilus, Archbishop of Alexandria, in 385. For ages this barefaced fabrication was the arsenal of Rome. The filth of vice deformed still more the usurping priesthood. Rome was one vast scene of debauchery. The Tuscan counts placed on the throne Benedict IX., twelve years old, brought up in scandalous vice. Another party placed against him Sylvester III., and Benedict, stained with adultery and homicide, sold the Papacy to a Roman priest. The German emperors, maddened with these enormities, purged Rome by the sword. Leo IX.,

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the Pope, in 1047, brought to notice the monk Hildebrand, who afterwards, as Gregory VII., was the loftiest and proudest soul of the Papacy; a daring spirit who aimed to establish a visible theocracy on earth, himself the head. He enforced the celibacy of the clergy, and forbade them to receive their offices from princes; he released subjects from allegiance, and placed kingdoms under interdicts, without a prayer at birth, baptism, marriage, or burial. He was humbled, though Rome was established. All nations became her serfs. Luther saw at Erfurth a picture, which represented the Church as a ship sailing to heaven; on board was no layman, not even king or prince; in front were pope and cardinals, around were priests and monks, above was the Holy Spirit. The clergy thus sailed comfortably to heaven. The wretched laymen were swimming around, some hanging to the sides, some sinking, some catching at ropes thrown out by the Holy Fathers. To this had come the first principle of Christianity; "One is your Master, and all ye are brethren."

2. The second principle, that salvation was free by grace, was gradually corrupted into a salvation purchased by some power of man, the root of all errors. St. John had said in the time of Vespasian, "If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." Tertullian, one hundred and twenty years after, makes sackcloth and ashes, and the intercession of the priest necessary. Then up to the thirteenth century, we have a successive heaping of the pile on man's foundation, fasts, pilgrimages, hermits, and flagellants. Then the priest said, "you are unable to bear all these fastings and penances, we will do it for you." Hence came Indulgences. Alexander de Hales, the "irrefragable doctor," invented in the thirteenth century, and Clement VII. adopted the doctrine of "Supererogation." The merits of Christ being infinite, and those of the Saints exceeding, more than an atonement had been made for human sins; a spiritual treasury had been endowed by them; the Pope had the key of it. He made a scale of sins, and of the time required for penance. Men said the periods annexed were so long, they should die and be rid of them. No! said Aquinas, who then set his wits at work, and invented Purgatory. Out of this, men must buy themselves. Then it was added, that the dead, who were already in Purgatory, might be benefited in the same way. John XXII. laid the tax for Indulgences, so much for murder, incest, adul-

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tery, &c. Then began pilgrimages to Rome, for the purchase of these Indulgences, once, twice, thrice, four times in a century. Old men of seventy years sought them there. But soon all were saved the trouble of the journey; Indulgences might be bought in every village. Here was the second principle of original Christianity. The time for Luther had come.

The author, after a passing word of praise on those few who were faithful in the midst of, and in spite of this corruption, proceeds to show the consequences of this state of things. Theology had become a science of dialectics, of petty distinctions, and foolish questions, as, "Can a dead man say mass?" Religion was horribly corrupt. Ridiculous relics were hawked about by hire, as "the breath of St. Joseph on the glove of Nicodemus," "a feather from the wing of Michael," "the beard of St. Christopher," &c. Priests were mountebanks, Churches were theatres. Erasmus records that a German bishop received in one year a tax from eleven thousand priests who kept mistresses. Pope Alexander VI. was a fit head for such a body.

The attempts made for Reform. Temporal princes, the whole power of the house of Hohensteinfens attempted it,—and they were crushed. Genius and learning labored for it. Dante placed the most powerful of the popes in hell, and made Peter curse his successors. Petrarch demanded primitive Christianity, and invoked Charles IV. to restore it. Laurentius Valla attacked the pretensions of the popes. Poets, philosophers, scholars, and painters, cried out upon abuses; but Leo X. patronized, and thus stilled them all. Then the Church itself undertook Reform. The Council of Constance met, the most imposing conclave ever seen, composed of Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, eighteen hundred Doctors of Divinity, Priests, Emperor, Electors, Dukes, and Ambassadors. It deposed three popes, and burnt John Huss. Martin V. was elected Pope, and contrary to his solemn oath, he then dissolved the Council. God alone could Reform.

The condition of the Papacy at this time seemed secure: its temporal power was established, doubts lurked only among individuals. The education of princes was in the hands of the clergy. The cowl of a monk had attractions, for which even a monarch laid aside his crown. But kings began to discover that temporal, not spiritual power, was the object of the Papa-

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cy. Ferdinand, of Arragon, Louis XII., and Maximilian, despised the Pope. The idea prevailed, that the Vicegerent of Christ was a man, and sometimes a very bad man. Even the Scholastic theology concealed, and thus preserved those germs of truth which were to burst forth. The revival of literature from the East, printing, the Mystics, the Vandois, and the feeble resistance of wrong, which had always existed in the Church, prepared the way for Reform. The author then takes a view of Europe, of the circumstances among nobles, scholars, and plebeians, universities and cloisters, castles and workshops, which afforded the weapons of Reform, and then he offers some brilliant sketches of individuals who wielded them. Yet all were deficient. The wisdom of Frederick, the learning of Reuchlin, the talent of Erasmus, the wit and energy of Hütten, the courage of Sickingen, the virtue of Cronberg, were not enough. Luther was needed, and he came.

For the particulars of Luther's life, Melancthon, the John of the Reformation, is the great authority. Book II., pp. 129–247, is upon the "Youth, Conversion, and early Labors of Luther." We will give the facts and principles which it embodies.

Luther was born at Eisleben, on St. Martin's eve, Nov. 10, 1483. He passed his boyhood on the plains of Mansfield, and the banks of the Vipper. His father here established a forge, and became so much respected as to be made a member of the town council. Having a taste for reading, he invited clergymen and schoolmasters to his house and table. Here the future Reformer received his first knowledge. Sent to school very young, he says his parents frequently whipped him, and the schoolmaster, too, often fifteen times in a day. He adds, "It is right to punish children, but at the same time we must *love* them." His only religious feeling as yet was that of fear at the name of Christ. In 1497, he was sent to the school of the Franciscans, at Madgeburg, accompanied by his play-fellow and friend through life, John Reinecke, studying the humanities, begging his food in the streets, and listening to Andreas Proles, an Augustine provincial, who was urging the Reform of Religion and the Church. A year after, his parents sent him to school at Eisenach. He sang in the streets for a morsel of bread, as poor scholars still do in Germany. A kind family rescued him from starvation; he lived with them and learned music. His father intending him for the law, he was sent in 1501, to Erfurth, the most famous University in Germany. Jodocus, Doc-

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tor of Eisenach taught the Scholastic Theology. Of course, then Luther studied Occam, Scotus, and Aquinas. He afterwards trembled with rage at the name of Aristotle, taking him for the devil. Then he studied the ancient classics. Melancthon says the whole University admired his genius. He prayed and thought. Hunting in the Library he found a new book, the Bible. Thinking he had seen the whole of the book of truth in the Breviaries, he was overjoyed to find more. After he took his Bachelor's degree, he was brought nigh to death. In 1505, he became Master of Arts, or Doctor in Philosophy. Though preparing for law, he longed for the cloisters. A terrific thunder-storm confirmed his purpose. After a simple feast to his college friends, he leaves his lodgings, taking only a Virgil and a Plautus, on the night of Aug. 17, 1505, and knocks at the door of the Convent of St. Augustine. It closes behind him. His father bitterly remonstrated; but soon after, losing two sons by the plague, he slowly yielded to the change. The monks prided themselves upon their new convert, yet they abused him. They made him door-keeper, clock-winder, church-sweeper, and room-cleaner, and obliged him to beg with a bread-bag at the houses in which he had been a guest. At the intercession of the University, the prior of the Convent freed him from these mean offices; but still Luther had been learning what the Church was. He took the name of Augustine, whom he studied, and began the Bible in the original. So hard did he study, as to omit the prescribed prayers. Pricked in conscience, he had recourse to fastings, macerations, and watchings. "I was a devout monk, and followed the rules of my order so strictly, that I cannot tell you all." He does not find in the tranquillity of the cloister the peace which he seeks. He knows not as yet the will of God. The monks directed him to good works. "But what works can come from a heart like mine?" Here, and in this situation, he was found by Staupitz, the friend of the Elector Frederick of Saxony, founder of the University of Wittemberg, and Vicar-General of the Augustines, a good man who had passed through experiences similar to Luther's. They understood each other. Staupitz prescribed to him a repentance based upon the love, and not the wrath of God; to make the Bible his chief study, — at the same time giving him one. Luther was overjoyed. He loved Paul's Epistles, and St. Augustine. Still the work on his mind was but begun. He was still depressed, troubled by the doc-

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trine of Election, and brought near the grave, in the second year of his convent life. An old brother monk, in his sick cell, read the words, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins." Luther revived and was happy. He sent for his father, not yet wholly reconciled to him, to attend on his consecration as a priest. He came and fixed the day, Sunday, May 2, 1507, and gave him twenty florins. Jerome of Brandenburg, officiating, gave Luther the cup, saying, "receive the power of offering sacrifice for the living and the dead." Luther listened calmly, but shuddered when he afterwards remembered that he had then usurped the office of Christ. "That the earth did not then swallow us both up, was an instance of the patience and long-suffering of the Lord." After his consecration, he began to journey about the environs to preach. Staupitz, who corresponded with him, spoke to Frederick, who, in 1508, appointed him Professor at Wittemberg. Still a monk, he went to the convent of the Augustines, and taught unwillingly physics and dialectics from Aristotle. He longed to study and teach that true Theology, "which seeks the kernel of the nut, the pulp of the wheat, the marrow of the bone." Still he learned the errors of the schools. He studied the Bible in the original; applied for the degree of Bachelor in Theology, and obtained it in 1509. Every day he discoursed on the Bible, beginning with the Psalms, and then "the Romans." His favorite words, as expressing the sentiment which formed his heart, and through life moulded his teachings, were, "The just shall live by faith." His new mode of instruction brought crowds around him. Staupitz insisted upon his preaching in the church of the Augustines; it was but a humble shed, — "the stable in which Christ was born." Deep seriousness and unction *distinguished* his preaching. The council of Wittemberg then chose him their preacher in the city church. Even Frederick once came to hear him. In 1510, or 1511, he was sent by his order on a mission to Rome. Rome! in his fancy still the seat of perfect holiness. Crossing the Alps, he was entertained at a Benedictine convent, on the Po. With a revenue of thirty-six thousand ducats, it devoted a third to its table, a third to its buildings, and the remainder to other expenses. Marble, silk, and luxury of every kind, astonished the poor German monk, whose food had been dry bread and herrings. Friday came; the table was loaded with viands. "The Church and the Pope forbid such things," says Luther. After this, the

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porter gave him a hint of danger if he remained. At Bologna, he was dangerously sick; some speak of poison at the convent. Still hoping better things of Rome, as he approached it he said, — "Holy Rome, I salute thee." He too moralized among the ruins of the Imperial City. Here had come that Epistle which said "The just shall live by faith." Not Leo X., as some German historians have said, but the warlike Julius II. was then Pope. The illusions of the monk were not dispelled, when he saw the ignorance, levity, dissoluteness, the contempt of sacred things, and the traffic in holiness which disgraced the city of Christ's Vicegerent. He went from church to chapel, and believed their marvellous stories. He even regretted, that his parents were not dead, that he might deliver them from purgatory by his masses. He celebrated that service with gravity, and was shocked at the indecent haste, with which some priests performed it seven times to his once. One said to him, "Quick, quick, send our Lady her Son back speedily," — alluding to Transubstantiation. His office of envoy procured him invitations from distinguished ecclesiastics. He found them equally corrupt, telling indecent tales at table, laughing at the Pope, and the mass. He took lessons in Hebrew; and when he returned in grief and anger to Wittemberg, he said he would not have missed seeing Rome for a hundred thousand florins. By the instrumentality of the Elector and Staupitz, the degree of D. D. was conferred upon him, October 19, 1512, by his future opponent Bodenstein. Then he espoused his well-beloved Holy Scriptures. The Reformation dates from his oath to defend them. First, he attacked the schoolmen, and began to correspond and take part with Erasmus, Reuchlin, and Hütten. Then he became intimate with Spalatin, the secretary and chaplain and relic-hunter of Frederick. Luther was consulted by the Elector, as to the burning of some Jews' books. He advised an overthrow of their own idols. Then he preached his Sermons on the Ten Commandments, which have been preserved. They make faith the great doctrine. He was thus far a faithful observer and defender of the established discipline; but sought to fix in the hearts of all he influenced the doctrine, that sin is freely pardoned through faith in the death of God's Son. He wrote the doctrine to his friend, the monk Spenlein, and he was distressed that it did not appear more plainly in the works of Erasmus. His first disputation, in which he maintained Theses, but darkly aimed against existing errors,

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took place in 1516. It made some noise. The Elector having sent Staupitz to the Low Countries, to collect relics for a new church, Luther took his place as Vicar-General, in visiting the monasteries. His six weeks' journey taught him something of the true state of the Church, and many of the cloisters became nurseries of his doctrines. He remained at Wittemberg through a severe plague. In 1517, he became acquainted with Duke George of Saxony, whose spirit was equally unfriendly to Rome and to the humbling doctrine which Luther taught. The monk was sent by Staupitz to preach at his court, and he created quite an excitement there. His next attack was upon the "Pelagian Rationalism of the Scholastic Theology." His ninety-nine propositions seem all to converge to this single centre, "We do not become righteous by doing that which is righteous; but, having become righteous, we do that which is righteous." The will of God, not the will of man, is the author of all the good that man can do. Seeking another sphere than that of Wittemberg, where his influence was already acknowledged, he sent to Erfurth offering to maintain his Theses there; but the monks were contented with making known to him their displeasure. He then sent his Theses to John Meyer, called from his birthplace Dr. Eck, professor in the University of Ingolstadt, and equally famous with Luther. But the propositions being merely scholastic excited but little notice.

Book III., pp. 248 – 376, on "The Indulgences and the Theses," records the important history of the years 1517 and 1518.

In a gay carriage escorted by three horsemen in great state, the dealers in indulgences and pardons, rode through the country, seeming to carry a fair with them. The procession with solemn pomp was escorted into each town to the church. The leader in the traffic was John Tetzel, a Dominican monk, convicted of adultery and abominable profligacy at Inspruch, a scoundrel and a crafty man, who even cheated his employer, the Pope. He was an Inquisitor likewise, and he carried about with him two of his children. He said he had saved more souls by Indulgences than St. Peter had by his sermons; he could even absolve one who might ravish the Holy Virgin, Mother of God. Polygamy cost six ducats; murder, eight. It is needless to speak of the personal habits of the sellers themselves. Sin could have had few terrors for men who carried on so easy a traffic in it. A Saxon gentleman bought an indulgence of

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Tetzel for a crime he intended to commit; for this he gave thirty crowns. He then with his servants waylaid Tetzel, beat him severely, and took away his rich money-chest. His judges acquitted him on the strength of his indulgence. The sellers paid their travelling charges with indulgence tickets, which thus were circulated like bank paper. The minds of the people were in suspense, waiting for a first blow. The Pope divided the spoils with Albert, Archbishop and Elector of Mentz, who "farmed" the Indulgences. When Luther first heard of Tetzel, he said, "God willing, I will make a hole in his drum." The incident, which first gave occasion to the Reformation, was this. Tetzel had been forbidden by the Saxon princes to enter their dominions. So he stopped at Juterboch, four miles from Wittemberg, and carried on his sale to the residents of Luther's town, who flocked to him in numbers. Shortly after, while Luther was at his confessional listening to the disclosure of monstrous crimes, he recommended severe penance, which the penitents boldly told him they had no idea of conforming with, producing at the same time their certificates from Tetzel Luther told them these were not worth a straw, which, when repeated by the disappointed citizens to Tetzel, drove him to rage. Luther was still a faithful disciple of Rome; but he boldly advised the people from his own pulpit, not to buy Indulgences, and he published his sermon on the night of the 30th October, 1517. The Elector, who was at his castle eighteen miles from Wittemberg, had a dream, repeated thrice, which he told the next morning to his brother, and his chancellor. The manuscript account of it is preserved at Weimar. Its substance is as follows. A monk of his own country, attested by a crowd of Saints to be a true son of St. Paul, asked his permission to write something on the church door of the castle of Wittemberg; which was granted. The monk wrote in letters so large, that he could read them from his bed, and with a pen so long that it reached to Rome, wounded the ears of a lion, (Leo,) and shook the triple crown on the Pope's head. Cardinals and princes, himself and brother among them, ran to support the end of the pen, and to inquire into the tumult excited. The Pope called to him to restrain the monk, which he and others attempted in vain to do. The monk said he had "drawn the pen from the wing of a goose of Bohemia, [John Huss,—means John Goose,] a hundred years old." Many other pens sprang from it, and the Elector awoke. The day, on which

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this dream was told, was the Feast of All Saints, — a great day at Wittemberg, for it offered plenary indulgence to all who should on that day visit the new church. At night, Luther, without consulting either friend or foe, posted on the door a string of propositions broadly aimed at the whole doctrine of Indulgences, and denying the power of the Pope to do any more than ratify the decrees of God, as to sin, and insisting upon the true doctrine of repentance and remission. On these points, he asked information, and in compliance with custom, disavowed all attacks upon the Scriptures, the Fathers, or the rights and decretals of Rome. As yet, he says, he was without thought, design, or settled purpose of his future work. He wrote at the same time a respectful, though remonstrating letter, on the same subject, to the Archbishop of Mentz, the patron of the obnoxious traffic; but he made no reply. The author follows these Theses over Germany, to Rome, and even to Jerusalem, to the study of the learned, the cell of the monk, and the palace of the prince. They were like a thunderbolt descending on the Vatican. All timorous men rejoiced, and the bold gave thanks for the loud voice of an honest man. Myconius, a monk of Annaberg, had, like Luther, passed through severe mental discipline; the Theses gave him joy. He was the first to declare openly against the Papacy, in Thuringia. According to their different tempers and spirits, princes and ecclesiastics, scholars and laymen, applauded or discouraged the work now begun. The Elector frequently made known to Luther his uneasiness; and Luther himself began to hesitate. Doubts came back to his mind. He found himself alone against Rome. He was now at the critical point of his mighty destiny. "I began this affair with great fear and trembling. What was I at that time? A poor, wretched, contemptible friar, more like a corpse than a man. Who was I, to oppose the Pope's majesty? No one can know what I suffered those two years, and in what dejection, I might say in what despair, I was often plunged." It was the timidity of his friends which enervated Luther; the boldness of his enemies reassured him. Tetzel replied to Luther's published sermon, and endeavored to confound the repentance required by God, with the penitence imposed by the Church. Luther rejoined. Spalatin befriended him. On January 20, 1518, Tetzel maintained a series of propositions against Luther, at Frankfort, on the Oder. He likewise burned Luther's Theses on a scaffold,

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and declared that such ought to be the fate of their author. The compliment was returned upon Tetzel's Theses at Wittemberg, by the young students, without Luther's knowledge. But an adversary of more weight than Tetzel now arose in the person of Prierias, prior general of the Dominicans, and master of the palace at Rome. He wrote a reply to Luther, in which he even made the Pope the basis of the authority of Scripture. This, too, the Reformer answered with resolution and boldness. Hochstraten, the inquisitor of Cologne next attacked Luther, with menacings of a burning. To him was added an unexpected opponent, in the person of Dr. Eck of Ingolstadt, who wrote a treatise called "The Obelisks," which Luther answered in one called "The Asterisks." A breach was thus made in their friendship, which Luther strove in vain to heal. Urged by a solemn sense of duty he labored to disseminate sound and spiritual views among the people, who received them as the thirsty earth the water from heaven. Seeking a wider sphere of influence, he attended a chapter general of the Augustines at Heidelberg, in April, 1518. Here he was kindly received and entertained. Here too he maintained a disputation, which excited much attention. He had among his hearers Martin Bucer, a Dominican monk, afterwards a famous reformer. Brentz, Snepf, and many others, afterwards famous in the Reformation, here received light and were faithful to it. Luther returned, happier, wiser, and stronger.

Book IV. "Luther before the Legate," May to December, 1518. pp. 377–493. — Luther now determines to set his cause before the Supreme Bishop of the Church. May 30, 1518, he wrote to Leo a detail of the transactions in which he had been engaged, acknowledging his authority, and asking him to commence the work of reformation. This letter, with the "Solutions" of his Theses, he sent through Staupitz. In the same month the Cardinal Raphael had written to the Elector warning him not to protect Luther. When the Reformer heard of it, thinking it foreboded excommunication, he preached boldly on that penalty. Leo was now aroused to a sense of danger. Luther was ordered to appear in person, within sixty days, at an ecclesiastical court at Rome. His friends endeavored to save him, by expressing his willingness to appear at any German University, except those which had already declared themselves inimical to him. His University wrote an intercessory letter to the Pope, who yielded so far as to commission his Le-

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gate to cite Luther before him in Germany. If he came and retracted his errors, he was to be forgiven. If he refused, he, as well as all who should befriend him, were to be put under the ban, and if he was taken, he was to be brought in custody to Rome. Even before the summons reached him he had been declared a heretic. At the same time the Pope wrote a honeyed letter to Frederick. Luther now needed a comforting friend. He came in the person of Melancthon, a gentle, timid, and learned scholar, henceforth Luther's bosom friend through life, and his most important aid in the translation of the Scriptures. Luther's friends, and among them Staupitz, urged him to disregard the summons of Cajetan, the Legate, and even sought to conceal him. But he was faithful. Poor and on foot, he set out for Augsburg, without any safe conduct. After he arrived in Augsburg, however, his friends would not allow him to appear before the Legate, until they had obtained for him safe conduct from the imperial counsellors. Luther presented himself with reverence before the majesty of Rome, Oct. 11, acknowledged himself the author of the propositions and theses, and professed his willingness to retract any error. Confession, retraction, and a promise of discretion for the future were demanded of him. Luther boldly desired to see the Pope's brief; the Italian courtiers around were amazed at his assurance. The request was refused. The Legate demanded an immediate retraction of the two points. 1st. That the treasure of indulgences did not consist of the merits and sufferings of Jesus. 2d. Faith is necessary in the recipient of the sacrament. Luther refused, and for a while debated. After the conference, which was adjourned for a time, Staupitz came to see Luther in his temporary abode, at a Carmelite convent. His superior fearing the result of succeeding interviews with the Legate, determined upon releasing Luther from the obligation of obedience to his order, thus warding off from the order the disgrace of Luther's condemnation, and offering an excuse for non-compliance, if the Cardinal should order Luther to be silenced by his superior. This friendly expedient was the best that could be thought of. Luther was deeply affected by the formal breaking of his ties, and now he stood alone with God. Many friends accompanied Luther to the second conference, and their presence prevented the Cardinal Legate from resorting to force. Luther delivered a statement of his cause and a protest, and obtained permission to deliver his defence in writing. The Cardinal was deter-

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mined to hear nothing from him but the words, "I retract;" these Luther was determined not to utter. Then he delivered his protest in writing, maintaining his desire for truth, his humble readiness to be convinced of error, the worthlesness of Indulgences, the fallibility of the Pope. The Cardinal threw down his protest, and attempted to browbeat him by words and subtilties from the Papal constitutions. Luther caught him in his own toils, and utterly confounded him, which ended the conference. The Reformer's words pierced deep into the heart of the Legate. After some intercession on the part of Luther's friends, they left Augsburg, fearing danger for themselves, and he himself wrote a humble epistle to the Legate, acknowledging his temper and rashness, but not abating in the least, the convictions of his conscience. The Legate had promised to write to Luther, but no word came, and he was left in suspense. Fearing danger, his friends advised him to flee, leaving behind him an appeal to the Pope, and a letter to the Cardinal. He left Augsburg by dark, in safety, and made a kind of triumphal journey through the country, his enemies being enraged at his escape from their grasp. It was at Nuremberg that Luther first saw the Pope's brief concerning him, which filled him with indignation. The baffled Legate then wrote an angry letter to the Elector, demanding him to expel Luther from his territories, and send him to Rome. Frederick made this known to the Reformer, who wrote him in reply an earnest and touching letter, which won upon the heart of Frederick and led him to communicate with the Emperor. The Elector then wrote an expostulatory letter to the Legate, and declined his demands. Luther, by the advice of the Elector, determined to leave Wittemberg, though ignorant where to take refuge. He invited his friends to a farewell repast. Two letters were presented to him at table from the Elector, the first ordering him to hasten his departure, the second allowing him to delay, as the Pope's new envoy thought everything might be settled. Luther then published an account of the Augsburg conference. The Legate's ill success lost him favor at Rome. The Pope wished to keep good terms with the Elector, on account of the approaching election of an Emperor. He therefore published a Bull confirming the doctrine of Indulgences, without mentioning Luther or the Elector. Luther then appealed from the Pope, to a General Council of the Church.

Book V. Vol. II. pp. 1–86. The Leipsic Discourse, 1519.

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An appeal from the Pope to a General Council, even by an Emperor, was by a Bull of Pius II. sentenced with the greater excommunication. Leo seemed for a moment to take the part of gentleness. He sent his Chamberlain, Miltitz, a German, as his Legate to Frederick, to sound him and win him over. While Luther's friends were trembling for him, an event occurred which changed the face of things. The Emperor Maximilian died, and Frederick became administrator of the Empire, above the reach of petty tyranny. Some consequent political movements were of more absorbing interest than the remission of sins. During this temporary hush, Luther's views made progress. Miltitz presented himself before Spalatin, and charged Luther with heresy; Spalatin broke into loud complaints of Tetzel, who, feeling the indignation of the people, had retired to the College of St. Paul at Leipsic. Miltitz's wrath was thus turned against Tetzel. He summoned him to appear and answer for his conduct. The coward refused, on pretence that Luther's friends would murder him. Luther then had two interviews with Miltitz, in which it was agreed that both sides should hereafter be quiet on the question that had been raised, and that if a Bishop, appointed by the Pope, should convince him of error he would retract. The Chamberlain treated the Reformer with crocodile tenderness. He was glad to win him only in appearance, for he had the best reason to know how deep a root the Reformation had already taken. Miltitz then went to Leipsic, and calling Tetzel before him reprimanded him severely, detected him in purloining the money obtained by Indulgences, and so exposed him to all parties, that the miserable man soon after died a miserable death. In fulfilment of his promise Luther then wrote a humble letter to the Pope, professing his willingness to retract, if proved wrong, and solemnly asserting that he would never weaken, by force or artifice, the power of the Roman Church or of his Holiness, *unless* for the cause of Jesus Christ the Lord of all. But Leo was then manœuvring to exclude Charles of Austria from the Imperial throne. Luther, in the mean while, was studying the decretals of the Popes, and then first whispered in the ear of Spalatin, that he thought the Pope Antichrist. He then escaped the machinations of the two baffled Legates, who endeavored, in vain, to get him to Treves. The writings of the Reformer were printed at Basle and distributed over Germany, Switzerland, France, Spain, England, and even Italy. They diffused

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joy; and in the multitude of their new converts, Luther seemed for a time to be in peace, and the Reformation at a stand. The peace was broken by Rome herself. Eck, the scholastic doctor, who had won prizes in eight Universities, entered the lists against Luther, in a controversy with Carlostadt, who had published Theses in accordance with the opinions of the Reformer. Eck, to show his prowess, brought forward the following points not as yet contested "We deny that the authority of the Roman church did not rise above other churches before the time of Pope Sylvester," that is, Eck maintained that Rome was not indebted to the gift of Constantine for its primacy. The challenge was in fact addressed to Luther, and he accepted it boldly, foreseeing darkly its consequences. He put forth, in reply, fresh Theses, in which he maintained, "It is by contemptible decretals of Roman Pontiffs, composed hardly four centuries ago, that it is attempted to prove the primacy of the Roman church; but arrayed against this claim are eleven centuries of credible history, the express declarations of Scripture, and the conclusions of the Council of Nice, the most venerable of all the councils." Luther's friends were alarmed by the subject-matter of dispute, the Pope's primacy! The discussion proposed between Eck and Carlostadt was to be held at Leipsic, but Duke George of Sax Coburgh refused to allow Luther to take any part in it, except as a spectator. The bishop of the Diocese endeavored to prevent the discussion; but the Duke insisted upon it. It was a great day for Leipsic when the processions of the disputants arrived. Eck himself won over the Duke to allow Luther to take a part. It was difficult to settle the preliminaries. Eck, relying on his action and delivery, more than on his argument, objected to the taking down of the dispute by notaries. Here he was overruled. Then he demanded that judges should inspect the notes before publication, proposing first the Pope, and then certain Universities. Luther refused to discuss on this condition, but being taunted with fear he complied, reserving to himself the right of appeal, and declining the jurisdiction of Rome. The discussion began on June 27, after solemn mass, and pompous processions. The disputants were reminded from the pulpit, that they were not duellists. This was the last moment when one communion bound together all professed Christians. The discussion began between Eck and Carlostadt; the former objected on seeing the Bible and the Fathers on his adversary's pulpit, and it was agreed, that both should trust to the

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memory and the tongue. The dispute between them turned upon the subject of free-will; Eck maintaining that good works predisposed men to the reception of the grace of God, Carlostadt, that man's will previous to his conversion could do no good work. The dispute and its termination were unsatisfactory, and much hostile feeling was excited even in the streets. On July 4, the contest commenced between Eck and Luther. Eck based the primacy of Rome on divine right. Luther acknowledged the Pope as chief magistrate of the Church, because freely chosen by it, as the bishop of Paris or of Madgeburg, might have been chosen, but not of divine right. "Upon this rock I will build my church," were the disputed words; Eck contending that the "rock" was the primacy of Peter, Luther, that it was the Messiahship of Jesus. Eck being worsted, in an appeal to the Fathers, endeavored to create a feeling against Luther by likening his sentiments to those of the Bohemians, who under the influence of Huss had made dissension in the Church. Luther parried the blow by censuring the Bohemians for breaking the unity of faith. His friends chiding him for this, he soon declared boldly that Wiclif and Huss, in maintaining that the Roman church was not superior to all others, maintained the truth. His words raised a great tumult. Wiclif and Huss spoken of with respect by a monk in a Catholic assembly! From that hour Duke George looked with an evil eye on the Reformer, and became his enemy. The discussion lasted five days, creating intense excitement all through the city. Two more days they spent upon Purgatory, Luther in some sense admitting it. Then indulgences, repentance, absolution, and satisfactions were discussed, Eck appealing to the scholastic divines, the dominicans, and the Pope's Canons; Luther, to the Scriptures. The discussion which continued, in all, twenty days, attended by an immense concourse of laymen, knights, princes, and ecclesiastics, now closed. It is said, however, that some of the divines slept so soundly as well nigh to lose their dinners. No decision was made. Eck acknowledged, to his friends, his defeat on many points; but in public he boasted loudly of victory. But Luther had made many converts even in Eck's party, and among others Prince George of Anhalt. The students especially felt the quickening influences of new doctrines. Leipsic was deserted, Wittemberg was thronged. Among its new members was Gaspard Cruciger, afterwards the friend of Melancthon, and fellow laborer with

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Luther in translating the Scriptures. Melancthon first learned at Leipsic to become a theologian instead of a scholar. Thus far had Luther gone, but as yet, he said, he "could not see that of necessity, and beyond doubt, the Pope is of the devil." He published, at this time, his first Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians, full of justification by faith. He next attacked the power of the Pope to canonize saints. Then his thoughts were busied with the sacrament of the Supper, and he maintained against the Church, that faith was necessary to the receiver, and that the people were entitled both to the bread and wine. Eck meeting but cold support, and much ridicule, went to Rome for aid. The crisis approaches.

Book VI. "The Roman Bull," 1520. pp. 87–211. The Diet assembled at Frankfort to choose a successor to Maximilian. The imperial crown was offered to Frederick, the friend of Luther; and when refused by him, to Charles, the grandson of Maximilian. Luther wrote to the young king, while still at Madrid, a supplicatory letter, but received no answer. The Universities of Cologne and Louvain condemned Luther's writings, and his death was considered needful and just. Endeavors were made at Rome to induce the Elector to give up the Reformer; but he wisely replied, that Germany was full of his doctrine, that Scripture truth and not violence could alone suppress them. Amidst the darkness which now hung over the path of Luther, a light of hope suddenly shined. Many of the German nobility determined to guard his life with theirs. June 23, he published his appeal to the emperor and the German nobility, on the reformation of Christianity. It is a bold, noble, and popular protest, against the corruptions of Rome, the supremacy, temporal power, and pretensions of the Pope, the rapacity and authority of ecclesiastics. "Hear this, O Pope! not most holy, but most sinning. May God, from his throne on high, hurl thy throne ere long to the bottomless pit." Then he bastinadoed the "slothful crew of monks," "the vagabond friars," and for the first mentioning the subject he demands that marriage be allowed to the clergy. Festivals should be abolished, or at least only the mornings of the greater ones be observed, and the afternoon kept for work. The Universities and schools must be purified. Four thousand copies of the appeal were at once sold, and circulated from the palace to the cottage. They set all Germany in a flame. There was no longer a doubt that the Pope was Antichrist. Rome saw her danger;

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and even Leo and some of the Cardinals thought of conciliation; but Eck fanned the flame of strife, and as Luther said, pierced the depths of hell for weapons. A poor priest in a humble town of Switzerland, it was Zuingle, endeavored by intercession with the Pope's Legate there, to prevent the blow, but in vain, it had already fallen. The mixture of fear in the Roman councils somewhat moderated their proceedings. It was decided, that the works of the Reformer should be condemned and burnt, and if he and his adherents failed to recant in sixty days, the direst terrors of excommunication should fall upon them. Melancthon, who drew around him two thousand students, was at this time married, and he added a domestic hearth to the Reformation. Luther too had just published his famous tract on the "Babylonish Captivity of the Church," in which he maintained, "The Papacy is a general chase, led by the Bishop of Rome, and having for its object the snaring and ruining of souls." He reduced the seven sacraments to baptism, penitence, and the Supper. "Neither Pope nor Bishop has authority to impose the least thing upon a Christian without his consent." "I hear that new papal excommunications have been concocted against me; if so, let this book be my future 'recantation.'" Miltitz, to humble his rival Eck, still endeavored to keep peace. He induced Luther to agree to write to the Pope, and to keep silence for the future, if his adversaries would. The letter may be called affectionate and respectful to the Pontiff, wishing him all good, but resolute in the vindication of truth and purity and Scripture. Now Eck arrived with the Bull of the Pope, his "bill of divorce" from Jesus Christ. The bearer of it was treated with scorn, mobbed in the streets, and ridiculed in a ballad, sung in his ears. Miltitz chuckled at the discomfiture of his rival, but soon after died by falling, when intoxicated, into the Rhine. Eck found it difficult to post the Bull in different towns, and when he succeeded, the students tore it down. All eyes were turned upon Luther, when he became aware of it, to see whether he would yield or advance. He affected to believe it a fraud of Dr. Eck, and answered it in his famous treatise "Against the Bull of Antichrist." On the 17th of November, Luther protested against the Pope, as an unjust judge, a heretic, and apostate, an enemy, an antichrist, and a blasphemer; and he appealed to a general council. But this was not the extremity of his daring. He has uttered sentence against sentence; he will now kindle pile for pile. On Dec.

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10th, he burnt, publicly at Wittemberg in the midst of a great concourse, the Canon Law, the decretals, &c., and after all the Pope's Bull. He had broken forever from the communion of the Roman church. Luther had his firm and his timid friends, and he was overwhelmed with reproaches by his enemies. Melancthon stood calm and firm. The Pope had two envoys in Germany to assist in the coronation of the young Emperor. They used all their art to win him to take sides against Luther, so far as to cause him to be burnt, or sent to Rome. But he wisely refused this exercise of his young power, and referred them to the Elector Frederick. His nephew, John Frederick, and several nobles and scholars represented to him that he could not now abandon the Reformer. The elector, after deep thought, demanded that Luther should be furnished with a safe conduct, and be heard before a competent tribunal. While the great ones of the earth were thus debating upon the course which they should pursue, the humble and the lowly had also their struggles. It was, as we have seen in the confessional, that Luther first set at nought the power of Rome in her indulgences; it was in the confessional, that the feeble proselytes of his doctrine had their hard struggle. "Have you the writings of Luther? Have you read them? Do you judge them true or heretical?" were questions which must be satisfactorily answered before absolution. Luther boldly preached that absolution was not needed. With the vivid and startling delineations of fulfilled prophecy, he depicted the Pope as Antichrist. Pictures were published, contrasting the glory and magnificence of the Pope with the humiliation of Christ. They won upon the minds of the people. Three presses were constantly employed in extending his writings.

Book VII. "The Diet of Worms," January to May, 1521. pp. 212–346. The first Diet under the new emperor was summoned to meet at Worms, January 6. It was attended with usual numbers, magnificence, and interest. Many political subjects of great importance were to be discussed, and the emperor had likewise mentioned the Reformation in his letters of convocation. He commanded Frederick to bring Luther with him, promising protection and an impartial hearing. Luther had determined to go; but the elector fearing danger for him, had written a letter of excuse to the emperor, and had set off without him. In the meanwhile, Alexander, the Pope's envoy, thinking it scandalous that Luther should have the audacity to

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present his cause to laymen, when it had been settled by the Pope, won upon the emperor to forbid the appearance of the reformer; which was done, much to the grief of Luther. Rome then in reality poured out its thunders; he and all his adherents were excommunicated, deprived of their honors and worldly goods, to be shunned and accursed. Each Sabbath witnessed a repetition of the dire sentence with all its paraphernalia of woe. There was religious and political intrigue at the Diet, to bring about the condemnation of Luther; at last, Alexander won over the emperor to allow him to present the matter before the assembly. He spoke for three hours with impetuous eloquence, saying all in behalf of Rome that faith or ingenuity could devise. His speech produced a strong but temporary feeling against Luther. But the speaker had overdone his cause. There were some who hated the Reformer, but demanded moral and civil Reform. Among these, was Duke George, of Saxony. He made a speech a few days after, in which he set out, as boldly as Luther, the grievances which the empire endured from Rome. Other members of the Diet, and even ecclesiastical princes enlarged the list of grievances, until at last, a committee drew up an enumeration of one hundred and one, which was presented to the emperor, with the request that it might be fully considered. The emperor was so far acted upon, as to change the decree for the burning of Luther's books, to a committal of them to the magistrates. But neither friends nor enemies were satisfied; and after much debate and discord, it was agreed, that the emperor should cite Luther to appear before the Diet, furnished with a safe conduct from himself, and from the princes through whose territories he passed. In the usual ceremonies at Rome, preceding Easter, Luther and his adherents were added to the list of heretics, pirates, &c., then solemnly cursed by the Pope. Bugenhagen, a new convert, and Melancthon, promised to make the Reformer's place good in his absence, though they trembled at his journey. Hütten wrote in his behalf a solemn and warlike appeal to Charles. He set out on April 2d. Never before nor since has Germany witnessed the passage of a single traveller, who moved so many hearts. He was joined on the route by a friend of his childhood, and by one of his brothers. He preached stirringly at Erfurth, in the church, which he had once swept. Not a word did he say about himself, though all eyes rested on him. His enemies turned every stone to prevent by stratagem his reach-

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ing Worms, for they were dismayed at his approach. His friends, too, sent on messages to warn him. But he could not be turned from his purpose, — "Though there should be as many devils at Worms, as there are tiles on its roofs, I would enter it." He entered on April 16th, amid a vast concourse. The son of the miner drew a larger crowd than the emperor. He was gazed at as a wonder. He strengthened himself by struggling prayer, to appear before the august assembly, of an emperor, an archduke, six electors, twenty-four dukes, or territorial sovereigns, eight margraves, thirty archbishops, seven ambassadors, princes, counts, barons, &c.; and Martin Luther, an Augustine monk, appealing from the Papacy, and heard with respect. This of itself was a revolution. In his first appearance, he was asked two questions, — whether he owned the authorship of his writings, and whether he would retract their contents. To the first, he answered, yes; on the second, he asked time for deliberation, which was granted, on the promise, that his reply should be spoken, not written. In the meanwhile, there were violent tumults in the city. On his second hearing, he delivered a noble and impressive speech, demanding conviction of error, before he would retract. He withdrew. Upon the yea or nay of that assembly depends the peace of the world for ages. Political and party manœuvrings delayed for a time the issue, and thus disseminated the views of Luther, ranging around him, and against him, men of various minds. It was impossible for the Diet to come to any other decision than to send Luther back to his home, which was accordingly done by letter of the emperor. The Reformer retraced his steps, still preaching, — and revered by the way. He wrote to Charles a humble letter, avowing his allegiance first to the Scriptures, then to him. The Diet ratified an edict which placed him under the ban of the empire. He turned off from his direct route, into the forest of Thuringen, to visit his grandmother and other relatives. In that forest, he was afterwards seized as if a prisoner, though by a friendly party, in masks, arranged by connivance of the elector, and borne off to the lofty and isolated castle of Wartburg. Here he was kept in the strictest secrecy, attired in a knightly dress, his beard and hair growing, and known even by the servants, only as Knight George. Here he passed a year, while some thinking him murdered, his friends lamenting, his foes triumphing, the seed

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which he had sown was growing. He is left here by the author, to follow the Reformation in other countries. We shall pursue his subsequent history with its publication.

G. E. E.

ART. III. *De l'Education des Meres de Famille ou de la Civilisation du Genre Humain par les Femmes:* par L. AIMÉ MARTIN. *On the Education of Mothers, or the Civilization of the Human Race by Women:* by L. AIMÉ MARTIN. 2 vols. Brussels. 1837.

THREE systems have severally claimed the rule in the education of woman, and each of these has found many followers both in doctrine and practice.

I. The old-fashioned system, which is not without its advocates even in these days, regarded women merely as destined to become housewives. They must accordingly be taught to cook, and sew, and spin, take care of the sick, do the duties of the household, and concern themselves with nothing more. If they could faithfully discharge these duties, it was of little consequence, whether they could boast of much more ambitious learning and accomplishment, or could claim any intimacy with the muses, or the graces. If a young lady knew how to mix a good pudding, or make a nice pie, it was no matter how little she could tell of the compounding of gases, or the other mysteries of chemistry. The busy hum of her spinning-wheel, accompanied by some simple song, was deemed good music enough, and no mention was made of harp and piano. She was taught to prize the early voice of the birds far more, than the midnight concert of the elegant warblers of the drawing-room. Even her most showy accomplishments leaned towards domestic utility. The boasted sampler, with its varied alphabets and fanciful mottoes, displayed a skill that was destined to be used not in any rich and ostentatious embroidery, but in marking and adorning the family stockings. The highest achievement of the needle, — the mourning piece, — while it proved the skill of the patient embroiderer, proved also her power of being useful, — showed that her most elegant was one of her

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most serviceable arts; and that even when it sought to be most ornamental, it was employed in the service of family love and domestic religion. The day of quadrilles and waltzes had not come. Few women had the ambition to learn foreign languages. Happy she, who could read and write English correctly, without aspiring to French or Italian.

Such are some of the features of the old-fashioned system of education, as it flourished in the days of our grandmothers. It had many excellencies, and some defects. Its sins, however, were rather of omission, than commission. The excellent household training, which was the pride of olden times, is worthy all praise. The happy homes of Old and New England in former days speak its worth, while many a degenerate race now shames the memory of its ancestors. Yet this education was deficient in the higher culture. It did not enough to refine the tastes and the manners, — not enough to expand, and enlighten, and invigorate the mind. It is needless, however, to dwell upon the defects of the ancient system, for the present age is exposed to far other dangers. There are, indeed, not a few sticklers for the old-fashioned ways; not a few, who stoutly condemn the modern mania for accomplishments; who would banish harp and piano, and reinstate the spinning-wheel; honor the kitchen and dairy far before the drawing-room; close their houses to the dancing-master, as to a pestilence, and think money worse than thrown away, when given for instruction in French or Italian. Some there are, who seem to think even a thorough English education needless to a woman, believing it to be her sole business to be the drudge of her household, and servant of her husband. A friend, who taught school in a distant town, once told us, that when he urged upon a very bright scholar the importance of studying grammar, her zeal for the study was rebuked by the father, who refused to provide the requisite book, and said, that grammar was a mess of nonsense, — it was nothing, but "he loved and she loved," and would not make his daughter a bit the better wife. Such cases are almost solitary in our country.

II. The great tendency of late has been to a new system of education, just the reverse of the old. This modern system despises utility, and favors only the graceful and ornamental. It insists solely upon accomplishments. It finds no fault, if girls are ignorant of household duties, and are as little skilled in preparing a cup of coffee, or making a loaf of bread, as in

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finding the philosopher's stone, or concocting the elixir of immortality, so long as they can dance and sing and play on an instrument, and prate a little French or Italian. This notion of education has wrought much evil in the world, and nowhere more than in our own country. It has made the mothers and daughters of a great many good middling families discontented with their lot, negligent of their duties, and aping elegance, when they ought to be studying utility. It has done much to destroy the genuine domestic virtues in all conditions of life. This system may well be called the French. In France, it most prevails; and it has extended with the progress of French influence. It is making fearful inroads in all countries, and giving to France an empire mightier, than was ever won by the armies of Napoleon. The march of her hosts has been arrested; but not the triumphs of her arts. Russia struck the first deadly blow at Napoleon's empire; but Russia is gradually adopting French tastes and manners; and Moscow itself is paying homage to a mightier power in the fashions of Paris, than that, which her flaming palaces drove to a ruinous retreat. Old England is hardly England any longer, and is fast giving up to French influences that sceptre of independence, which was so nobly defended at Trafalgar and Waterloo. The English writers on female education speak in most decided terms of the evils of French influences, upon the homes and the women of the land. We find strong condemnations of this prevailing tendency in writers otherwise so little alike, as Maria Edgeworth and Hannah More. The best work that has lately appeared upon female culture in our mother country, the work of Mrs. Ellis, on the "Women of England," is a vindication of the good old domestic virtues and pursuits against the attacks of foreign vanities and laxity.

No one can have given the least observation to the state of things in our own land, without deploring the present tendencies of female education here. Perhaps the worst is now over; and the better ideas, as presented by such women, as Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Farrar, and Mrs. Sigourney, are henceforth to take the lead. But the present generation hardly practises those ideas. Many a city mansion, and many a plain farmer's home, has been lost to all true comfort and happiness, by the inroads of Parisian and boarding-school ideas. There is no fear that our young women will have too much elegance or refinement. The fear is, they will have too little. There is about as much

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vulgarity of soul and manner in what is called fashionable life, as in what is called low life. Pretence is always vulgar, and arrogance always unladylike. "What a catalogue of miseries," says Mrs. Ellis, "might be made out, as the consequences of this mistaken ambition of women to be ladies! Gentlewomen they may be, and refined women too; for when did either gentleness or true refinement disqualify a woman for her proper duties? But that assumption of delicacy, which unfits them for the real business of life, is more to be dreaded in its fatal influence upon their happiness, than the most agonizing disease, with which they could be afflicted." How selfish such women are, and how sensible of the least pain! "Not the most exquisite creation of poetic fancy was ever supposed to be more susceptible of pain, than is now the highly educated young lady, who reclines on a couch in an apartment slightly separated from that in which her father sells his goods, and but one remove from the sphere of her mother's culinary toil."

The author of the work before us has stated better than any one else the evils of the modern system of Education in his own country, while he is well aware of its redeeming graces. He sketches the history of female culture in France, and eloquently describes its present state.

According to him, Descartes prepared the way for the regeneration of women in France, by his doctrine of the dignity of the individual mind, and the tendency of that doctrine to lead each one to think for himself, and to respect the minds of others. Rousseau was earnest to apply this thought to the condition of women, and to rebuke their too common neglect of their offspring, and to insist upon the duty of each mother being the nurse of her own child. But Rousseau's system was defective, because it took the child from the mother after infancy, and entrusted its education to a preceptor.

Fleury and Fenelon also are names, that deserve to be mentioned among those, who have contributed to women's elevation. Fleury brought forward what then seemed a great paradox, in maintaining, that girls ought to learn something besides the catechism, sewing, singing, dancing, dressing, speaking civilly, and making a courtesy. "And what," asks our author, "was this new instruction, which was so to scandalize the Sevignés, the Coulanges, the La Fayettes? It was the knowledge of reading, writing, and accounts, sufficient acquaintance with business to procure good counsel, and of medicine enough to

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take care of the sick." Yet the Abbé also insisted on moral and religious education.

To the religious teachings of Fleury, Fenelon added his heavenly voice. The simple doctrines of his beautiful work on the education of girls is inspired by the love of Jesus Christ for little children. Although writing at an age, when the reign of woman was omnipotent at court, Fenelon's ideas were in advance of the age, and were much scandalized. Woman, although adored as an idol, was not respected as a living soul; and he seemed to say strange words, who spoke of her solemn duties and immortal destiny. Fenelon's principles are not very well recognized in this somewhat better day of French principles.

Passing from Descartes, Rousseau, Fleury, and Fenelon, Aimé Martin thus characterizes the present condition of female education in France: —

"Since Fenelon and Rousseau, there has been progress among men, and the education of women has gained by it. It is no longer a disputed question, whether it is good to instruct them, and to what extent their instruction should go; it is allowed that their understanding should be developed; the talents of artists and masters of languages are given them; they skim over the circle of the sciences; but in these studies, nothing calls them to think their own thoughts; the lessons of the school are merely stamped on their brains; thus when the passions come on, those passions, to which it is not too much to oppose both the habits of virtue and the principles of religion, they find hands skilful upon the piano, a memory, that repeats, and a soul, that sleeps. Such is the woman, saving some rare exceptions, whom our age affords, with her petty devotions, her boarding-school morality, her mechanical talents, her love of pleasure, ignorance of all matters of life, and the need of loving and being loved.

"Not that this education has not also its brilliant side; it introduces into society the tastes and manners of artists, much grace, much originality. The duchess and the citizen's wife, if indeed there are any longer such distinctions, rival each other in the saloons in the exercise of the highest talents; some make poems, which are sold in aid of the Greeks and Poles; others compose pictures, the price of which is devoted to pious enterprises; all write with grace and accuracy, and the pens of a Sevigné and a La Fayette have almost become vulgar. Thus education is gradually levelling society; its uniformity is the mightiest democracy, and I do not think myself uttering a paro-

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dox in saying, that the talents of women have done more for the equality of ranks, than all the decrees of our national assembly.

"Enter one of our most fashionable saloons: see that crowd of men of all ages standing together, and who seem clad in the same cloth: one is a banker, the other a marquis, this one is a virtuoso, that a magistrate. Yet notwithstanding the uniformity of their dark dress, there is in their language, in their air, a mark, which distinguishes and classifies them. It is not so with the women: by the grace of their attitudes, by the elegance of their manners, you would think them all of equal birth and of the same rank; there is the same information, the same charm, the same taste for the arts; no means of distinguishing the daughters of a notary from those of a courtier, a capitalist, or a general. Behold that charming group at the piano; it is executing together a choice piece from Rossini, with as much accuracy as Italian actors; there are the wife of a physician, the wife of a peer of France, a marchioness, the daughter of a man of business. Nothing separates them except difference of talent.

"Now turn your eyes to that lady, whose toilette, so simple and yet so elegant, has fixed attention for a moment; it is one of our most beautiful duchesses. What an amiable smile she exchanges with the young person, who has just seated herself next her! Two truly remarkable women! the duchess teaches her sons Latin, and writes romances; the other writes poetry; a poet and beautiful, she is the very Corinne of her age; her fame, that is her nobility! Thus in this elegant assembly, where all is confounded, birth, fortune, titles, condition, there is no distinction; beauty attracts attention, talent marks place, and education levels all.

"Surely if the life of women were to be confined to the studio and the ball; if their object were merely to dazzle and please, the great problem would be resolved by this education of the soirée; but the hours of pleasure are short, and the slow hours of reflection succeed them. The internal life, the moral life, the duties of the mother, and the duties of the wife, all this comes, and all this has been forgotten. Then they return to the void in the bosom of their family, with romantic passions, imagination uncontrolled, and ennui, that great destroyer of female virtue. The sad consequences of this state of things, lamentations on account of it strike our ears; it is the cry of all mothers, the complaint of all husbands; and in those grievous straits, where each is agitated and desperate, the worst is that indifference is usually the result.

"To get a just idea of the improvidence of our systems of

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Education, what is needed? To demand their aim. Is it religion? But religion — misunderstood indeed — condemns all that is taught. Is it domestic happiness? But these talents so laboriously acquired, these talents, which remove the necessity of thinking do not appear in household habits. Is it the prosperity, the glory of the country? Mockery! what mother thinks of that in these days? Thus just as we seek the aim, the whole vanishes. Nothing for individual happiness, nothing for general prosperity! The world remains, and it is to this, in fact, that all efforts tend. The care is to please it, rather than to resist it; the wish is to shine, to reign; vanity, that is the end, to which tender mothers do not cease to point their daughters, and upon which the world, which pushes them on, sees them wrecked with indifference.

Vanity in dress!
Vanity in fascinating talents!
Vanity in information!

"Be beautiful, be polite, you will be noticed; be gentle, be submissive, you will be heard, says a mother to her daughter; which really means, always substitute the show for the reality. The soul, like the body, has its light embellishments; it is used to them from the cradle; evil is not cured, it is only hid; the character is not changed, it is disguised. Thus vanity covers all; to seem and not to be, constitutes the sum and substance of Education." — Book I. chap. 8.

The lessons given in religion are mere words, which are contradicted by education and example. The contempt of the world, taught by religion, is not very consistently accompanied by constant instruction in the arts of fascination: —

"It seems as if the religious life and the worldly life were two champions in a mortal combat; whichever conquers, the man who embraces it is only a mutilated being, incomplete, the deplorable remains of passions or superstitions.

"The complete man is he, who lives at the same time a social and religious life; with a powerful hand he ends the combat between the two adversaries, and marking out to each its place, he treads with a firm step the ways of God and according to the lights of reason.

"But in order that these lights, now so rare, may be shed abroad in the world, they must shine in our Educations; they cannot reach the multitude, unless mingled with the first emotions of life, and under the irresistible influence of the mother of the family; this is the sacred lamp, which the industrious wife

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of Virgil lighted by night, for her toil, by the cradle of her child.

"In the Paradise Lost, there is a lion whose creation is not yet finished; he is seen coming forth half formed from the earth, which is producing him; his eye shines, his hair is agitated, but his body is only an inert mass, without motion, yet fixed to the soil; impatient, he waits the last spark to burst into life.

"Sublime image of mankind! There is no life but in the ~~head~~, the rest has no motion; let light penetrate to it! Snatch it from nothingness, and let it take possession of empire!"—Book I. chap. 8.

Such is the picture of fashionable education in France. It will apply in some measure to America. In many cases, the American picture is less pleasing. In many cases, the adoption of French ideas by American women spoils their true American character, and gives them little of the much sought elegance, except an apish affectation. True domestc worth is often lost, and the fascinations of fashionable society, which, if gained, would be but a poor compensation for the loss, are not attained. Many with whom the "morning is all rehearsal and the evening is all performance," who give to waltzing and music the time, which they owe to solid learning or domestic duties, not only sacrifice utility to show, know little of household economy and useful learning, but after all make indifferent musicians and very sorry waltzers. They are neither French, nor American, but a bad mixture of both.

III. This tendency towards a merely showy education has been observed by many judicious minds, and has doubtless been the most cogent of the reasons, why so strong a movement has recently been made towards the opposite extreme, of which we will now briefly speak, as the third idea of female education. Disgusted with the frivolity of too many of the sex, indignant at the insult of rearing immortal beings, as if they were to be only the gilded butterflies of a summer hour, many sturdy spirits have maintained, that women should have an education as solid and severe as that of men. Hence the masculine school of female education. This system has found its principal advocates in England and America. The females in France, who have most ably vindicated their sex from the charge of weakness of intellect, have never advocated the masculine doctrine. A Madame de Staël, though unsurpassed by any of her sex for vigor of intellect, ever prides herself in a

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woman's heart, and spite of her defiance of Napoleon shows no leaning towards the doctrine of a Wolstoncraft, a Martineau, or a Grimké.

Mary Wolstoncraft was the first conspicuous advocate of this system, although there have always been sturdy champions of woman's equality. We read in Bayle's Dictionary of a Lucretia Marinella, a Venetian lady, and Jacquette Guillaume, a French woman, who, about two centuries since, wrote books asserting even the superiority of women over men in every respect. Notwithstanding Mary Wolstoncraft's many sins, much wrong is generally done to her memory in deeming her an utter infidel. Her book on the Rights of Woman is based on the moral worth of the soul and its immortality.

Now we can have no quarrel with any doctrine, whether brought forward by Mrs. Godwin, or less objectionably by Miss Martineau and Miss Grimké, which maintains the claims of the sex to a moral and intellectual nature, and their right to as sound an education as man enjoys. But when in union with this doctrine, it is maintained that women should be educated as politicians and orators, and should divide with man the rougher labors of life, we must dissent, not because of their inferiority, but their equality; not because we would close on woman the path of honor, but because her honor is most promoted by excellence in her own sphere, as a wife, a mother, the guardian of the young, mistress of the home, arbiter of society.

IV. We have now spoken of the three leading systems of female Education, the old fashioned or domestic, the modern or showy, the masculine. Which of these shall we choose, as best? Neither, by itself, but a union of all. Woman should be skilled in the duties of the household, and yet not be so brought up, as to place the end of her existence in cooking and sewing; she should be accomplished, and yet not so showy, as to be always aiming at effect, and sacrificing substance to seeming; she should be educated intellectually and morally with the utmost thoroughness, and at the same time should never be allowed to forget that her sphere is not that of man. Thus we would advocate a fourth or Eclectic system, that should avoid the defects and comprise the excellencies of the three. This Eclectic system has many distinguished champions, and has the spirit of the age upon its side. It is maintained virtually, although not in precise terms, in the remarkable work under review.

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The aim of the work is to show the vast influence, which woman may exert in the civilization of the human race; woman, not as an orator or politician, but as a religious mother. The first part treats of the influence of the sex and the need of better education; the second part gives an eloquent outline of the philosophical, moral, and religious studies and opinions, appropriate to women's sphere.

Napoleon said one day to Madame Campan; "the old systems of Education are good for nothing; what is wanting to the proper Education of young persons in France?" "*Mothers*," replied Madame Campan. This expression struck the Emperor, and led him to exclaim: "Ah! that makes the whole system of Education; we need mothers who know how to bring up their children."

"This profound remark," says the author, "constitutes the subject of our book. Expecting nothing more from the present generation, hoping nothing more from our systems of public Education, we say in our turn, we need mothers, who know how to educate their children!"

Our readers must bear in mind the difference between French and American society, while estimating the wisdom of the work before us. It must be remembered, especially, that what is said of marriage, as freeing the young girl from the slavish restraints of a boarding school or convent, and giving her a boundless and dangerous liberty, has little application to American life. With us, unmarried women are just as free to mingle in society, as the married. Consequently our women carry with them to married life far more practical wisdom, than the French, and are free from many of their dangers.

After speaking of the progress of ideas on the subject of female education, and of the prevalent faults regarding it, Aimé Martin thus states the plan of his work.

"I have shown the vices of our fashionable modes of Education, and thus far I have proposed no general reformation. Education of the convent, education of the boarding-school, education in the family, the old method, the new method, no matter which, I take them all; but this first education ended, I take the pupil to myself and mine begins!

"The young woman has left the home of her parents; she is a wife, a mother; her anxiety allows her no longer repose. See her perusing and reperusing Fenelon, Rousseau, Madame de Beaumont, Madame Guizot, Madame de Remuzat, and seek-

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ing everywhere new rules and methods; a secret instinct tells her, that to become worthy of the education of her child, she must recommence her own.

"The first thought to be given her is the importance of concerning herself less with what she should teach her child, and more with what she should inspire him. Other persons may make him learned, she alone can render him virtuous; good mother! lay hold of the young heart, and thus you will one day guide the mind.

"This is the chief point, or rather the sum and substance of the education of mothers. The aim is, in effect, to release women from the narrow circle, in which society restricts them, and to extend their thoughts to all the objects, which can render them better or happier.

"A religious, philosophical, and moral world is to be opened to them. It is their mission to introduce our infancy to it, as into a holy temple, where the soul studies and learns itself in the presence of its God.

"Let us pause a moment upon so grave a subject.

"The thought of man is not confined, like that of the animals, within the limits of this globe. It quits the visible for the invisible, and freeing itself from matter is lost in contemplations of the infinite. There all our grandeur lies, since there alone, we find the principle of our being, the bases of our morality, the last why, the last how, of our fugitive existence. Truth bursts from the immaterial world; it is the torch of the other life, which sheds its light upon this.

"Thus is it, that our soul is drawn towards this unknown world by the very necessities of our earthly existence. God places here the sources of truth and virtue with the revelation of a better life!

"The study of these great phenomena constitutes what Socrates would have called the important science. It is the subject of this book:

"The science of ourselves, which leads to the knowledge of God.

"The science of the moral laws of nature, which leads to the knowledge of truth.

* * * * * * *

"What a destiny is that of women! equally a prey to all the seductions of pleasure, to all the pangs of grief, as mistress, as wife, as mother, without other weapons, than their weakness; who does not understand how important it is to give them an education broad and profound, which shall provide them with the resource of a virtue mightier than the griefs which await, and the seductions which threaten them?

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"Once religion instructed them from the pulpit, but confining all its morality to penitence, it gave rise to repentance more than to virtue. A Massillon, a Bourdaloue, a Bossuet strove to smother their passions; they should have known how to guide them. Far from supporting humanity, they broke it down beneath the yoke of a violent doctrine, which they illustrated by the fires of hell. And lo! their greatest miracles were not to make us live virtuously in the world, but to tear us from it; at their command, Lavalliere robed herself in penitential sackcloth; Chevreuse and Longueville fled to the desert to bewail their sins, and queens built temples, founded cloisters, and humbled themselves beneath their vaults!

"Surely the great moral truths repeated constantly at the altar, in presence of God, have not been without fruits for humanity; and if freed from all the superstitions which belittle them, and from cruel dogmas as to the eternity of punishment, and the vengeance of a pitiless Divinity, women might draw hence strong and efficient instruction; but it is solitude now in the temple, the priests there keep a lonely watch, listening from afar to the world, which cares no more for the ideas of a bygone age. Once the people followed them, because they took the lead; now the people await them, because they remain behind. Thus moral instruction escapes them; sad reaction of our excesses; theological impieties have brought religion to neglect; and the neglect of religion abandons us passive to all the vanities of human intelligence.

"Now what is left for woman? Some offices of devotion, and the mass on Sunday: no moral and religious direction, for I cannot dignify with this name that brief and narrow instruction, entrusted to the memory in childhood, and which unsupported by the conviction of the parents, and the example of the family, holds almost the place of a dream, in the dream of life. Nevertheless, religious sensibility exists; and this, with maternal love, is enough to revive the whole soul. These two sentiments, inextinguishable in women, are now the last hope of civilization, and since all our modes of education tend to weaken them, be it our aim, as far as may be, to fortify them and renew their power.

"This power is entirely moral; we shall seek it immediately in the profound study of our material and spiritual faculties; it will be necessary to trace the line which divides them; what belong to the earth! what to heaven! an important distinction, too much neglected even in our day, and ignorance of which plunges us into darkness. Before drawing this line, you are oppressed by the vain phantoms of materialism; doubt overwhelms

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you; but the separation once made, the phantoms vanish, darkness is dispelled, and the consoling truth appears!

"You will observe how this simple distinction suffices to establish the existence of God, and the immortality of the soul, not as dogmas, but as facts, at the same time independent of the illusions of thought, and the formulas of logic. There is a pleasure in seeing truths so sublime come out from the invisible world, all luminous and undeniable, as the unknown quantity of a mathematical problem.

"These truths come to light, it is true, through material sensations, but without springing from them.

"There we find an entirely new knowledge of being, and consequently new elements of education. The child is presented to its mother, as a spiritual creature; the object is not merely to teach an understanding, but to develop a soul; and this soul, the mother knows; she knows where to carry light, where to address her lessons. Others may provide the vessel its sails and rigging; she alone communes with the pilot, seats him at the helm, provides him with a compass, and before launching him upon the ocean of the world, points to him in heaven his guiding-star.

"From the study of man, we shall pass to the search for truth. Truth is the opposite of error; and error is the barbarism and crime, that ravage the world.

"Truth is not the property of any man, or caste, or people, or religion. Its character is beauty, utility, universality. Our passions and superstitions are the darkness which encompass it; the laws of Nature are its light.

"Our aim is to examine the moral, philosophical, political, religious questions, which concern man, and to refer them to the truth, by submitting them to an immutable authority.

"Thus we gradually arrive to the most important part of this book; the moral studies of the gospel; we say the most important, for all education, which is not religious, makes man incomplete, and at most, only forms an intelligent animal. It is an error to suppose, that man becomes truly great by science; he is not great, he is not man, but by the knowledge of God. Bereft of that, we see only his limited existence, and have a philosophy without light.

"Why such general selfishness? Why the love of gold, the love of power, the love of vengeance, instead of the love of humanity? Why so much ambition, which brings forth so much crime? Why so many murders, adulteries, ingratitudes, calumnies, iniquities, depravities? two causes: error and misery. A single remedy: religion.

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"You may in vain agitate yourself, torment yourself, in vain vex your brain; to provide this divine power, you will interrogate to no purpose all the sciences, of which you are so proud, and the ciphers of algebra, and the lines of geometry; these vast displays of learning will give you nothing but the materials for a learned scholar. To make a man, the soul must be developed, and soon as the soul appears, it seeks its God. Thus we ever return to that thing so despised, — religion.

"Such is briefly the plan of these studies. We address it to mothers, not that they may commit its principles to the memory of their children, but that they may impress them generously and deeply on the soul: their mission is not instruction, but influence; it is not knowledge which is demanded of them, but inspiration and guidance. In the bosom of the family, the child receives a certain number of ideas, which belong to his age, his nation, and to the rank which he occupies in it. These ideas are more or less exalted, more or less true; there are some which express political or sectarian passions; others, that are only prejudices or superstitions. No matter! he soon becomes all that he hears, all that he sees, royalist or Jacobin, fanatic or atheist, as of old the people became partisans for Orleans or Burgundy, Navarre or the League. The impressions of infancy give a passion for a party, for an interest, never for truth!

"Do you not feel that this is the source of all our errors?

"It is, then, to the family, that education should be carried. There truth should be exhibited to us, like duty at Sparta, country at Rome. Truth, the main-spring of modern nations, has promise of the whole world: and if the love of country has sent forth nations of heroes, this love so much broader and more sublime, will produce the civilization of mankind." — Book I. chap. 12.

After devoting several chapters to the subjects of physical education, and public instruction, and distinctly asserting the moral education of the young to be the province of woman, Aimé Martin enters upon the philosophical part of his work. His philosophy does not seem to be borrowed from any one master, but is generous and eclectic. It is lofty, yet humble. He most warmly asserts the spiritual nature of man, and the immortality of the soul, and its capacity for attaining religious truth; yet he shrinks modestly from the task of accurately defining the faculties of the mind. "All definition of faculties which are related to the infinite," he says, "is impossible. Neither sentiment, nor reason, nor the beautiful, nor God, nor

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any faculty of the soul, has ever been defined precisely, because their essence is infinite. And nevertheless, that which we cannot define, we feel, we think, we believe; we have consciousness of it without argument; and this consciousness is the mysterious star, which rises upon the limit of two worlds!"

The second book being upon psychology, the third book endeavors to guide the mother in the search for truth, on moral and political subjects. Here we find interesting essays on a variety of subjects, — logic and love, — the laws of nature and of nations, — the republics of Athens and Rome, and the ideal republic of Plato, — life and death, — the perfectibility of the human race, and its hopes of progress. His ideas of government are strongly republican, and at the same time, deeply religious.

"God be thanked," he says, "the ideas of some people elected, and others damned, are dead in Europe. Authority does not constitute religion, nor the king's good pleasure constitute government. The universal reason is now awake. The vulgar saying, that the voice of the people is the voice of God, has been comprehended by sages. They have felt, that to diffuse truth, there was less need of imploring kings, than of educating the people. Truth descends with difficulty from kings to to the people; but its triumph is certain, when it rises from the people to kings. Consider how many changes two or three gospel principles, falling at hazard in the crowd, have produced. The French charter, the abolition of the slave-trade, the emancipation of Ireland, the liberty of America, the deliverance of Greece were in the minds of the people, before entering the reason of princes. If monarchs had listened to the people, Italy would be free, and Poland in being: two crimes less would have pressed on the heads of the sovereigns of Europe. It is to the public conscience, enlightened by the laws of Nature, that the appeal must be made. Upon this the prosperity of the human race reposes; and the rising age shall behold the civilization of India and Africa, the deliverance of the East, the abolition of castes, the marriage of priests, the emancipation of the people, and the freedom of the world!" — Book III. chap. 30.

The fourth and last book treats of the moral studies of the Gospel, and unfolds religion to the mother of the family. It is pervaded by good sense, beauty, and piety. Here and there, as throughout the whole work, we meet with expressions, that might as well have been spared, and the extravagance of the

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Frenchman gets the better of the gravity of the moralist. But on the whole, it would be difficult to find a more beautiful treatise on religion, as appealing to women, than that here given. The opinions advanced are very decided, yet entirely free from dogmatism. We should call Aimé Martin a Unitarian, as doubtless he is, were we not unwilling to deal needlessly with sectarian terms. We will let him designate his own creed. All that he says upon religion shows him to be a Christian, after the pattern of Fenelon, whom he never ceases to honor as the restorer of genuine Christianity in France.

A great part of the book upon religion is applicable to the state of things in our own land. All that is said of the power of women to destroy bigotry and fanaticism, and soften the somewhat harsh features of the prevailing faith, is worthy of being echoed from one end of our country to the other. It is very strange, and no less strange than true, that very little is done by the gentler sex to make the doctrines of the gospel appear in their native mildness and love. The most denunciatory style of preaching is too apt to charm the ears, which are generally thought to prefer more winning tones. Countless exampless of meek and amiable piety are found in our American homes, and many a mother and daughter has won souls to Christ, by a life of purity and faith, which is more convincing than whole libraries of polemic theology. Still the influence of the sex leans towards the harsher schools of Divinity. To them we look for the regeneration of religion, and deliverance from the chains of theologians. Such sentiments as the following will find a response in many hearts: —

"We will boldly oppose the laws of Nature to the fictions of theology. What guide more sublime in separating the work of God from the work of men! What means more potent to lead us from indifference to love! If all our evils spring from theology, all our blessings come from religion: the double light of Nature and the Gospel cannot penetrate our hearts without bearing thither the convictions of virtue.

"The general spirit of the Gospel is love of humanity, compassion for weakness, pardon to penitence; it is yet more; it is benevolence and beneficence towards our enemies. I hear Jesus on the cross pray for his murderers! I hear him upon the Mount say to his disciples: 'It is written, you shall love your neighbor, and hate your enemy; but I say unto you, do good to them that hate you; pray for them which persecute you, and speak evil of you, that ye may be the children of your

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Father in the heavens, who makes the sun to rise upon the good and the evil, and the rain to fall upon the just and the unjust.'

"Listen! there is the great law of Nature: The sun rises upon the good and evil: and the morality of Christ is but an expression of this law. You should imitate God, you should lay hold of his purpose in his eternal blessings, and manifest its divine influence around you.

"Everywhere the same gentleness and morality; everywhere the disciples of Christ are called not to fight but to teach. Their arms are persuasion, their conquest, the heart. In his last interviews with his apostles, when unbosoming his soul, Jesus unfolds the means of diffusing the truth; he exhorts them to devote themselves as so many sacrifices for the salvation of men; for they are sent as lambs in the midst of wolves. They should pardon, they should bless, they should instruct; the master has come not to condemn the world, but to save it." Book IV. chap. 5.

The following remarks on the priesthood are, we trust, becoming every day less applicable to the clergy of our land: —

"It is an established fact, that light has come to us by the Gospel in spite of the priesthood, which has built in darkness. Not because the Christian community has lacked teachers, schools, or libraries. Their writings were many, but barren; the human mind worked over incessantly the same old notions. When we plunge into this study, we are struck with its inanity. No broad and generous ideas, not one of those evangelical sentiments, which embrace the whole race, no knowledge of the love of God and our neighbor. From Saint Jerome to Bourdaloue, from Saint Augustine to Bossuet, always the same terrible Deity, the God of vengeance, excommunication, damnation, hell. The saints read the Gospel without getting much good from it; either for themselves or for others. They alone had possession of the book, which was to civilize the people, and they made use of it to establish and regulate monasteries. We had the austerities of India, instead of the morality of Christ. The invention of printing was needed, a second revelation, to wrest from them this book, and give it to the universe. We make bold to say, that without the genius of Faust and Gutenberg, the doctrine of Jesus Christ had been lost to humanity. The Gospel did not truly exist till this epoch, and the knowledge of its morality dates only from the age of Fenelon." — Book IV. chap. 11.

We are tempted to quote the two short chapters on Faith and Hope, and Dogmas and Morals; but enough has been

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said to indicate their spirit. We should like the whole treatise on religion better, if more account were made of the doctrines of the Gospel, and such exclusive stress were not laid upon its morality. These doctrines never appear in their full beauty and power, except in connexion with the morality of the Gospel. We cannot but feel, that the author has not gone quite deeply enough into the science of religion, although his heart is right. We should like to have him add a chapter on the cardinal doctrines of Atonement and Justification by Faith. Viewed according to his principles, these doctrines would have a charm and freshness, quite strange to our many formal systems of dogmatics.

Aimé Martin closes his work by a recapitulation of its principles, and an appeal to the sex to whom it is addressed. He eloquently enjoins it upon women to watch over the moral and religious sensibilities of the young, as their peculiar care; and to impress upon them from the cradle the central truth of the unity and parental character of God, and the great sentiment of the love of God and man. We can pardon and even admire a little Gallic enthusiasm in the close of so eloquent a treatise: —

"The book of Nature and the Gospel unite in this truth, so simple and yet so vast:

"Unity of God."

"And in this sentiment so sublime, and so natural:

"Love of God and men."
"Unity of God,"

"That is to say an only God, Father of all men; consequently, all are brothers upon the globe.

"Equality of rights, liberty of all, abolition of exclusive privileges, of castes, of slavery, of war, of capital punishment, result from the brotherhood of mankind."

"Love of God and men."

"Here religion takes a moral character, in uniting God and man, as father to child; and morality takes a religious character, in uniting man to God, as child to Father.

"Accordingly as the soul is penetrated by these divine sentiments, national animosities are extinguished, prejudices vanish, the great people is formed, and the reign of God on earth advances from west to east.

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"The reign of God is the happiness of man by virtue.

"The world will arrive at this by the study of the laws of nature, and by their comparison with human laws. Pious studies, which will ensure to our children the constant presence of God; sublime guidance, which will conduct them to the discovery of all moral and physical truths, since truth is only the testimony, which nature renders of its author!

"And to accomplish this prodigious revolution, to change the destinies of the world, to reunite families, to reconcile nations, what is wanting? A whole generation must come to us acquainted with these truths; a great people must receive them from the cradle.

"Women! if you could only catch a glimpse of the marvels promised to maternal influence, with what noble pride, you would enter the career, which nature has opened to you for so many ages! What is not in the power of any monarch or any nation, your will can execute. You alone have the disposal of the rising generation, and you alone can unite the scattered members, and impress upon them the same movement. What I can put merely upon cold paper, you can engrave on the heart of a whole people. I present you with a feeble image of the truth, you can give the truth itself to the world. When in our promenades, and in our public gardens, I see that noisy crowd of little children gathering from every side, and abandoned to the plays of childhood, my heart leaps for joy, that they are still yours. Let each of you strive for the happiness of your child; in the happiness of the individual God has placed the promise of general happiness. Young girls, young wives, tender mothers, it is in your souls, rather than in the laws of the legislator, that the hopes of Europe and the destinies of mankind repose!"

The mothers of America will know how to pardon the enthusiasm of this appeal to the mothers of France.

We close this article, which has already become longer than we intended, with a single remark. We should rejoice, if the French eloquence of this book had been tempered with a little Yankee practical wisdom. Were some dozen chapters omitted in the second and third books, and a like number substituted from that precious and unpretending little volume of Miss Sedgwick's, Means and Ends, little would be wanting to the perfection of the treatise. The two read together will make a guide to the right system. May we not hope, that the whole truth will be heard, and practised, and a new and generously eclectic

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system of female education shall prevail; that our fair rising generation may be so trained, as to be domestic without being drudges, refined and accomplished without being frivolous fashionists, intellectual without being masculine, religious without bigotry or superstition. The signs of the times encourage such a hope.

S. O.

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76. Mag. 1.

ART. IV. — *Discourses and Dissertations on the Scriptural Doctrines of Atonement and Sacrifice: and on the Principal Arguments advanced, and the Mode of Reasoning employed, by the opponents of those Doctrines, as held by the Established Church: with an Appendix, containing some Strictures on Mr. Belsham's Account of the Unitarian Scheme, in his Review of Mr. Wilberforce's Treatise: together with Remarks on the Version of the New Testament lately published by the Unitarians.* By the late most Rev. WILLIAM MAGEE, D. D., Archbishop of Dublin. From the Fifth London Edition, with Numerous and Important Corrections. 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1839. pp. 479, 472.

THIS work of Archbishop Magee was first published in 1801, when its author was Dean of Cork. It has passed through several editions, with various enlargements, since that time, and has recently made its appearance for the second or third time from the American press. Its republication may be regarded as not only an evidence of the esteem in which it is held by a considerable portion of the orthodox community, but as equally a proof how far a bold and reckless confidence of manner may contribute to reputation and success. Few works can be named which have more of this characteristic. The archbishop of Dublin wields the infallibility, and launches the thunders of seven bishops of Rome, and the multitude is overawed. There is learning also, and unquestionable talent in the book. But its orthodoxy is hardly such as would satisfy the straiter of the orthodox; for while it purports to set forth the doctrine of the church on the subject of the atonement, it in

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fact maintains an exposition of that doctrine very far from orthodox; an exposition to which many Unitarians would readily assent. "It is a remarkable fact," as Dr. Carpenter has said, "that in Dr. Magee's notions of the atonement, *as far as they are intelligible and self-consistent*, there is nothing which the Unitarian may not embrace; nothing absolutely inconsistent with the great principle, that all the blessings of the Gospel, and all the means by which they were assured and communicated, originated in the Free, Unpurchased, Essential Mercy of God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Orthodoxy, however, in regard to this doctrine, wears so many shapes, that this is not to be wondered at. A more remarkable and unaccountable fact is, that a learned work on this subject should have been chosen as the vehicle of the most virulent assault of which the odium theologicum has been guilty in modern times. It is matter of surprise, that a work of such a character in this respect should be allowed to hold its place among respectable volumes. We think there is reasonable ground of complaint, that it should be put forth again and again, its bitterness and wrath and evil-speaking unqualified and uncontradicted, to poison the public mind and perpetuate unwarrantable prejudices. We think it discreditable to the great Christian denominations, that their favorite work on so holy and solemn a subject, should be one, which is, above all others in modern theology, marked by arrogance, disingenuousness, and coarse reviling. If they consider the cause of Christian truth demands that the *arguments* of this writer should be kept before the world, they yet must perceive that it cannot demand the same of its gross personalities and disgraceful misrepresentations,* — which only operate to excite an unchristian

* We confess our surprise that in the New York Review, — the organ of the Episcopal Church in that city, — the writers choose to continue the practice, now elsewhere nearly done away with, of making use of the term Socinian when speaking of Unitarians. We are surprised, because the members of that church, more perhaps than those of any other, pride themselves upon the gentlemanly character. Now it is not the part of gentlemen, — we put Christian obligation out of the case, — to designate either an individual, or a class, by a title which they themselves, for whatever reason, disclaim. Unitarians have often disclaimed the name in question, for reasons satisfactory to themselves, and which are familiar to all who are theologians enough to write such articles as those to which we allude. That Magee should employ it, is not surprising. He was a man of essential vulgarity of

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hatred of distinguished men, and to foster illiberal prejudices, without at all adding to the force of the argument; and which, therefore, fair-minded men should be anxious to dispense with.

We do not like to say this; but we should violate a sense of duty if we refrained. The suavity of Christian kindness, and the decorum of gentlemanly manners, must be insisted on as essential to every man who enters the field of religious discussion. Their absence never should be tolerated. "It is required in this warfare that a man contend lawfully." No man should be honored who fights for The Master in the spirit which the Master forbade, or disregards veracity in contending for the truth. No matter how strongly stated, or how vehemently urged are the arguments; no matter how idle and absurd the opposite reasoning may be made to appear; an opponent in debate is always honored in proportion as he wields the most powerful logic. But the man should be suspected and disgraced, who turns aside from his subject to malign persons, and seeks to gain a victory by loading his antagonist with obloquy. When Magee employs his powers of reasoning, and resources of critical skill, on the questions before him, we read with gratification; we enjoy his forceful expression and acute remark; — none the less because we often think him in error. If his tone were always manly, his argument fair, his spirit courteous, he would command unqualified respect. Alas, that a man of so much intellectual ability, and in so exalted a station, should have chosen so different a course; that he should have come down from that calm attitude of unprejudiced discussion, which the theologian should occupy, like the chief justice on the bench of a supreme court, to mix in the petty wrangles of the small attorneys at the bar; to use the dexterous artifices of browbeating this witness, and quibbling with the words of that, and so divert attention from the substantial merits of the great argument to matters of personal attack. Excepting in the case of certain altercations at the bar, or in some of the still coarser brawls on the floor of Congress, we know not where to find a parallel to certain portions of these volumes of Magee.

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mind. But we did not expect to find him a model of imitation with the writers for a work like the New York Review. If warm-headed or vulgar partisans will in their contributions use such language, we think the Editor owes it to his own character, and the reputation of the work he conducts, to purge his pages of it. — Ed.

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The demerits of the work in this respect were exposed by Dr. Carpenter, of Bristol, in a volume, entitled, "An Examination of the Charges made against Unitarians and Unitarianism, &c." This was published in a large octavo volume, in 1820, and ought to be consulted by every man who would read the pages of Magee so as to appreciate their justice and trust-worthiness. The disclosures, which it makes respecting the principles on which the system of assault against heresy has been conducted by many who called themselves honest men, and were accounted respectable, set before us one of the most melancholy spectacles of human infirmity which the history of letters can furnish.

In the recent controversy in Liverpool, of which our Journal has contained some brief notices, it naturally fell in the way of our brethren, assailed by missiles from this armory of Magee, to pay a passing attention to his claims to confidence. Our readers will be instructed by the following extracts from Mr. Martineau's preface and notes to the sixth lecture, which contain a sufficient corroboration of our remarks.

"A careful study of his Treatise on the Atonement, with the habit of *testing his citations*, has revealed to me a system of controversy which, before, I should have esteemed incredible; and which no terms of censure can too severely describe. * * * Not only that the late Archbishop of Dublin dealt in terms of insult, which, if spoken instead of written, no cultivated and Christian society would endure; but that, with a shocking eagerness to blast the character of his opponents, he corrupted the text of their writings, and drew his arguments from garbled quotations. * * * I entirely acquit our Rev. opponents of any approbation of the controversial arts employed by the Prelate whom they defend. Their admiration of his book arises, I am aware, from ignorance of its real character; to understand which requires a much greater acquaintance with Unitarian literature than they appear, in any instance, to possess.

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"With what levity must a writer sport with moral terms, what indistinct impressions must he have of moral qualities, who having pronounced an opponent (I quote the language of the Archbishop of Mr. Belsham) '*incapable of duplicity*,'[1] can yet proceed to charge him with 'artifice and dishonesty,'[2] with '*huddling up* a matter,'[3] with '*filching away* a portion of evi-

[1] Vol. ii. p. 387. [2] Vol. iii. p. 248. [3] p. 203.

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dence,'[1] with '*direct violation of known truth*,'[2] and with '*bad faith*, unchecked by learning and unabashed by shame!'[3] I cannot wonder at the spirit pervading Mr. Byrth's letter to my friend and colleague Mr. Thom, when I find that he sees nothing coarse or abusive, but only the expression of 'departed greatness,' in accusing an opponent of 'miserable stupidity,'[4] of 'downright and irremediable nonsense,'[5] of 'proposing' a suggestion '(*as he* AVERS) with great diffidence,'[6] of furnishing 'twenty-eight pages of the most extraordinary quagmire;'[7] in begging him to 'rest assured, that to know the Greek language it must be learned;'[8] in proclaiming that he 'stands in a pillory'[9] erected for him by a Bishop; that he belongs to 'the family of Botherims in Morals and Metaphysics,' and is 'connected with that of Malaprops in Mathematics;'[10] in ridiculing the idea of publishing his portrait;[11] in asking him whether he has 'lost his senses;'[12] and hinting that, whereas he knows not 'how to choose *between two bundles*' of evidence, he is an ASS.[13] Are we to consider it a condescension in this distinguished Prelate, that he bends from his Episcopal dignity to console the Dissenting ministers in their 'contemplation of the advantages of the national clergy,' and assures them that they have 'not only more of positive profit,' but, 'in addition to this,' 'the indulgence of vanity, and the gratification of spleen,—qualities which, time out of mind, have belonged to the family of *Dissent;*' nay, further, that in preparation for their ministry, they have a much lighter 'outfit' 'in point of expenditure,' since among Nonconformists, in some cases at least, 'the individual is his own University; confers his own degrees and orders; and has little more difficulty in the way of his vocation, than to find a new hat, a stout poney, and pair of saddle-bags.'[14] This is very smart, no doubt; but does the Church exclude us from the Universities, that her Bishops may enjoy the entertainment of making us their laughing-stock, and inditing lampoons against us? Does she injure us first, that we may be insulted afterwards?

"Mr. M'Neil speaks of the late Archbishop's work as 'a barrier in the way of Unitarianism.' It is so; and if its influence were only that of fair argument, we should wish the barrier to stand in all its strength. But the book has become a standard authority for every kind of false and malignant impression respecting Unitarians, and prevents, instead of advancing, the knowledge of what we are. To be held up as entertaining

[1] p. 210. [2] p. 296. [3] p. 249. [4] p. 274.
[5] p. 239. [6] p. 82. [7] p. 91. [8] p. 132.
[9] p. 64. [10] p. 242. [11] p. 275. [12] p. 66.
[13] p. 145. [14] pp. 275, 276.

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'the *cool and deliberate purpose* of falsifying the word of God;'[1] as guilty of 'machinations' to 'subvert through *fraud* what had been found impregnable by force;'[2] as 'staking' our 'very salvation on the adoption of a reading which is against evidence;'[3] as distinguished for 'sturdy and immovable effrontery,'[4] and 'shameful disingenuousness;'[5] as discerning in our Lord '*that one* HATED *form on which we are terrified to look;*'[6] as so 'determined to resist and subvert *one great truth,*' that we 'set but little value on every other,' and make a '*prevailing practice*' of 'DIRECT AND DELIBERATE FALSEHOOD:'[7] to be thus slandered by one, for whom his station and accomplishments have procured, from the party spirit of the age, a credit denied to any possible learning or excellence of ours; this, being a grievous wrong to the character of Christianity as much as to our own, we confess to be a trial hard to bear: and we may well feel like the good man under successful calumny, which wounds himself a little, but truth and virtue more. Meanwhile, injury may have its compensations; and since, to prove his accusations, even this distinguished Prelate had occasion to tamper with the evidence, we have a fresh presumption that our cause is one, against which learning and acuteness, under the restraints of justice, find themselves of no avail."

H. W. jr.

ART. V. — DISCOURSE, BY WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

[ON the 13th of January, the steamboat Lexington was burnt on Long Island Sound, about fifty miles from New York. Of the crew and passengers only four escaped. Among the lost was the Rev. Charles Follen, LL. D. These circumstances gave occasion to the following discourse, which was deferred, until all hope of the escape of Dr. Follen was taken away.]

1 PETER, iv. 19. — WHEREFORE, LET THEM THAT SUFFER ACCORDING TO THE WILL OF GOD COMMIT THE KEEPING OF THEIR SOULS TO HIM IN WELL-DOING, AS UNTO A FAITHFUL CREATOR.

THESE words suggest a great variety of thoughts, and might furnish topics for many discourses. I ask now your attention to the clause, in which we read of "them that suffer according to the will of God," or by divine ordination. I wish to speak

[1] Vol. iii. p. 108. [2] Vol. i. xii. [3] iii. 204. [4] p. 47.
[5] p. 100. [6] p. 67. [7] p. 57, 58.

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of the sufferings of life in general, of their greatness, of their being ordained or intended by God, and of their consistency with his goodness, and I shall close with reflections suggested by the particular suffering which we have recently been called to deplore.

Suffering fills a large place in the present system. It is not an accident, an exception to the course of nature, a "strange work" exciting wonder as a prodigy, but it enters into every life, and may I not say enters largely into every life. Youth is slow to see this. Youth, unable to sympathize with and appreciate sorrows which it has not felt, and throwing the light of its own native joyousness over the future, dreams sometimes of a paradise on earth. But how soon does it find that blighting changes, solemn events, break in sternly, irresistibly on its path! And even when the outward life is smooth and prosperous, how soon does it find in its vehement affections, its unrequited friendships, its wounded pride, its unappeased thirst for happiness, fountains of bitterer grief than comes from abroad. Sometimes the religious man, with good intentions, but wanting wisdom and strength, tries to palliate the evils of life, to cover its dark features, to exaggerate its transient pleasures, for the purpose of sheltering God's goodness from reproach. But this will not avail. The truth cannot be hidden. Life is laid open to every eye, as well as known by each man's experience; and we do and must see that suffering, deep suffering is one of the chief elements in our lot. It is not a slender, dark thread, winding now and then through a warp of dazzling brightness; but is interwoven with the whole texture. Not that suffering exceeds enjoyment; not that life, if viewed simply in reference to pleasure, is not a great good. But to every man it is a struggle. It has heavy burdens, deep wounds for each; and this, I state, that we may all of us understand, that suffering is not accidental, but designed for us, that it enters into God's purpose, that it has a great work to do, and that we know nothing of life till we comprehend its uses, and have learned how to accomplish them.

God intends that we shall suffer. It is sometimes said that he has created nothing for the purpose of giving pain, but that every contrivance in the animal system has good for its object. The teeth are made to prepare food for digestion, not to ache; the lungs, to inhale the refreshing air, not to ripen the seeds of consumption. All this is true, and a beautiful illustration of

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kind purpose in the Creator. But it is also true, that every organ of the body, in consequence of the delicacy of its structure, and its susceptibility of influences from abroad, becomes an inlet of acute pain. It is a remarkable fact, that we know the inward organs chiefly by the pain they have given. The science of anatomy has grown almost wholly out of the exposure of the frame to suffering; and what an amount of suffering springs from this source! A single nerve may thrill us with agony. Sleep, food, friends, books, all may be robbed of their power to interest, by the irritation of a little bunch of fibres, which the naked eye can hardly trace. After the study of ages, the science of medicine has not completed the catalogue of diseases; and how little can its ministrations avert their progress, or mitigate their pains! Undoubtedly this class of pains may be much diminished by a wise self-restraint; but the body, inheriting disease from a long line of ancestors, and brought into conflicts with the mighty elements around it, must still be the seat of much suffering. These elements, how grand, how expressive of God's majesty and goodness; yet how fearful! What avails the strength of the body against thunders, whirlwinds, fierce waves, and fiercer flames, against "the pestilence which walketh in darkness," or the silent exhalation which wasteth at noon-day. Thus pain comes from God's provisions for the animal frame; and how much comes from the spirit, and from the very powers and affections which make the glory of our nature! Our reason, how is it darkened by prejudice instilled in early years; how often is it called to decide amidst conflicting and nearly balanced arguments; how often does its light fail, in the most critical moments of life! How do we suffer from wrong judgments which we had not means to correct! How often does this high power sympathize with the suffering body, and, under nervous disease, sometimes undergo total eclipse! Then our Love, the principle, which thirsts, burns for companionship, sympathy, confidence, how often is it repelled by coldness, or wounded by neglect, or tortured by inconstancy! Sometimes its faith in virtue is shaken by the turpitude of those to whom it has given its trust. And when true love finds true requital, the uncertainty of life mixes trembling with its joy, and bereavement turns it into anguish. There are still deeper pains, those of the conscience, especially when it wakes from long sleep, when it is startled by new revelation of slighted duties, of irreparable wrongs to man, of base

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unfaithfulness to God. The conscience! what misgivings, apprehensions, and piercing self rebuke accompany its ministry, when it first enters on earnest warfare with temptation and passion! Thus suffering comes to us through and from our whole nature. It cannot be winked out of sight. It cannot be thrust into a subordinate place in the picture of human life. It is the chief burden of history. It is the solemn theme of one of the highest departments of literature, the tragic drama. It gives to fictions their deep interest. It wails through much of our poetry. A large part of human vocations are intended to shut up some of its avenues. It has left traces on every human countenance, over which years have passed. It is to not a few the most vivid recollection of life.

I have thus taken a rapid survey of Life to show you that suffering is not an accident, not something which now and then slides into the order of events, because too unimportant to require provision against its recurrence, but that it is one of the grand features of life, one of the chief ministers of Providence. But all these details of suffering might be spared. There is one simple thought, sufficient of itself to show that suffering is the intention of the Creator. It is this. We are created with a susceptibility of pain and severe pain. This is a part of our nature, as truly as our susceptibility of enjoyment. God has implanted it, and has thus opened in the very centre of our being a fountain of suffering. We carry it within us, and can no more escape it than we can our power of thought. We are apt to throw our pains on outward things as their causes. It is the fire, the sea, the sword, or human enmity which gives us pain. But there is no pain in the fire or the sword, which passes thence into our souls. The pain begins and ends in the soul itself. Outward things are only the occasions. Even the body has no pain in it, which it infuses into the mind. Of itself, it is incapable of suffering. This hand may be cracked, crushed in the rack of the inquisitor, and that burnt in a slow fire; but in these cases it is not the fibres, the blood vessels, the bones of the hand which endure pain. These are merely connected by the will of the Creator with the springs of pain in the soul. Here, here is the only origin and seat of suffering. If God so willed, the gashing of the flesh with a knife, the piercing of the heart with a dagger, might be the occasion of exquisite delight. We know that, in the heat of battle, a wound is not felt, and that men, dying for their faith by instruments

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of torture, have expired with triumph on their lips. In these cases, the spring of suffering in the mind is not touched by the lacerations of the body, in consequence of the absorbing action of other principles of the soul. All suffering is to be traced to the susceptibility, the capacity of pain, which belongs to our nature, and which the Creator has implanted ineradicably within us. It is not enough to say, that the elements, or any outward or bodily influences, are the sources of suffering. This is to stop at the surface. The outward agent only springs a mine, a fountain within us. Oh the great deep of suffering in every human breast! Probably most of us have experienced pains more intense than any pleasures we have ever enjoyed. In the present stage of our being, the capacity of agony gets the start of, or is more largely developed, than the capacity of rapturous joy. Our most vehement emotions are those of sorrow; nor is there any way of escaping suffering. Among the most prosperous, the heart often aches, it knows not why. Sighs are heaved from the breast apparently without cause. Every soul has its night as well as its day; and a darkness sometimes gathers over nature and life which must come from within, for nothing abroad has occurred to depress us.

To diminish this weight of suffering is one great end of human toils and cares. A thousand arts are plied to remove outward causes of pain; and how many contrivances are there of amusement and dissipation, to quiet the restlessness, to soothe the irritations, to fill the aching void, which belong to the spirit. But, I apprehend, little has been yet achieved by all this labor; nor can much be done but by a deep working, which statesmen and the busy crowd seldom or never dream of. It is thought indeed, that modern civilization has diminished very much the evils of life. But when we take into the account the immense amount of toil by which our accommodations are accumulated, and the tendencies of comforts and luxuries to soften the spirit, to weaken its self command and increase its sensibility to hardships and exposure, I suspect that our debt is not very great to civilization, considered as the antagonist of physical pain; and as to the sufferings which spring from mental causes, from the conscience, the passions, the affections, we cannot doubt, that as yet they have been vastly heightened by our civilization. Not that I deny, that arts and civilization are great goods; but they prove such, only when they make progress, in union with the higher principles of our nature, only when

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they forward and are subordinated to a spiritual regeneration, of which society as yet gives few signs.

It may be said, that I have given a dark picture of the government of God; and I may be asked how his goodness is to be vindicated. I reply, that I am less and less anxious to make formal vindications of the goodness of God. It needs no advocate. It will take care of itself. In spite of clouds, men, who have eyes, believe in the sun, and none but the blind can seriously question the Creator's goodness. We hear indeed of men led into doubts on this point by their sufferings; but these doubts have generally a deeper source then the evils of life. Such skepticism is a moral disease, the growth of some open or lurking depravity. It is not created, but brought into light, by the pressure of suffering. It is indeed true, that a good man, in seasons of peculiar, repeated, pressing calamities, may fall into dejection and perplexity. His faith may tremble for the moment. The passing cloud may hide the sun. But deliberate, habitual questionings of God's benevolence argue great moral deficiency. Whoever sees the glory and feels within himself the power of disinterested goodness, is quick to recognise it in others, especially in his Creator. He sees in his own love a sign, expression, and communication of Uncreated, Unbounded, All-originating Love. The idea of malignity in the Infinite Creator shocks his moral nature, just as a palpable contradiction offends his reason. He repels it with indignation and horror. Suffering has little to do towards creating a settled skepticism. The most skeptical men, the most insensible to God's goodness, the most prone to murmur, may be found among those, who are laden above all others with the goods of life, whose cup overflows with prosperity, and who by an abuse of prosperity have become selfish, exacting, and all alive to inconveniences and privations. These are the cold-hearted and doubting. If I were to seek those, whose conviction of God's goodness is faintest and most easily disturbed, I would seek them in the palace sooner than the hovel. I would go to the luxurious table, to the pillow of ease, to those among us who abound most, to the self-exalting, the self-worshipping, not to the depressed and forsaken. The profoundest sense of God's goodness, which it has been my privilege to witness, I have seen in the countenance, and heard from the lips of the suffering. I have found none to lean on God with such filial trust, as those whom he

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has afflicted. I doubt, indeed, if true gratitude and true confidence ever spring up in the human soul, until it has suffered. A superficial, sentimental recognition of God's goodness may indeed be found among those who have lived only to enjoy. But deep, strong, earnest piety strikes root in the soil which has been broken and softened by calamity. Such, I believe, is the observation of every man who has watched the progress of human character; and therefore I say, that I fear very little the influence of suffering in producing skepticism. Still, virtuous minds are sometimes visited with perplexities, with painful surprize; and in seasons of peculiar calamity, the question is asked with reverence, but still with anxiety, How is it, that so much suffering is experienced under a being of perfect goodness; and such passing clouds are apt to darken us in earlier life, and in the earlier stages of the Christian character. On this account, it is right to seek and communicate such explanations as may be granted us of the ways of God.

One of the most common vindications of divine benevolence is found in the fact, that, much as men suffer, they enjoy more. We are told, that there is a great balance of pleasure over pain, and that it is by what prevails in a system, that we must judge of its author. This view is by no means to be overlooked. It is substantially true. There is a great excess of enjoyment, of present good in life. The pains of sickness may indeed be intenser than the pleasures of health, but health is the rule and sickness the exception. A few are blind, or deaf, or speechless; but almost all men maintain, through the open eye and ear, perpetual communication with outward nature and one another. Some may be broken down with excessive toil; but to the great mass of men, labor is healthful, invigorating, and gives a zest to repose, and to the common blessings of life. We all suffer more or less from our connexion with imperfect fellow creatures; but how much more of good comes to us from our social nature, from the sympathies and kind offices of families, friends, neighbors, than of pain from malignity and wrongs. There is indeed, a great amount of suffering, and there is an intensity in suffering not found in pleasure; and yet, when we take a broad view, we must see a much greater amount of gratification. The world is not a hospital, an almshouse, a dungeon. A beautiful sun shines on it. Flowers and fruits deck its fields. A reviving atmosphere encompasses it, and man has power by arts and commerce to multiply and

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spread almost indefinitely its provisions for human wants. Here is an eloquent testimony to the goodness of the Creator. And yet the obstinate skeptic may escape its power. He will say, Be it granted, that pleasure prevails over pain; still is not much pain inflicted? and how can this be reconciled with perfect goodness? Does a kind father satisfy himself with giving a greater amount of enjoyment than of suffering? Suppose a parent to heap on a child every possible indulgence for twenty hours of the day, and to visit him with severe pain the remaining four, should we celebrate his tenderness? Besides it will be added, are there not individual cases, in which suffering outweighs enjoyment? Are there none, whose lives have been filled up with disease and want; and be these ever so few, they disprove God's love to every human being, if this love is to be vindicated by the excess of pleasure over pain. I state these objections, not because they weigh in the least on my own mind, but because they show, that the argument in favor of divine goodness, drawn from the passsing events of life, is not of itself a sufficient foundation for faith to rest on. Whoever confines his view to the alternations of good and evil in every man's lot, cannot well escape doubt. We must take higher ground. We must cease to count pleasures and pains, as if working a sum in arithmetic, or to weigh them against each other as in scales. We need larger views of ourselves and the universe, and these will more and more establish our faith in the perfection of God.

There is a grand vindication of God's benevolence, not reaching indeed to every case of suffering, not broad enough to cover the whole ground of human experience, but still so comprehensive, so sublime, as to assure us, that what remains obscure would be turned into light, could all its connexions be discerned. This is found in the truth, that benevolence has a higher aim than to bestow enjoyment. There is a higher good than enjoyment; and this requires suffering in order to be gained. As long as we narrow our view of benevolence, and see in it only a disposition to bestow pleasure, so long life will be a mystery; for pleasure is plainly not its great end. Earth is not a paradise, where streams of joy gush out unbidden at our feet, and uncloying fruits tempt us on every side to stretch out our hands and eat. But this does not detract from God's love; because he has something better for us than gushing streams or profuse indulgence. When we look into ourselves, we find something besides capacities and desires of

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pleasure. Amidst the selfish and animal principles of our nature, there is an awful power, a sense of Right, a voice which speaks of Duty, an idea grander than the largest personal interest, the Idea of Excellence, of Perfection. Here is the seal of Divinity on us; here the sign of our descent from God. It is in this gift that we see the benevolence of God. It is in writing this inward law on the heart, it is in giving us the conception of Moral Goodness, and the power to strive after it, the power of self-conflict and self-denial, of surrendering pleasure to duty, and of suffering for the right, the true, and the good; — it is in thus enduing us, and not in giving us capacities of pleasure, that God's goodness shines; and of consequence whatever gives a field, and excitement, and exercise, and strength, and dignity to these principles of our nature is the highest manifestation of benevolence. I trust I speak a language, to which all who hear me in some measure respond. You know, you feel the difference between excellence and indulgence, between conscience and appetite, between right doing and prosperity, between strivings to realize the idea of perfection and strivings for gain. No one can wholly overlook these different elements within us; and can any one question which is God's greatest gift, or for what ends such warring principles are united in our souls?

The end of our being is to educate, bring out, and perfect, the divine principles of our nature. We were made and are upheld in life for this as our great end, that we may be true to the principle of duty within us; that we may put down all desire and appetite beneath the inward law; that we may enthrone God, the infinitely perfect Father, in our souls; that we may count all things as dross, in comparison with sanctity of heart and life; that we may hunger and thirst for righteousness, more than for daily food; that we may resolutely, and honestly seek for and communicate truth; that disinterested love and impartial justice may triumph over every motion of selfishness and every tendency to wrong doing; in a word, that our whole lives, labors, conversation, may express and strengthen reverence for ourselves, for our fellow creatures, and above all for God. Such is the good for which we are made; and in order to this triumph of virtuous and religious principles we are exposed to temptation, hardship, pain. Is suffering then inconsistent with God's love?

Moral, spiritual excellence, that which we confide in and

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revere, is not, and from its nature cannot be an instinctive, irresistible feeling infused into us from abroad, and which may grow up amidst a life of indulgence and ease. It is, in its very essence, a free activity, an energy of the will, a deliberate preference of the right and the holy to all things, and a chosen cheerful surrender of every thing to these. It grows brighter, stronger, in proportion to the pains it bears, the difficulties it surmounts. Can we wonder that we suffer? Is not suffering the true school of a moral being? As administered by Providence, may it not be the most necessary portion of our lot?

Had I time I might show how suffering ministers to human excellence; how it calls forth the magnanimous and sublime virtues, and at the same time nourishes the tenderest, sweetest sympathies of our nature; how it raises us to energy and to the consciousness of our powers, and at the same time infuses the meekest dependence on God; how it stimulates toil for the goods of this world, and at the same time weans us from it, and lifts us above it. I might tell you, how I have seen it admonishing the heedless, reproving the presumptuous, humbling the proud, rousing the sluggish, softening the insensible, awakening the slumbering conscience, speaking of God to the ungrateful, infusing courage and force and faith and unwavering hope of Heaven. I do not then doubt God's beneficence on account of the sorrows and pains of life. I look without gloom on this suffering world. True; suffering abounds. The wail of the mourner comes to me from every region under heaven; from every human habitation, for death enters into all; from the ocean, where the groan of the dying mingles with the solemn roar of the waves; from the fierce flame, encircling, as an atmosphere or shroud, the beloved, the revered. Still all these forms of suffering do not subdue my faith, for all are fitted to awaken the human soul, and through all it may be glorified. We shrink indeed with horror, when imagination carries us to the blazing, sinking vessel, where young and old, the mother and her child, husbands, fathers, friends, are overwhelmed by a common, sudden, fearful fate. But the soul is mightier than the unsparing elements. I have read of holy men, who, in days of persecution, have been led to the stake, to pay the penalty of their uprightness, not in fierce and suddenly destroying flames, but in a slow fire; and, though one retracting word would have snatched them

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from death, they have chosen to be bound; and, amidst the protracted agonies of limb burning after limb, they have looked to God with unwavering faith and sought forgiveness for their enemies. What then are outward fires to the celestial flame within us? And can I feel, as if God had ceased to love, as if man were forsaken of his Creator, because his body is scattered into ashes by the fire? It would seem, as if God intended to disarm the most terrible events of their power to disturb our faith, by making them the occasions of the sublimest virtues. In shipwrecks we are furnished with some of the most remarkable examples, that history affords, of trust in God, of unconquerable energy, and of tender, self-sacrificing love, making the devouring ocean the most glorious spot on earth. A friend rescued from a wreck, told me, that a company of pious Christians, who had been left in the sinking ship, were heard from the boat in which he had found safety, lifting up their voices, not in shrieks or moans, but in a joint hymn to God, thus awaiting, in a serene act of piety, the last, swift approaching hour. How much grander was that hymn than the ocean's roar! And what becomes of suffering, when thus awakening into an energy otherwise unknown the highest sentiments of the soul. I can shed tears over human griefs; but thus viewed they do not discourage me; they strengthen my faith in God.

I will not say, that I have now offered a sufficient explanation of the evils of life, a complete vindication of God's Providence in the permission of suffering. Do not think me so presumptuous. What! shall a weak man, who is but dust and ashes, talk of vindicating fully the providence of God? That providence, could I explain it, would not be Infinite. In this our childhood, plunged as we are into the midst of a boundless universe, we must expect to find mysteries on every side of us. Darkness must hem in all our steps. I presume not to say why this or that event has befallen us. I bow my head with filial reverence before the Infinite Disposer. How little of him do I, can I comprehend. Still he vouchsafes to us some light in this our darkness. Still he has given us in our own spirits, some cheering revelations of the designs of his vast mysterious providence; and these we are gratefully to receive, and to use them as confirmations of our faith and hope.

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I have been led to this subject by the appalling calamity, which for a few days past has filled so many of our thoughts, and awakened universal sympathy in our community. I was driven by this awful visitation of God's providence to turn my mind to the sufferings of human life, and some of my reflections I have now laid before you. It is not my desire to bring back to your imaginations that affecting scene. Our imaginations in such seasons need no quickening. They often scare us with unreal terrors, and thus our doubts of God's goodness are aggravated by the fictions of our own diseased minds. Most of us are probably destined to pass through more painful, because more lingering deaths, than the lamented sufferers, who have within a few days been so suddenly summoned to the presence of God. The ocean is a softer, less torturing bed, than that which is to be spread for many here. It was not the physical pain which I shuddered at, when I first heard of that night of horrors. It was the mental agony of those, who, in a moment of health and security, were roused to see distinctly the abyss opening beneath them, to see God's awful ministers of fire and sea commissioned to sunder at once every hold on life, and to carry them so unwarned into the unknown world. Even this agony, however, in the first moment of our grief and horror, was perhaps exaggerated. When my mind, composed by time, now goes back to that flame-encircled boat, I search for one among the crowd, who was singularly dear to me, the close and faithful friend of many years; and as he rises to my mind, I see no terror on his countenance. I see him with collected mind and quick eye looking round him for means of escape, using every energy of a fearless spirit, thoughtful too of others as well as of himself, and desisting from no efforts of love and prudence till the power of effort failed. I see indeed one agony; it was the thought, that the dear countenances of wife and child and beloved friend were to be seen no more on earth. I see another, perhaps deeper agony; it was the thought of the wo, which his loss was to inflict on hearts dearer to him than life. But even at that hour his love was not all agony; for it had always lived in union with faith. He had loved spiritually; he had reverenced in his friends an infinite, undying nature; he had cherished in them principles and hopes stronger than death. I cannot doubt, that in that fearful hour, he committed them and himself with filial trust to the all merciful Father. I cannot doubt, that death was disarmed of its

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worst terrors, that the spirit passed away in breathings of unutterable love and immortal hope. Thus died one of that seemingly forlorn, desolate, forsaken company; I hope, thus others died. But one such example mingles with the terrors and agonies of that night so much that is heavenly, soothing, cheering, that I can look at the scene without overwhelming gloom, and without one doubt of the perfect goodness of God.

The friend to whom I have referred was not only my friend, but most dear to several, who worship in this house. For their sakes, more than my own, I would say something of his character; though in truth I have a higher object than to minister to any private grief. This is not the place for the utterance of personal feeling. This house was reared not for the glory even of the best and the greatest of men, but for the glory of God, and for the spiritual edification of his worshippers. I feel, however, that God is honored and man edified by notices of such of our race as have signally manifested the spirit of the Divinity in their lives, and have left a bright path to guide others to a better world.

The friend of whom I speak was one of the few, who seem set apart from the race by blamelessness of life and elevation of spirit. All who have had opportunities of knowing him well testify, by a spontaneous impulse, that they knew no purer, nobler human being. Some think, that on the whole he was the best man whom it has been their privilege to know. Such a man may be spoken of even in the house of God, in that place where flattery is profanation, and God, not man, is to be adored. Our friend did not grow up among us. He came here an exile from a distant land; and, poor and unfriended, was to earn his bread with toil; and under these disadvantages he not only won friends and a home, but was adopted with a love and trust, which few inspire who have been known from infancy to age.

The character which secured such love it is not difficult to depict, because greatness is simple, artless, and lies open to every eye. It was his distinction, that he united in himself those excellencies, which at first seem to repel each other; though in truth they are of one loving family. This union was so striking, as to impress even those who did not enjoy his intimacy. For example, he was a Hero, a man of a Lion-heart, victorious over fear, gathering strength and animation from danger, and bound the faster to duty by its hardships

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and privations; and at the same time he was a child in simplicity, sweetness, innocence, and benignity. His firmness, which I trusted, perhaps more than that of any man, had not the least alloy of roughness. His countenance, which at times wore a stern decision, was generally lighted up with a beautiful benignity; and his voice, which expressed, when occasion required it, an inflexible will, was to many of us musical beyond expression, from the deep tenderness which it breathed.

As another example of seemingly incongruous virtues, he was singularly alive to the domestic affections. Who, that saw him in the bosom of his family, can forget the deep sympathies and the overflowing joyousness of his spirit? His home was pervaded by his love as by the sun's light. A stranger might have thought that his whole soul was centred there; and yet with these strong domestic affections he joined a love of his race far more rare. His heart beat in unison with the mighty heart of humanity. He did not love mankind as those words are commonly used. He was knit to them by a strong living tie of brotherhood. He felt for all men, but above all for the depressed and the wronged. His mild countenance would flash fire at the mention of an injured man; not the fire of revenge, or unkindness, but of holy indignation, of unbounded love and reverence for invaded Right.

I can mention another union of qualities not always reconciled. He was a man of refined taste. He loved refined society. His manners, courteous, sweet, bland, fitted him for intercourse with the most cultivated, and he enjoyed it keenly; and yet his deepest sympathies were given to the mass of men. He was the friend of the laboring man. He had a great respect for minds which had been trained in simple habits, and amidst the toils of life; and could he have chosen the congregation to which he would minister, it would have been composed chiefly of such members.

I will mention one more union of seemingly dissimilar virtues. He was singularly independent in his judgments. He was not only uninfluenced by authority, and numbers, and interest, and popularity, but by friendship, by those he most loved and honored. He seemed almost too tenacious of his convictions. But with all this firmness of judgment, he never gave offence by positiveness, never challenged assent, never urged his dearest convictions with unbecoming warmth, never in argument passed the limits of the most delicate courtesy, and from a reverence

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of others' rights, encouraged the freest expression of opinion, however hostile to his own.

Such were some of the traits of this good and great man; and of these traits, which bore rule? Not a few, who saw him cursorily, remember most distinctly his singular sweetness and benignity. But had these predominated, I might not perhaps think myself authorized to pay him this extended tribute in a Christian congregation. I should confine the utterance of my grief to the circle of private friendship. It was his calm, enlightened, Christian Heroism, which imparted to his character its singular glory. His sweetness threw a lustre over this attribute, by showing that it was no morbid enthusiasm, no reckless self-exposure; that he was not raised above danger and personal regards by vehemence of emotion. His heroism had its root and life in reason, in the sense of justice, in the disinterested principles of Christianity, in deliberate, enlightened reverence for human nature and for the rights of every human being. It was singularly free from passion. Tender and affectionate as his nature was, his sense of justice, his reverence for right, was stronger than his affections; and this was the chief basis and element of his heroic character. Accordingly, the love of freedom glowed as a central, inextinguishable fire in his soul; not the school-boy's passion for liberty, caught from the blood-stained pages of Greece and Rome, but a love of freedom, resting on and blended with the calmest knowledge, growing from clear, profound perceptions of the nature, and destiny, and inalienable rights of man. He felt to the very depth of his soul, that man, God's rational, immortal creature, was worth living for and dying for. To him, the most grievous sight on earth was not misery in its most agonizing forms; but the sight of man oppressed, trodden down by his brother. To lift him up, to make him free, to restore him to the dignity of a man, to restore him to the holy hope of a Christian, — this seemed to him the grandest work on earth, and he consecrated himself to it with his whole soul. I felt habitually in his presence, that here was a man ready at any moment to shed his blood for truth and freedom. For his devotion to human rights, he had been exiled from his home and native country; he had been hunted by arbitrary power in foreign lands, and had sought safety beyond an ocean. But peril and persecution, whilst they had tempered his youthful enthusiasm, had only wrought more deeply into his soul the principles for which he had suf-

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fered, and his resolution, in growing calmer, had grown more invincible.

His greatness had one of the chief marks of reality; it was unpretending. He had no thought of playing the part of a hero. He was never more himself, never more unstudied, spontaneous, than in the utterance of generous sentiments. His greatness was immeasurably above show, and above the arts by which inferior minds thrust themselves on notice. There was a singular union in his character of self-respect and modesty, which brought out both these qualities in strong relief. He was just to himself without flattery, and too single-hearted and truthful to seek or accept flattery from others. He made no merit, nor did he talk, of the sufferings, past or present, which he had incurred by faithfulness to principle. In truth, he could hardly be said to suffer, except through solicitude for what he might bring on those who were dearer to him than himself. It was a part of his faith, that the highest happiness is found in that force of love and holy principle, through which a man surrenders himself wholly to the cause of God and mankind; and he proved the truth in his own experience. Though often unprosperous and often disappointed, his spirit was buoyant, cheerful, overflowing with life, full of faith and hope, often sportive, and always open to the innocent pleasures which sprung up in his path.

He was a true Christian. The character of Christ was his delight. His faith in immortality had something of the clearness of vision. He had given himself much to the philosophical study of human nature, and there were two principles of the soul on which he seized with singular force. One of these was "the Sense of the Infinite," — that principle of our nature which always aspires after something higher than it has gained, which conceives of the Perfect, and can find no rest but in pressing forward to Perfection. The other was "the free will of man," which was to him the grand explanation of the mysteries of our being, and which gave to the human soul inexpressible interest and dignity in his sight. To him, life was a state, in which a free being is to determine himself, amidst sore trials and temptations, to the Right and the Holy, and to advance towards perfection. His piety took a character from these views. It was eminently a filial piety. He might almost be said to have no name for God but Father. But then God was not to his view a fond, indulgent father, but a wise parent, sending forth his child, to be tried and tempted, to

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suffer and contend, to watch and pray, and amidst such discipline, to approve and exalt his love towards God and mankind.

Such were the grand traits of our departed friend. He was not good as most of us are, faithful to duty, when duty is convenient, loyal to truth, when truth is shouted from the crowd. He loved virtue for herself, loved her when her dowry was suffering, and therefore I deem him worthy to be spoken of thus largely in Christ's church. The world has its temples in which its favorites, the powerful, the successful, may be lauded. But he only is fit to be commemorated in a Christian church, who has borne the cross, who has left all for duty and Christ. Not that I mean to speak of our friend as perfect. He fell below his standard. He was a partaker of human infirmities. He carried with him human guilt. He has gone not to plead his merits, but to cast himself on the mercy of his Creator.

My thoughts have been so attracted to his moral qualities, that I have neglected to speak of his intellectual powers. These were of a high order. His intellect had the strength, simplicity, and boldness of his character. Without rashness, it shrunk from nothing that bore the signature of truth. He was given chiefly to the higher philosophy, which treats of the laws, powers, and destinies of the human soul. He hoped to live to complete a work on this subject. I presume that, next to the discharge of all duty, this was the object he had most at heart; and though I differed from him as to some fundamental doctrines, I shared in his strong desire of giving his views to the world. His theory stood in direct hostility to Atheism, which confounds man with nature; to Pantheism, and Mysticism, which confound man with God; and to all the systems of Philosophy and religion, which ascribe to circumstances or to God an irresistible influence on the mind. The Free-Will, through which we create our own characters, through which we become really, not nominally, responsible beings, and are fitted to sustain, not physical, but moral relations to God and the universe, this was his grand principle; and he followed it out to all its consequences, with his characteristic decision. But he was not confined to abstract subjects. He had studied moral science, history, and the civil law profoundly. He had given much thought to Christianity and the Church. His acquisitions of knowledge were various, his taste refined, and

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his power of expression great. His thoughts, often original, were robed in beauty from an imagination, which received fresh, genial, quickening influences from his moral nature. His intellect, however, had one quality, which, whether justly or not, prevented its extensive action on our community. It did not move fast enough for us. It was too deliberate, too regular, too methodical, too anxious to do full justice to a subject, for such an impatient people as we are. He did not dazzle men by sudden, bold, exaggerated conceptions. In his writings he seemed compelled to unfold a subject in its order; and sometimes insisted on what might have been left to the quick conception of the hearer. Hence he was thought by some to want animation and interest as a preacher, whilst by others his religious instructions and his prayers were felt to be full of life and power. The effect of his eloquence was often diminished by his slow deliberate utterance; a habit, which, as a foreigner anxious to pronounce our language with perfect accuracy, he could hardly help contracting. Of late, however, his freedom and earnestness had increased; and his preaching was listened to with delight by those, who insist most on animation of thought and manner. Indeed to his last moment he was growing in the desire and the power to do good.

Thus he lived; nor is he to be compassionated, because in the midst of such a life, he was suddenly taken away. Our imaginations associate a peculiar terribleness with death, when it comes without warning, in the form of tempest, lightning, fire, and raging waves. But within and beneath these awful powers of nature, there is another and mightier power. These are only God's ministers; and through these he separates from earthly bonds the spirit, which he has watched over and prepared for nearer access to himself. Perhaps were our minds more elevated, it would seem to us worthier of a man, more appropriate to his greatness, to fall under these mighty powers, to find a grave in these unbounded elements, than to sink by slow disease and to be consigned to the dark, narrow tomb. Our friend lived the life of a man and a Christian to the last hour. His life, though not prosperous in our common language, had yet yielded him the best blessings of the present state. If strangers had not heard his name, he was cherished, honored, as few men are, by those who knew him best; and if extensive possessions were denied him, he owned what is worth more than the wealth of worlds, a happy home, consecrated by intelligence, piety, and

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a celestial love. Who had greater cause than he to rejoice in life? nor ought any tears, but those which we shed for ourselves, be called forth by his death.

I have thus, my friends, spoken of a good and noble man, and I have spoken not to give relief to a full heart, nor chiefly to soothe the wounded hearts of others. This house is consecrated to God. This excellent, honored man was still a ray, and a faint ray, from the Uncreated Light. What we loved in him was an inspiration from God; and all admiration, which does not rise above him, falls infinitely below its true object. Let us thank God, who has manifested himself to us in this his servant, who speaks to us in all holy and noble men. Let us not stop at these. If we do, we bury ourselves in the finite, we lose the most precious influences, the holiest ministry of living and departed virtuous friends. We say of the good man whom we have lost, that he has gone to God. Let us too go to God. Let us humble ourselves before him for our past impiety, irreverence, unthankful insensibility to his infinite perfection; and with new affection and entire obedience, let us consecrate ourselves to Him, from whose fulness all that is beautiful and glorious in the human soul and in the universe is derived.

I have spoken of the friend we have lost, that through him we should the more honor God. We may learn from him, now that he sleeps in the ocean, another lesson. We may learn the glorious power of virtue, how it can throw a brightness over the most appalling scenes of human life, and can rob the most awful forms of death of their depressing influence. To the eye of sense, what a sad spectacle was the friend we have lost, first circled with flames, then weltering in the cold, lonely sea. At the moment of hearing the sad news, a feeling of horror oppressed me; but soon a light beamed in this darkness, and it beamed from his virtues. The thought of the spirit, which I had communed with, gradually took the place of the body, which had been taken from us under circumstances so appalling. I felt that the spirit, which had informed that body, had spoken through those lips, had beamed from that benign face, was mightier than the elements. I felt that all the waves of ocean could not quench that spark. I felt how vast, how unutterable the transition from that burning deck and pitiless sea to the repose and life of a better world. I felt, that the seal of immortality had been put on the virtue, which we had seen unfolding on our earth. Still more, his virtues

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have gradually brought back to my mind his outward form divested of painful associations. As I now think of the departed, his countenance is no longer defaced by death. It rises to me in the sweetest, noblest expression which it wore in life. Thus the body, through which virtue has shed its light, becomes hallowed and immortal to the memory and the heart. And if this be true, if goodness be so Divine, as to gain and shed glory in that awful change, which dissolves the outward frame and tears us away from the earth, — shall we go on to live to the earth, to outward, material, perishing good? Shall we continue to slight, and refuse to secure imperishable virtue?

Once more, a solemn teaching comes to us from this day's meditation. Our friend was called in the midst of life, and so may we be called. How thin the barrier between time and eternity! We think this earth firmer than the sea in which he found a grave. But one false step on this firm earth may precipitate us into the tomb. Human life is not so strong, that waves and fires must join for its extinction. One ruptured artery may suspend the breath as suddenly as an ocean. From that awful scene, where so many have perished, a voice comes to us, saying, Prepare to die. So live that sudden death may only be a swifter entrance into a higher life. So live, that survivors may shed over you tears of hope as well as of sorrow, that they may find, in their remembrances of you, springs of comfort, testimonies to religion, encouragements to goodness, and proofs and pledges of immortality. So live, that the injured and oppressed, the poor and forsaken, may utter blessings on your name. So live, that if by God's mysterious Providence you also are to die in flames or in the sea, you may commit your departing spirits to Him who gave them, with humble trust, with filial prayer, with undying hope.

The following brief Sketch of the Life of Dr. Follen, is drawn up from Documents submitted to the Editor by his Friends.

Dr. Follen was born in Romrod, 1795, in the Grand Dukedom of Hesse Darmstadt. He received his first public education in the College of Giessen, where he studied the Greek,

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Latin, Hebrew, and some of the modern languages. After having passed the regular examination, he entered the University at Giessen, in 1813, where he directed his attention first to theology, and then to jurisprudence. But after the first half year he entered as a volunteer the military service of his country, in the war of German independence against Napoleon. Peace being concluded at Paris in 1815, he returned to the University of Giessen, and there pursued his study of law. He finished his studies in 1817, and received his diploma, as Doctor of both the Civil and Ecclesiastical Law. He then delivered lectures at the same University on various parts of jurisprudence, while he studied the practice of law. He was at this time employed as counsellor by "the communities of towns and villages" in a cause which sprang up between them and the Government of Hesse Darmstadt, by whose measures their liberties and rights were seriously threatened. His entire success in the management of this cause exposed him to the hatred of influential men in his native Province. Dr. Follen afterwards drew up the first of those petitions to the Government of the Grand Duke, which unitedly had the effect to introduce what had the appearance at least of a constitution, a promise of which had been solemnly given at the Congress of Vienna. In the autumn of 1818, Dr. Follen accepted an invitation to deliver lectures at the University of Jena. Here he taught, in 1819, the Pandects, and the History of the Roman Law. Political persecution drove him from Jena, and induced him to accept, in 1820, a call as professor of the Cantonal School of the Grisons, in Switzerland. He left Chur in the Autumn of 1821, and was appointed public lecturer at the University of Basil, — newly organized in 1817, — where he taught the natural, civil, and ecclesiastical law, besides some branches of metaphysics. He edited here, together with Dr. De Wette and others, the literary journal of the University, which contains two treatises of his, on the Destiny of Man, and on the Doctrines of Spinoza. From this position he was driven by the persecutions of the Holy Alliance. The government of the Canton of Basil — by a repeated interference of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, joined, in the last instance, by Berne, Zurich, and Lucerne, — was at length overawed; and although contrary to their ideas of justice, compelled him, by passing a resolution of arrest, to leave the country. He embarked for the United States. In consequence of a letter from Lafayette, introducing him to Mr. Ticknor, he was appointed in 1825, a year after his arrival, as German Instructer in the University at Cambridge, and in the winter of the same year delivered a course of lectures on the civil law in Boston.

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Art. VI. — Scenes in Judea.

IV.

"Before this reaches you, my mother, you will have heard of my safety; which earlier knowledge you will owe to the friendship of the Greek, who, as he has said, not, as I believe, simply because he had no other employment, has not ceased to devote himself to my interests. It is solely too by reason of the friendship, which so strangely and suddenly he conceived for me, that I now find myself on the way to Beth-Harem, having liberty, for bonds, the vault of the heavens above me, for that of Pilate's dungeon, life, for death. I can never know, indeed, that Pilate would not in some other manner, — though Zeno had not interposed, — have obtained a knowledge of the circumstances to which I am beholden for my liberty. Zeno himself declares that it would certainly have been so; for that the governor, seeing how many lives had been already sacrificed, and that he might be called to account for that day's confusion, would have gladly seized upon any pretext to set free his prisoners, which yet it was by no means easy to do and preserve his own dignity and authority. However this may be, I can feel none the less my debt to the Greek, who has shown in these affairs, that however he may affect to have been moved in what he has done, by that restless temper that must be busy somewhere, and about somewhat, he nevertheless possesses a heart which is not only no stranger to kind affections, but overflows with a wide and generous humanity.

"My reflections, when upon awaking out of the insensibility caused by the blows I had received, I found myself in a Roman prison, all went to convince me that I should there end my days. I had been taken in arms against the reigning power; and, though I had not been long in Cæsarea, could probably easily be proved both to be a Jew, and to have been intimate with Philip and Simon, the leaders in the affray. Add to this the circumstance, that my judge was Pilate, and you too will acknowledge, my mother, that my days must have seemed to me to be numbered. That certainly was my conviction. Yet was it not attended by any self-crimination for the part I had taken, as I doubt not you will suppose it was, or for the cause in which, as it seemed, I had offered myself up.

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My heart approved what I had done. I had stood up for the injured, the oppressed, and the weak. I had shown myself to be, what I had at length found myself to be — a Jew; — one who was ready not only to entertain an inward persuasion, but to carry it into outward act. Hours were days and months to me in that dark solitude, for the quickness with which truths revealed themselves to me and struck their roots into my soul, and grew up into strength and maturity. I seemed myself, in my forlorn and hapless state, to be an emblem of my country, bound hand and foot, awaiting the sentence of death at the word of a tyrannic and irresistible power. My mind reviewed with pain my long alienation from the faith and worship of my fathers. My misfortune seemed to me a just judgment upon such mad apostasy, and I thenceforward devoted myself, should my life be spared, to the welfare of my country, by such acts as should appear to me to be most for her advantage and glory. Thy early instructions, my mother, written upon the soft heart of my youth, had then sunk deep; and now, in my silence and darkness, they revealed themselves and filled the place where I was with light. The history of our people, and of the care of Jehovah for them, of the good men and prophets who had taught and died for them, all passed before me; and although I felt myself still to be ignorant and unbelieving in much more than I knew and believed, I discovered that I knew and believed greatly more than but a little while before I could have supposed, and enough to make me a Jew in very deed. The prayers, also, which at thy side, or else seated on thy knee, I had in my infancy been taught to say, — though for many a year they had not passed my lips, — now unbidden returned, and again ascended a sacrifice, — for thy sake I will believe, — not rejected. I put not my trust, my mother, in the righteousness of the thoughts and resolves, which perchance the solitary fears of my dungeon, and the human dread of a sudden, and it might be cruel death by the scourge or the cross, and not any love of what is good and right, may have prompted. That were a vain reliance. I dare not say as yet, that Rome and her seductions might not, were they soon to try me, easily uproot the virtue, that like a gourd has grown up in a night. May my newborn strength be spared such assault.

"Thus was I, by the strange fortunes that had befallen me, again recreated a Jew. Yet was this, as I well knew, only so

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much a new hindrance in the way of pardon or escape. Could I with truth have declared myself a Roman, there was not a doubt, that Pilate would, on the instant, have overlooked the natural ardor that had leagued me for the moment with the enemies of the state, seeing how I was bound to them by both the ties of friendship and of blood. As little doubt was there it seemed to me, that when he should discover, as upon examination he would, the manner in which I then stood affected both toward Rome and Judea, there would be small hope of any other event than immediate death. Day after day did I lie in my dungeon, chained to a pillar of stone, awaiting with patience, and almost more than patience through the new spirit that had taken possession of me, what should befall. No sounds disturbed the current of my thoughts, — which I have now declared to you what course they took, — save the regular approach of the jailor with the portion of food which was allowed me, and the cries, as of those who suffered torture, or who lamented aloud their wretched bondage. The jailor was one who appeared native to the horrors of the place, and to be little different from the stone on which I lay, save that he possessed the power of going from place to place. I quickly learned to refrain from seeking news from one, who either replied neither by word nor sign, or cursed me for my nation and what he believed my crimes. Once only did he of his own accord open his lips, and that was that he might declare, as he did with the laugh of a demon, that that day, at the third hour, a score of Jew dogs, — their heads downwards, — would die on as many crosses at the city gates. His care of me, he thought, would soon be at an end. I could not but ask if he knew who they were who were to suffer. His answer was in two words as he drew the bolt of my door, "Jew dogs." The manner of this man made me feel that there was a lower and more pitiable state than my own. I was happy to be myself rather than such an one. Nay, it seemed to me I would sooner be the spider or the toad that crawled over and around me.

"But all this was to have an end. The door of my prison was opened not many days after, not by my jailor, but by Zeno the Greek, crying out with rapid and noisy vociferation, that through the intervention of Procla I had at length obtained my freedom, but on the condition, that I should at once take my departure from Cæsarea. I was as much amazed at the sight and sound of this man as if I had never known him; for

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in the crowd of thoughts I had been so intently revolving concerning the past and the future, the image of the Greek had not once presented itself. Philip, Anna, and their mother had often been present to my thoughts, but not Zeno. Instantly, however, I remembered my former conclusions concerning him, and was at the same time conscious, that as he was the only being in Cæsarea, beside the Jews, to whom I was known, and who had it in his power to do me any service, so it must be to him that I was indebted for this unlooked for prospect of life and freedom. I therefore greeted and embraced him as a friend and benefactor. He steadfastly reiterated what at first he had declared, that it was to the powerful intercession of Procla that I was beholden for my present happiness, who, having heard an account of the way in which I became a party to the plans and movements of the Jews, and how I had joined at last in the tumult only through a momentary impulse to revenge the death of my friends, pitied me, and besought Pilate for my release, — a mercy, which without much difficulty she obtained. But when I significantly asked from whom Procla could have derived her knowledge of me, a stranger in Cæsarea, — all of my nation who had known me being dead, or at least dead to Procla, — he could not, he said, but admit that among others with whom he had conversed of me and the events which had taken place, was the wife of Pilate, who had confessed, after some things he had let drop, that she thought, that rightly considered, I was innnocent of any crime against either the power of the Procurator or the peace of the city, and ought to be set at liberty; and that so she would speak to Pilate. I did not fail to make him feel, — notwithstanding the difficulty of ever obtaining an entrance between either his words or sentences, so as to declare an opinion, — I did not fail to make him at length understand, that I felt how it was to his humanity and undeserved friendship, that I owed my deliverance. He impatiently listened to what I had to say, more than once breaking in with somewhat to the jailor, who was at the same time busy in knocking off my chains. Both these offices were, however, at length completed, and we sallied forth from the prison into the light of day and the busy crowds of men.

"I now had time to ask Zeno after the events which had followed the tumult of that Sabbath day. It was but little he had to say in reply. The Jews were completely routed and

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dispersed. When they found that to contend longer was useless, they gave way in all directions, and made for the security of their homes. Almost all in this manner escaped from the Roman soldiery; some, however, were seized and cast into prison, — a part of whom had already perished by cruel and lingering deaths. Upon inquiring after the mother of Anna and Philip and what had befallen her, Zeno replied that no sooner was the work of destruction at the Synagogue completed, than the Greeks in a crowd, joined by many of the Roman soldiery, made for her dwelling and soon razed it to the ground, destroying also the walls of the garden, and whatever else there was on which they could lay their rude and violent hands. The widow herself, knowing in season of the intended assault, was concealed in the dwelling of a friend, and soon as the city became calm again, disguising herself, fled for the dominions of Herod.

"I now yielded to the hospitable importunity of Zeno, and accompanied him to his house. This truly it was necessary for me to do, whether it liked me or not, for with the dwelling of the wine merchant had been destroyed all that which it contained; so that I could do no otherwise than take shelter beneath some friendly roof, till I should be able to repair my losses. And this too must be done with speed; for, although Zeno had used all his eloquence to that end, he could obtain for me only till the following morning to make such preparations as should be needful, in order to my departure and journey. Through the ready aid afforded by the Greek these preparations were soon completed, and before the sun had left his bed on the day succeeding that of my deliverance, I bade farewell to Cæsarea, and through its southern gate took my way into the surrounding country. A single camel was sufficient for such things as I desired to take with me, committed to the charge of his driver, a Jew of Cæsarea, well commended to me by Zeno for his knowledge of the road and his honesty. Zeno would not allow me to depart alone, but must needs, notwithstanding all the dissuasion I dared to use, accompany me a part of the way. Soon as the city gates were opened therefore we issued forth, plunging at once into the hilly region which stretches to the south of Cæsarea. I had left the particular direction we should take to Zeno, being wholly ignorant, as you may suppose, my mother, of the country I was about to traverse, except that I had a general notion of the quarter where lay the Jordan, the Salt Sea, and Jerusalem.

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"It was with no little satisfaction that, after a scene of so much violence as had lately passed in Cæsarea, and events that had ended so disastrously to persons for whom, though known but for so short a period, I had conceived a sincere friendship, I found myself once more surrounded by nature alone, which is ever at peace. All sights and sounds at this early hour of the day, and this calm season of the year, were such as gave rise to healing thoughts. I had had enough and more than enough, for once, of what I have ever loved so well, strife and uproar; and I greeted with a real and hearty welcome the new world into which I was now entering. The air was still, the earliest rays of the sun were just lighting up the highest peaks of Mount Carmel, a few clouds lay sleeping in the East, a peasant now and then, with his loaded mule or camel, passed us on his way to the markets of the Roman capital, while others were just emerging from their dwellings to commence the labor of the day, — these and the like objects were now before me and around me, and I confess I felt it to be no unwelcome change after the days spent in Cæsarea. I rode on at first silently enjoying my new existence, without a thought of my companion, or of the way we were going; and as a thing truly worthy of admiration, Zeno interrupted not my reveries, nor once uttered a word, till at length weary of myself and my thoughts, I asked him, if the camel driver were taking us on the most direct route to Beth-Harem, for it seemed to me that we were keeping too much to the sea.

"'It is by no means,' replied my companion, entering eagerly the door I had opened, 'the most direct way, but it is a safer way than any other; and agrees by reason of its solitariness with the wish, which but yesterday you declared, to avoid as much as might be the more thickly peopled districts, seeing that you felt but little in the mood of mingling or conversing with any, — a poor temper truly for a traveller; for what shall he know more of a new people or country, than before he saw them, who keeps the company only of his own thoughts? He may, indeed, publish the fact, that here he crossed a river, and there a mountain, and there passed through a city or a town, but of what the people are, who are of more account than hills or rocks, he will know no more than his mule. A country is but a larger city, and how, my young Hebrew, should I know the name and the affairs of every man in Cæsarea, as praised be the gods I do, if I went about like thee,

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with a shut mouth and a frost-bitten visage. If thou wouldst know what is in man, the tongue is better than instruments of torture to find it out. Used with discretion, and as need shall be with cunning, and no corner of the heart shall keep its secrets. There be few in Cæsarea, Greek, Jew, or Roman, but by the use of this gift of nature I am familiar as well with their hearts as their faces. Pilate, the dark Pilate hath not escaped me.'

"'How' I asked, interrupting the stream of words, 'have you approached the inaccessible Pilate?'

"'Pilate,' he replied, 'hath Procla, and Procla hath Cataphilus, and through these two Syracusan glasses, properly adjusted, do I read his soul. No man, not Pilate even, is wholly himself; others possess a part, more or less; he must let out into one ear or another, else, as a wineskin, would he burst with the inward ferment. So that by a careful spying, you without difficulty learn the way through one into another, and thus by direction or indirection do you obtain universal knowledge. The sight of a man, truly considered, is more in his tongue than his eyes; the sight, I say, that sees more than trees, clouds, or hills. But for thee, if thou wouldst travel secretly, and unobserved, and without using thy true eyes, this way which we take is the better; and, as I said, it is also safer for thee, and for that reason chiefly is it that I have chosen it out of many. There may be those in Cæsarea who would gladly do thee an ill turn; for be it now known to thee, that in the affray at the Synagogue, at that moment when Philip and Anna fell, and thou didst then plunge into the thickest of the fight, many of the Romans, and some of consideration too, Greeks also as well as Romans, bit the dust; and by many has thy life been with oaths devoted. This way is therefore best for thee; it lies among these hills of Megiddo, a part of the Carmel ridge as thou seest, and is least likely of any to have been chosen as the path to Beth-Harem. Here then thou canst linger and muse at thy leisure, and dream or sleep. Yet before I leave thee should I say, that by and by turning toward the east and leaving the hill country, thou wilt suddenly find thyself at the gates of Samaria; but being a Jew, thou mayest not choose to pass among Samaritans.' Forgetting my new character I informed Zeno with some little energy, that I was a Roman, and cared not whom I travelled among;— Jew and Samaritan were alike. At which he laughed heartily, amusing himself at great

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length, with the ease with which I was first a Roman, then a Jew, as the occasion or circumstances seemed to require.

"Thus we travelled on, Zeno having found me a listener again, and overwhelming me with a flood of words — till the sun was well up, and the chill air of the morning was giving way before the heats of an unclouded Syrian day, when he declared that, with whatever reluctance, he must part from me and return to the cooler retreats of the city. I commended to him the mother of Philip and Anna, should she ever seek again the precincts of Cæsarea, and besought him, if such a step would give her pleasure, to afford her every aid she might require to enable her to reach Rome, and take up her dwelling with my mother. This he promised to do; and should such an event take place, I am sure, my mother, it will be grateful to thee as well as to myself. The Greek then turning his horse's head, and giving me his best wishes and the blessing of his gods, was soon lost sight of on his way to the city. I must confess a sadness at his departure, notwithstanding he so often proved a vexation through the mass and the strangely assorted varieties of matter, which without pause he would pour into any ear that remained open. But what was a sensible relief was the circumstance, that he rarely required sign of assent or dissent on the part of the listener; it was enough if there were tokens of so much life as proved him to be awake.

"Being now left to myself, I took more note of the country through which my road lay, and of the nearer and more distant objects by which I was surrounded. It was a region very full of beauty of every sort; and I was not sorry, though I truly lamented the loss of the Greek as one who had befriended me, to be alone in the midst of it. Hills of a considerable height, like the lower ridges of the Appenines, which here and there shoot out on either side to the Adriatic and the Tuscan seas, were on my right and left, some bare and rocky, but for the most part clothed with verdure, and showing, perched upon elevations far above the path I travelled, the dwellings of the inhabitants surrounded by their vineyards, for which they win a place where to a stranger's eye there seems little else than cliffs of rock. But wherever the ground opened, and the hills drew back a space, the cottages of the peasantry were thickly set together, buried beneath the foliage of the rich fruit-bearing trees of these climes, or encompassed by fields covered with the best products of the season, or by plantations of the olive

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and the fig. The tall and majestic date tree was here and there to be seen overtopping all others, and giving a sure sign of a neighboring habitation. But chiefly was the eye pleased with the vineyards, in which, as with us, the vines are led from tree to tree and shrub to shrub, where these natural supports are at hand, so forming a thousand shady retreats from the noon-day sun. The vintage was already in progress, and descending the craggy steeps, or winding along the road, or standing at the wine presses were mules and asses heavy-laden, and almost hidden from the sight, by the overhanging burden of the red grapes of Judea. Merry and noisy with the wild songs of the country were many of the troops of laborers, as we met them coming and going with their fragrant loads. 'Peace be with you,' was the good wish often bestowed upon me with free gifts of the ripe fruit they were bearing along. All that met my sight or hearing was proof of a happy and contented people, for whom the earth yielded with bounty what was needful to their support, and between whom and a prosperity such as few lands could boast no hindrance seemed to stand but this slavery to Rome; this dependence not, indeed, so much on Rome as on her servants, who, oftener than is known to the powers at home, thrive by the oppression and injury of the subject province. More and more, my mother, the more I know and see of our tribe, do I find myself drawn to them. Not forever should a people like this dwell thus in subjection to a foreign power. Yet have they now continued for so many years subject in this manner to Rome, and so accustomed are they to the insults and injuries of a state of slavery, that they perceive not the evil of their condition; just as the limbs long bound by chains come at length to be so hardened, that iron is as any other substance. Many have forgotten that they are slaves. So long have they borne the exactions of the tax-gatherer, that they see in him the messenger of a lawful power. Especially is this so among these hilly and remote regions, where they witness no other tokens of their subject state besides the stated visitations of the publican; dwelling otherwise in security and peace, enjoying the religion transmitted to them by their fathers, and the various customs which distinguish them from every other people.

"When we had journeyed on several hours, and the heat had grown to be burdensome both to ourselves and our beasts, we looked around for a cool and pleasant spot, where we might

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shelter ourselves from the fierce rays of the sun, and obtain the rest and refreshment which were now greatly needed. This, after passing over a barren and sandy track, we soon found; for upon leaving it and entering again beneath the dark shadows of some trees, which from their kinds denoted habitations at hand, we perceived, not far before us, beneath a spreading mulberry, one of the humbler dwellings of which we had passed so many. No ray of the sun seemed to penetrate the high roof of the mulberry and some lofty palms that was stretched over it. The signs not of poverty, though the house was small and low, were before us, but of comfort that springs from simple habits of life, and natural wants which the fruitful earth abundantly supplied. At the door, turning the mill to the sound of their voices and that of a spring, which tumbled from a rock at the side of the house and fell sparkling into a rude basin below, sat two young girls, so separated from all other things by their labor, the noise of the stones, their music and laughter, and the tumbling rivulet, that our approach was not observed till we were quite near them, when suddenly ceasing from their work, while one shrunk backward within the door of the cottage, the other at once arose, and, advancing toward me, besought me, in reply to my inquiries, to alight and rest myself during the heats of the day, while she and her sister would draw water for our beasts. I was not slow to accept her hospitable offers. And in a few moments more I was reposing in the cool shade at the door of the cottage, while our animals were turned loose to feed upon the wild shrubs, and quench their thirst at the spring, from which the sisters supplied the water in their large pitchers. As they performed this service, while no others made their appearance from the dwelling, nor did any others seem to be in its neighborhood, I asked if they dwelt alone.

"'Not alone,' said the elder of the sisters as she poured a fresh pitcher of water into the watering trough, 'yet almost alone, for mother we have none, and our father is gone up to the Feast where he strangely abides. Our brothers are in the field on the other side of yonder hill, where they gather the grapes. We shall not see them till the sun has fallen. So it is, Sir, every day; we are at home, but the rest are for the most part away at their labor.'

"I asked at what feast their father was absent and where.

"'Truly,' replied the girl with a look of simple surprise, 'I thought you had been one of us.'

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"'Perhaps I am,' I rejoined, 'yet still I know not where your father can be gone.'

"'If,' she replied with hesitation and confusion, 'you were a Jew, as assuredly I should judge you were from your countenance, you could not be ignorant, that the great Feast hath just passed, the Feast of the Harvest, at which it behoves every good Jew to go up to Jerusalem, whither my father is gone, but whence ere this he should have returned.'

"'The hills,' cried out Ziba the camel driver, 'between this and the city, be full of robbers. It calls for good courage and good arms to go through in safety.'

"'Our father hath both,' replied the daughter, 'and we do not fear.'

"'But what,' rejoined the camel driver, 'hath thy father, a Samaritan, to do at Jerusalem? I doubted to rest here — but' —

"'Fear not,' said the girl, 'we are not of Samaria but Judea; but were it not so, the water of the spring could not harm thee or thy cattle.'

"'That may be,' replied Ziba, 'or may not be; when a people are left of God, it is reason that neither their water nor their grain is wholesome.'

"The girl at this laughed as she said, 'Our grain is grown indeed partly on the soil of Samaria; beware of the cakes I shall now bake, lest they choke thee, or change thee to a Samaritan or a Devil. But rest you now while we make ready some food.'

"Saying this, the sisters retreated within the cottage, bearing with them the meal they had been grinding, and while I slumbered through weariness and the heat, — it was about the fifth hour, — they prepared hot cakes of wheat and barley, milk, cheese, and honey, of which, when restored by sleep, we partook with many thanks for the great refreshment. When this was over, and Ziba was employing himself in making ready the animals for our further journey, many questions were asked concerning the late troubles in Cæsarea, a rumor of which, both going beyond and falling short of the truth, had reached this lodge in a wilderness. 'We hear,' said the sisters, 'that great numbers of our people were slain. But as we judge from what we know, the Jews were over hasty, and put themselves needlessly in the way of danger. Alas! we have ever been people fond of quarrel.'

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"'But,' said I, 'do you suffer no burdens which are hard to bear, bound on you by this Roman power? And may not the slave turn on the tyrant who treads him under foot? What say your father and brothers, when the publican comes with his Roman warrant for the fruit of your labors, which goes not to the treasury at Jerusalem, but to Pilate's coffers, or across the great sea to Rome?'

"They replied, 'Ah, Sir, but then we live in peace in our homes, and enough is left whereon to live. Prophets have dwelt in poverty, and why should such as we care to be rich? And, besides, if we paid not our taxes to the Romans, we should pay not less to some governor of our own at Jerusalem. Our father says, that our own people, when they have held the power, have been as hard as Rome. Our brothers think not so indeed; they are ever crying out for freedom, and think that to be delivered from Rome and Pilate would be freedom; while our father tells them it would rather be anything else.'

"'Thy father,' cried Ziba, 'if no Samaritan is worse than a Samaritan, being, as he is a dog of Herod, the slave of a slave, on whom may all curses light.'

"'Thy tongue,' cried the girl, 'inflamed with sudden passion, is false as Gehazi's; and take heed lest his leprosy cleave to thee. My father is no slave of Herod, and no traitor in act or thought. Were all Jews such as he, then might we rule ourselves. But it is, as he says, because of the rotten heart of the people, that it is needful we be in bondage to Rome or some other power. It is for our sins that it is so, and must be so. Besides, Sir, we have ever found a friend in Procla, the wife of Pilate, to whom we yearly carry up our country wine and the choicest of our fruits.'

"'Ah hah,' cried Ziba, 'now doth thine own mouth condemn thee.'

"'I beseech thee,' said the girl, addressing me, 'rebuke thy slave; his tonge offends. We are none the less Jews because of the favors of Procla. T ere are none than we more zealous in every custom of our fathers. But we may be Jews and still believe that a Roman hath a heart as well as we. If it seem strange, that we, though so distant, do know the wife of Pilate, it chanced with her, as with thee, to rest here with her attendants, as for her greater pleasure she took this more secret way, — and to those who love the face of the earth, this more pleasant way, — to Jerusalem; Pilate himself passing through

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Samaria. When we saw her, we learned that the Gentiles were not all such as at the synagogues we were told, but that the God of the Jews is also the God of Gentiles, and has set his image in them. For, Sir, surely never was there in woman a gentler soul than Procla's, — nay not our mother's, — and that is much to say, too much it would seem, I doubt not, to those who knew *her* only. Spite of thy slave, we hope and shall say so, that no evil befel the wife of Pilate in the fight at Cæsarea. For the whole city we have heard was in arms, and many slain on either side.'

"I assured her that no evil had befallen her, and imparted a greater pleasure still, when I said that I myself, though I knew her not, had been beholden to her for my liberty.

"As I said this the younger sister exclaimed, 'See another traveller approaches, he is in good time. The cakes are yet hot upon the hearth.'

"At the same moment emerging from a pathway among the surrounding shades, in a direction as if he had come from the sea, appeared the traveller; apparently oppressed as we had been by the heats of the mountain passes or leafless plains. After the wish of peace had been exchanged, the stranger was at once besought by the elder sister to come with his horse to the spring, and himself to alight and partake of the simple fare which still covered the board, — an offer not to be refused; which was, indeed, gladly accepted. My attention was at once fixed upon the new comer, for his whole appearance was remarkable. The signs of wealth were many, and great in the horse he rode and his trappings, and in his own dress; but these, though they caught the eye first, were at once forgotton in the greater power of his countenance and form, which instantly made the beholder conceive of him as one raised above others by birth and condition, or his own natural force. He was in the midway of life or beyond. Not of a severe but yet of a deep and penetrating glance, his eye seemed not only to see what it fell upon, but to pass into it and through it, not as if with any injurious intent, but because simply it had that power. His color was as dark as that of the Jews ever is in this hot climate, — darker than we often see in Rome, except in those who have just crossed the sea, — his beard of a just length and black. These things I at once noted as he saluted me with the others, and conversed with the sisters. I would willingly have remained, but as when he arrived I, with Ziba, was just

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on the point of departure, I could not well do so, and therefore inquiring first the distance and the direction to the tomb of Ahab on the outskirts of Samaria, I was about to depart, when the stranger said that as he was pursuing the same road to the same place, he would accompany and direct me, if that would give me pleasure. I was not slow to accept the proffered service, and when resting but for a few moments he had partaken of some fruit and wine, we took leave of our entertainers and set forward on our way.

"When I first turned to where the young Jewess pointed, and beheld my companion as he issued from the dark wood, it had seemed to me, as often happens, as if the same event had once taken place before, or, as if a dream had suddenly come to pass. As he approached and I beheld him nearer, I did not doubt that I had in some place and at some time before seen him. In a single moment more the truth was plain, that I saw once again the Jew horseman of Cæsarea, who, more like an apparition, — even like the terrible horseman that of old in the temple fell upon the royal thief, Heliodorus, — than a reality, had risen from the earth, and for a time turned the tide of battle. It was with great joy that I found myself persuaded of this truth, for it could not be but that such an one must be of power among the Jews, and fitted to give me all the knowledge and counsel I could need or desire. At first it did not seem reasonable that he should have on his part any knowledge of me, but when I considered that from what Zeno had let fall, as well as from the manner in which my weapon and my body had been hacked, that I had been long and fiercely engaged in the fight, — though in some sort beside myself, — it seemed to me not unlikely, that he also might have some recollection of me, which was made certain almost by the manner in which his eye now and then fell upon me, as we rode on, and was again withdrawn. I, therefore, soon as an occasion would allow, turned our discourse upon Cæsarea, asking him whether he had now just left that city. He replied, 'that, as I had seen, he came not immediately from that direction. He had last come from Antipatris; but since he was in Cæsarea, he had journeyed to the north as far as Sepphoris; but Herod having suddenly made his appearance there, whom he had hoped to find absent, he had not remained, but withdrawn at once to the sea coast."

"'You have not been idle, then,' I rejoined, 'since the affair

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in Cæsarea; when this same horse bore you against the centurion and his troop at the moment the brave Philip was cut down.'

"'I too am right then,' replied the stranger, 'in supposing thee to be the young madman who broke loose at the same moment, but driving headlong and blindly into a mass of the Greeks was quickly overpowered and pinioned. I marvel to see you among the living, having once been within reach of Pilate.'

"I then gave him an account of the manner in which I had been so fortunate as to escape from his power; and in my turn asked him by what chance he had happened to come up at the unexpected conjuncture he did, and by what means, when the odds were so great against him, he had been able to effect his retreat.

"'As soon,' he replied, 'as I heard of the intended outrage upon our people in Cæsarea, I resolved to be there to stand by them as I might. I could not, however, reach the place till the morning of the Sabbath when the assault took place; when, having no means of learning what was to be done on the part of the Jews, — the fight, indeed, was already begun, — I could only rush upon the scene in the manner I did, and with such followers as, with but brief notice, I could persuade to join me. I fought till the coming of a fresh legion of the Roman power, made longer resistance to be certain destruction, or captivity, without any attending advantage, when with the rest of our unhappy countrymen I fled; and while they took shelter in the bye ways of the city and their dwellings, I, borne by my good Arab, passed the gates, and soon gained the neighboring hills.'

"'But why,' I asked, 'as you made toward the centurion gave you that warning — to save a life you yourself were about to take?'

"'For the reason,' he replied, 'that even as I would not that child of mine should do the deed of Judith or Deborah, so did it grieve me that Anna a child of Sameas should, whom I had known and loved as a daughter. Neither was I willing that a brave Roman should die the death of a dog. Yet how knew I but it was the Lord's doing? And who was I to hinder or defend? Wherefore gave I forth that uncertain voice, which if the Lord so pleased the man should comprehend, and so be saved for a more worthy death with me hand to hand, a fate I should have soon dealt out to him. It pleased the Lord that he should die as a fool dies, by the hand of a woman.'

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"'And it was to revenge her death,' I said, 'that I threw myself into the fight, which otherwise I should have shunned; for I deemed it needlessly provoked.' As I said these last words, the eye of my companion fell upon me with a meaning quite different from its former expression, and which showed that dark passions were lodged within.

"'How sayest thou?' he bitterly asked — 'needlessly provoked? Is the life of a Jew nought, and his faith nought? Shall he at the word of a Roman give up both? Is he forever to be the sport of the tyrant? Are his only words to be, here is my neck for thy foot, and my throat for thy knife? Verily I thought thou wast a Jew also. Why then didst thou fight to revenge the death of a Jewess? What was she to thee?'

"'She was much to me,' I said, 'as was her mother — even as for two weeks and more I had dwelt beneath their roof, and in that short time had I come to love her as a sister. And it was to revenge her death, and not because I could justify the revolt of the Jews, that I joined the fight. Yet do I not, in saying this, admit that I am no Jew. I am now a Jew, if I was not in Rome whence I am but lately come, and it was because I had become a Jew, that I withstood Philip and his adherents to the last, as more mad than wise. They were as men driven by their passions, and seeking their own revenge rather than their country's good.'

"At this the Jew horseman looked at me as if he hardly understood me, notwithstanding his far-reaching and all-embracing eyes. A calm again came over his spirit, and in the tones of his former conversation he said 'I perceive, young man, there is virtue in thee. Abjure thy Rome a little longer, and dwell among thine own people, and thou wilt grow to be worthy of thy great descent. But the Roman Jew, as I take thee to be, is no Jew.'

"I said that it was my purpose to see the whole of the land, in its length and breadth, from Dan to Beersheba, and from Arabia to the shores of the sea, ere I again return to Rome; and but for the interruption of my plans occasioned by the tumults of Cæsarea, I should long since have been at Beth-Harem, whither I was now bound, and whence, after abiding there a space, I should set forth on my Jewish travels.

"'Whom seek you at Beth-Harem?' asked the stranger; 'for I myself dwell there, and will guide you on the way.'

"I said I sought the dwelling of Onias a prince, as I was old, of that country.

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"'None so well as I,' he quickly replied, 'can take you to his dwelling, for I am Onias of Beth-Harem.'

"At this unlooked for announcement, I was amazed as you may well suppose, my mother, and could only say in return, 'that I then was his nephew, Julian of Rome, the son of Naomi.'

"Not less astonished than I was thy brother in his turn. He welcomed me hastily to the land of our Fathers, and would not doubt that, when I had dwelt for a time beneath his roof, I should take too deep root in the soil ever to flourish again in that of Italy. He asked with great affection after your welfare, and wished that you too had undertaken your travels to the East. For a long time we conversed of the condition and welfare of our family, dispersed as it is so widely in Italy, Greece, Egypt, and Syria. He ended with saying, that he trusted ere long that events of such a kind would take place in Judea, as to call back all wanderers and residents in foreign lands to their native soil; new scenes were about to unfold.

"Since leaving the cottage among the hills, where we had been so hospitably entertained, we had journeyed on through a richer and more highly cultivated soil. Although the region was still hilly, and rocks were to be seen jutting out on the sides of the hills, yet was there no spot to be discerned from their base to their summits, which did not bear testimony to the labors of the husbandman, and was not burdened with the products of the latter harvest. Villages on all sides, wherever the eye could reach far around, were seen half buried amongst the dense foliage of these regions, and the high ways everywhere filled with the heavy wains, drawn by oxen or bulls, and laden with fruits and grain. Never had I beheld a region that gave so many proofs of industry and skill on the part of the inhabitants; or where the population appeared to enjoy more of the common comforts of life. We were still winding along among valleys of utmost beauty and fertility, when as the hills on the north began to open, Onias said, that we were now within the territory of Samaria, which, for his own part, he would gladly have avoided; but seeing, as he judged, that I should feel desirous to pass by a place so famous as the city of that name, he had departed from the course which he was accustomed to pursue when he crossed over from the sea to Beth-Harem. 'Soon,' said he, 'as we reach yonder hillock on the summit of which

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you can already see the ruins of the tomb of Ahab, will you obtain a view of the city.'

"In a few moments we stood on the place to which he had pointed. The ruins of what had been a structure of some magnificence covered the spot, over which towered palms and cypresses. Before us and below us lay the city, built upon an elevation of an oval form in the midst of an extensive plain, bounded on all sides by a circle of hills. We ourselves were upon a part of the southern range which thus hemmed it in. At a distance were visible, toward the sea, the tops of Carmel, and toward Galilee Mount Tabor, towards the Jordan Hermon and Gilboa, and behind us Gerizim and Ebal; while in the north, like the light clouds that were above us, we could just discern the snowy peaks of Lebanon. The city glittering beneath the rays of the sun, then not far above the horizon, gave unexpected tokens, in both the extent of the walls and the overtopping structures within, of its extent and of the wealth of its inhabitants. I expressed to Onias my delight and surprise.

"'What you see,' he replied, 'is the work of Herod; not, as you may believe, of those half-idolaters. Herod wanting a strong hold here in the heart of the land, rebuilt Samaria, which, since the destruction of it by Hyrcanus, had lain in ruins. Now, by reason of the immense sums which Herod expended in the building of the walls, and in erecting temples and theatres within, and especially because of the multitudes of new inhabitants, Greeks, Jews, and Romans, whom he compelled to remove thither, it is grown to be a place of some consequence, but not of so much as its foolish inhabitants are fain to believe. They are a bastard race. Upon a Gentile stock have been grafted decayed and rotten branches from all parts of the earth, so that there is as little of the blood of the Jew in a Samaritan, as there is of the true faith of a Jew in his doctrine. Come on, let us give them our backs. May their prosperity decrease daily.'

"I would willingly have lingered longer on a spot so agreeable in itself, and which spread out before the beholder so wide and beautiful a prospect. Inwardly resolving at some future time to return and examine at my leisure a country that seemed to offer so much to reward the observer, I followed Onias, and Samaria was soon hidden again behind hills and woods.

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"'Sebaste,' said Onias, abruptly as we resumed our journey, 'Sebaste is the name which Samaria now bears, given to it by that flatterer Herod; a Roman name to a Jewish town — as ill sorted as a born Jew with a Roman name. What ill chance gave thee the name of Julian?'

"My father, I answered, would have it so, who he might know was no lover of his own race.

"'I might have guessed as much,' replied Onias; 'Rome weaned him from Judea. And when Rome spoiled him of his Jewish nature, it wrought a greater ruin than sometimes when it spoils a kingdom. Thy father was born for greater things than he ever performed. His days were passed in amassing wealth; they should have been spent at the head of armies.'

"'So,' said I, 'is it ever the nature of the more powerful to draw everything over to itself. The greatness, splendor, and renown of Rome, dazzle the young mind and easily take it captive. It was but a little while since, that to be known to be a Jew, was to me the great affliction of life. In truth the shame of my descent has been to me the only evil I have suffered from my birth. Wealth could satisfy every wish of my heart, but it could not cause me to be born again; it could not change the hue of my skin, nor the features of the face.'

"'Happy for thee, Julian, that a power higher than thyself ruled over thee and saved thee. Judea needs thee; and I trust to see thee answer to her call.'

"I said, that I was now bent upon knowing the exact state of the country, that I might learn what part it became me to act. I could not in Cæsarea take sides with Philip, because, as I judged, he was over hasty, and outwent the judgment of the people at large, whereby he injured rather than benefited a good cause.

"'Nevertheless,' rejoined my Uncle, 'it was a sign of the times, and showed what is in the heart of the Jews. What happened in Cæsarea would have happened also in Jericho, in Sychar, in Bethsaida, nay even in Samaria; for so much may be said for Samaritans, that they love not Rome, but look, even as we do, for a deliverance from her dominion, and for a Deliverer. Julian, the time ripens! The wise and the good of our land, with impatience await what shall ere long be made manifest.'

"Onias said this in deep and earnest tones. I hoped that he would go on, but he paused.

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"I then said, 'that even in Rome I had heard somewhat of that concerning which he spoke; but it was little and uncertain, and I knew not what to think. From my mother I had heard of a day of deliverance to which our tribe looked forward, and of the coming of the expected Messiah; but of what was truth and what was error, in such expectations, I knew nothing. Philip too had spoken of the same things. But, to me, it all seemed doubtful and baseless, without anything certain and fixed, to which the mind could attach itself; — while that Judea was an oppressed and degraded kingdom, that her rights were withheld, her sceptre unrighteously wrested from her grasp, her liberties gone, were things that every eye could see; and the remedy for such evils not difficult to be devised, nor out of all hope to be carried into execution.'

"Onias, at this, looked upon me with an expression not easy to interpret. But words soon followed.

"'Young man,' said he, 'your speech is both pious and impious. The piety, I believe, is your own; the impiety is your father's. Had God forsaken you, as your father did, you had now been altogether as one of the Gentiles. But He has watched over and redeemed you for ends greater than you now know of. When once beneath the roofs of Beth-Harem, I shall trust to weed out the errors that now offend thy mind, and plant in their place the seeds of truth. There be others there also, men learned in our laws, at whose feet a willing disciple shall drink in wisdom as water.'

"Onias, as he said these words, fell back into himself, as I perceive he is ever prone to do, and we continued our way in silence.

"The shadows of evening were now around us, and we were travelling still among the hills that stretch to the east and south of Samaria, but not in solitudes, for the country was everywhere thickly peopled, and the ways were yet filled with travellers to and from Samaria, and with the peasants of the neighboring places, returning home with empty or loaded wagons. I was looking to keep on our journey during the early part of the night, and reach the Jordan at least, before we slept; but my uncle now informed me that a little distance beyond where we were, we should arrive at the Inn of Jael nigh unto Thebez, where we should rest, for our beasts' sake, until the following day. While he was speaking we emerged from the hills and woods, and descended the last slope which conducted us to

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the plains. As we thus descended, Mount Hermon was before us, over which the moon was just climbing; and beneath us lay the valley of the Jordan stretching to the horizon, covered with its villages, the nearer of which were clearly visible, with groves of the palm intermingled sending their lofty tops to the heavens. I was too much engrossed by the beauty of the scene to think of my companion; and we rode on, each pursuing his own thoughts, till we approached the Inn of Jael. This we found thronged already by those who had come to seek shelter for the night; for, at this season of the year, although a fierce heat is apt to rage through the day, the air becomes cold at night, and heavy dews descend, so that the covering of a roof or of a tent is necessary. We at first believed that there could be no room for us, the concourse of strangers was so great, the court yards being crowded with beasts and their lading, and the apartments and the roofs with their owners and attending slaves. But no sooner did Jael discover who was his guest than the room, which had been refused us by some to whom we had first applied, was quickly furnished. We were conducted to the roof where, a tent being spread over us, we partook our evening meal and rested for the night.

"When we had supped, and I then sat looking off upon the surrounding country and conversing, Jael, our host, joined us with low obeisances and formal speech. He hoped that the great Onias had returned in peace. All the country had lamented his absence. It was many days, and seemed months, since he had bestowed upon his poor dwelling the honor of his presence. 'I learn,' said he, 'that thou hast been beyond Sephoris even to Sidon.'

"'Farther than that, Jael,' replied Onias, 'even as far as Antioch and Edessa. What hast thou heard from Beth-Harem of late; are all well?'

"'All are well,' replied Jael; 'to day a traveller from the East, and who had passed through the midst of Beth-Harem, reported, as from those who had knowledge, that all were well in the house of Onias.—Thou wast not, then, at the outbreak at Cæsarea, where the mad-cap Philip, son of Sameas, threw all the city into a blaze.'

"My uncle frowned as he said, 'Jael, thy soul is too much in thy purse. The Lord reward thee not according to thy zeal for him; for thy lot were then truly but as that of the wicked.'

"'Should I,' said Jael quickly, 'plough up a wheat field with

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full and milky ears only to try a better seed? Should I shave this beard, in hope that a comelier one might sprout? Should I take out a bill against my wife, that I might win perchance a better one? My beard is well enough, my wife is well enough, my wheat is well enough. Ah what shall come of change and commotion but losses? Who suffer? None but rogues and mischief-makers. Who'—

"'I will not reason with thee,' said my uncle with impatience. 'It is well for Judea that some souls are made of other stuff.'

"'In my belief,' continued Jael, 'the Jews of Cæsarea were dealt with after their deserts. A man now-a-days can live scarce a day in peace for these sons of Belial. But the blood let in Cæsarea may keep it cool in Jerusalem, so shall good come of it. Hast thou heard the news here on the Jordan, Onias? If we now bestir ourselves we may do greater things than they in Cæsarea.'

"'What mean you?' said my uncle.

"'I speak,' said Jael, 'of John of Hebron, who hath taken pains to travel beyond the Jordan, and up and down in that region, some say, stirring up the people, but others only preaching. But who can stir the people more than he who preaches? The ears of the council I trust will be open to take note of him.'

"'But what mean you?' said Onias, 'and of whom do you speak? Jest not after thy fashion.'

"'I speak truly but what I hear,' replied Jael, 'and jest not. I have not seen this wanderer myself; but have heard somewhat from every one who hath come from beyond Jordan. Some even hold him a prophet; but it were nearer a truth, I doubt not, to hold him possessed of a demon. Prophets do not grow on every bush.'

"'How is he followed?' asked my uncle.

"'From far and near,' answered Jael, 'have people resorted to him, some even from Jerusalem. But that makes for nothing, seeing that they of Jerusalem are ever running after some new thing.'

"'What,' continued Onias, 'is the manner of his life and appearance?'

"Jael could not say. He had heard a thousand varying accounts from travellers, but knew not which were true or which were false. His belief was that he was one in part be-

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side himself, and who was therefore just the kind of adventurer to amaze and seduce the people. With the help of a few magic arts, he would soon make himself great. — The vociferations of new comers, now calling loudly upon Jael, put an end to our discourse; our host descended with reluctance to perform some of the duties of his office, and soon after, closing the folds of our tent, we fell asleep."

E. B. Hall,

ART. VII. — *Rosanna; or Scenes in Boston.* A Story; by the Author of "Three Experiments of Living, &c." Cambridge. John Owen. 1839.

THERE are some writers who soon inspire confidence, and lead us to welcome whatever comes forth in their name. With this feeling we sat down to read *Rosanna;* and the feeling is strengthened. It is not a remarkable book in any respect, but it is a very interesting, and will prove, we cannot doubt, a very useful book. This is its purpose, to be useful. It was "written and sold for the benefit of the Infant School in Broad Street, Boston." With the character or condition of that school we have no acquaintance. We have not been led to place entire confidence in the establishments generally that pass under that name. We take it to be a fact, that most infant schools have failed to accomplish that which was once expected, and that the public have been satisfied to return to the common schools. Every one, however, has probably felt, that an exception might be made in favor of certain communities and places. There are circumstances in which we can conceive an infant school to be of the greatest benefit. And they are just the circumstances which will be conveyed to minds familiar with the place, by the terms "Broad Street, Boston." If there are any to whom the place or its character is not familiar, we can only ask them to read this little story, where they will learn something both of the place and the operation of the school.

But this is not the direct object of the story, nor by any means its chief use. We regard it, whatever may have been the design of the writer, as an instrument for the promotion

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of a work of reform, which holds no mean place among the characteristics of our age — the *temperance reform.* Would that all instruments used for that noble end were as judicious as this, — not many, we believe, will prove more effectual, than those of this class, humble as they are. Yet we feel little disposed to imply censure against any who are attempting to help the work in question. It is a work that engages our heartiest sympathy. Its warmest advocates, its very zealots, have our sympathy, — more at least than its opposers. We cannot conceive it to be in man, to weigh fairly the evils of intemperance, especially to see and feel them as they affect any of his own kindred, and not be filled with a zeal that may seem to many fanaticism, and may sometimes run into it. No ardor of this kind amazes us so much, or grieves us so much, as to find wise and good men, even those in the highest seats of justice and religion, setting themselves in direct opposition to measures of reform, and allowing all the influence that they throw into the scale at all to work against reform. We know the answer to this. They do not oppose reform, but only particular modes and instruments, — and these for the single reason, that they believe them not favorable, but prejudicial. Must they not do this if they are true friends to temperance? Is it not as clear and Christian a duty, to oppose that which injures as to encourage that which helps a good work?

We wish to reply to this argument. We admit its force. It is not merely plausible, but real. Our reply is not designed to show its falsity, but to consider its application. We are not able to assent to all the use that is made of it. It has its place and its obligation. It is not to be scouted. Its advocates are not to be set down as the advocates of sophistry, and the enemies of truth and good. This is the greatest mistake that the temperance zealots have made, in our opinion. They have a good cause. They have reason for their zeal. But they have no right to condemn, censure, or distrust those, who see not the wisdom of all their measures, and feel it a sacred duty to frown upon such of the measures as in their opinion will do injury instead of good. It is the worst form of intolerance as well as weakness, which we sometimes see now in the temperance and abolition ranks, — the intolerance of denying right motive and true interest to those, who like not the badge or bondage of party, and who cannot, either as a matter of taste or principle, adopt the language, or wield the weapons, that are pronounced by the leaders indispensable.

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We know individually, whose hand has never been seen, whose voice may never have been heard publicly, as connected with either of the causes in question, yet in whose fervent interest and beneficial action upon them, we have more faith, than in some who withhold from such as these all the credit, which they take so liberally to themselves. There is an assumption and arrogance, which we cannot understand; and with which, viewed by the lights of history, and judged by the principles of reason, human fallibility, common truth, and Christian charity, it requires a good measure of the last to have patience always.

But to what does this admission amount? What does it prove, if anything, for either side of the argument? On the one side, and of itself, it proves, or rather it constitutes, the simple vindication of freedom of opinion and diversity of action. If any one denies these at the present day, or thinks them inconsistent with purity of motive and the best character, he is the last man in the world that we should stop to reason with. On the other hand, this admission yields nothing to the opposers of temperance men and measures, except this same liberty of thought and action, which they derive from God, and for the use of which they are accountable to God and to man. It is liberty, but not license; the liberty of law and principle, guarded by religious sanctions, and attended at every step by the most solemn responsibilities.

These responsibilities pertain to the manner of *opposing error*, as well as the manner of advocating truth. And this is one objection that we have to make to the common application of the principle, whose justice we have admitted. Allowing that the advocates of temperance are extravagant and injudicious, that some of them are intemperate and intolerant, it is still a question, whether they are to be opposed, or in what way opposed. Because you believe many are injuring a good cause by their fanaticism, it does not follow that you may abandon that cause, and be blameless. What good cause has not suffered from fanaticism? And what would have been the fate of the best, of the Christian religion itself, if true friends had forsaken and stood aloof, the moment it was injured by false or foolish friends? Still less is any one at liberty, not only to forsake, but to oppose, because of extravagance and folly. None are at liberty — to make our meaning plain and give it a bearing on the actual case — to forsake in such a way, to withdraw in

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such a way, that it will amount to opposition, be so construed by the enemy, and so felt by the friend and the cause. For example, a man, who has been active for temperance, becomes all at once passive; from warmth passes to coldness; from the expression of interest and devotion to no expression at all. Nay, he does not stop in the passive and negative. He is virtually opposed now. He is not silent but talks, and talks always in a doubtful, distrustful, perhaps reproachful tone, as to the whole matter. Name the subject of temperance, and it is sure to set him on a run of objections! Speak of any new measures, and before they are explained or known, he is talking about fanaticism! Ask him if such an address or story is not a good one, he admits it, "*but*—." Ask him if he does not think temperance is a good cause and intemperance a great evil, he exclaims emphatically, as if offended by the question, "Yes, certainly, *but*—."

Of this kind of opposition, we soberly think there is a great deal too much. There is a great deal for which the friends of virtue, society, and law are responsible. We see many reasons for believing, that at least as great injury has resulted to the promotion of temperance, from the distance at which its former friends have kept themselves, their coldness, objections, and reproaches, as from the heat of partisans, and the impolicy of measures. You may say, it is all to be traced to the over-zealous and the foolish. Grant it, and grant that they have no excuse for their folly, that there is no doubt of the injury they are doing, and that moreover it is extremely disagreeable and sometimes disgusting to come in contact with their coarseness and their violence. All this we may admit. We have felt it. But we see not that it alters the matter of principle or duty. It cannot destroy obligation. It may be a sufficient reason for not acting in a particular way or with certain men. But it is not a sufficient reason for not acting at all. Even if it authorizes us to keep silence, it does not authorize us to speak in opposition, or in such a way as will be sure to be construed into opposition, and can have no good effect. If he that is not for us is against us, much more they, who speak against us when they speak at all, vote against us when they vote at all, and allow all their silence and their speech, their looks, jokes, doubts, their fears and arguments, their very manner of expressing hopes and offering prayers, to tend to the discouragement of those engaged in the work, and the emboldening

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of the adversary in all his shapes. We shrink, we tremble, at such responsibility as this. We grieve to see how little it is considered, and how great the evil distinctly resulting. We beseech the friends of temperance to be *sure* that they are acting the part of friends. Their sincerity is not the question. Neither is the sincerity of the zealots. The wisdom and responsibility of both are the chief matters to be weighed by both.

We turn to another view. There is one form of promotion, and one ground of objection to the cause of temperance at the present moment, which may be taken as the representative of all others. We refer to *legislation.* Upon this the controversy is now made to turn. We regret that it is so. It is exceedingly to be lamented, that a great moral reform should be committed to the mercy of party, and made to depend on the most uncertain of all instruments in a popular government, — legal enactment. We have never believed this to be a wise course, to the extent to which it has been carried, or in the way in which it has been managed. That legislation should not be employed at all, is rather a ludicrous assertion, coming from people who have used it always. The only question is, and we choose not to be diverted from it, whether the aid of law, which has been invoked and employed from the first settlement of the country, shall be extended beyond the usual limit, and carried to higher degrees of restriction, amounting to a qualified prohibition. And this question, as a merely legal one, we have no thought of discussing. It is out of our province. Moreover, we consider it no longer in dispute, as a constitutional question. It has been decided. And no decision have we seen from any tribunal, no opinion have we read from any competent judge, that has not been in favor of the constitutionality of such laws, even as absolute and offensive as the late law in this state. Nor yet are we convinced, that the popular vote of the state, if thrown tomorrow, on this unembarrassed question, would not be in support of the license law. But that is not the inquiry. The expediency of the law, and the practicability of enforcing it, are the only points properly in dispute. And of these we have chiefly to say, that, in our poor opinion, the expediency has not yet been tested, and the practicability has been prejudged and defeated by the very men who alone could secure it. The practicability of any measure can never be

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known, while magistrates, ministers, officers of justice, men of influence, and leaders of fashion, pronounce it *impracticable* the moment it is promulgated, — and thus encourage and invite the spirit of opposition, smile upon the violators of law, chuckle at their cunning and their fraud, and cut off from the question itself, in whatever form it arises, the common privilege of an impartial and just judgment.

While, therefore, we earnestly regret that the question was ever brought to this issue, while we place infinitely more confidence in moral power than in any other for this and any reformation, we do lament to see men using their moral power against law, and as the case now is, against temperance. Besides, there do seem to us to be cases, on which, in our blindness perhaps, we see no possible chance for moral power to act, *except* through the arm of the law, which is itself one instrument and expression of moral power. In what way the law is to be brought to bear upon these cases, we do not know. But that it should in some way, that it always has in some way, that new states of society call for new applications of the law, and aggravations of the evil demand extensions of the power, is about as clear to us, as that government exists, or men are men.

We beg leave to illustrate our meaning in part, by telling the short story of ROSANNA. We suppose it to be founded in fact. At any rate, every one knows that its chief facts are common enough. Rosanna is a good Irish girl, who at the age of sixteen is induced to emigrate, by a letter from a young countryman here, who promises to make her his "darling wife." She lands in Boston, and Jerry McCarty first gets her a place in the family which he serves as coachman, and then fulfills his promise of marriage. In a short time he proves intemperate, and Rosanna's trials begin. She struggles with poor health, maternal cares, and the neglect of her husband, until death relieves her of two children, and she is soon thrown upon the cold world, the widow of one who has died a drunkard, with only the labor of her own hands to provide for herself and two surviving children. Alas, that is not the worst. She too has tasted the cup, and now resorts to it for oblivion. Of course she can find little employment, and that which she does get serves for poison more than for food. Her purposes are yet good, her self-respect is not gone, her children she dearly loves, and all would be well but for the solicitations

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of appetite, sharpened by poverty, and tempted, fed, maddened by opportunity and facility of indulgence. It is hard to think, that there is no way in which such facility can be prevented, in any similar case, however peculiar. In this case, to be sure, it was furnished chiefly by a neighbor, a kind countrywoman, but of such habits herself, that her principal kindness consisted in giving to Rosanna and her children the "thimble-full," when nothing else was at hand. But how did *she* obtain it? For her means were also scanty, and she had some sense of right. "She was not ignorant; there were times when her conscience spoke loudly, and she resolved to take the intoxicating draught no more; but she could not resist, and still her steps wandered to the little grog-shop, which was ready to accommodate her with a quantity proportioned to her means."

There it is. The little grog-shop! ready to accommodate! Yes, in any quantity, proportioned to the means of the poorest customers, taking in pay the last pittance they have for bread, the furniture from their wretched garrets, the clothes from their shivering children, the very beds on which they are dying inch by inch. And this cannot be prevented? The wretches who deal out to these deluded, friendless, helpless beings, the poison of body and soul, destruction for time and eternity, cannot be reached by the laws of an intelligent Christian people? Preach it till you are weary. Let all the rulers and judges of the land declare it, — we will not believe it. While there is moral force in man, while there is civil government in the land, and a God ruling in the heavens, *we will not believe it.* Men, who are utterly dead to all other appeals, whose consciences are seared with a hot iron, on whom "moral suasion" has no more effect than on stone walls, — men who will take a piece of meat in barter for rum from a drunken wife, when they know the poor husband has procured it with difficulty for his starving family, — men who will inhumanly push a woman out of their own doors, where she has come to beseech them, with tears and on her knees, not to give drink to her brutal husband, and then will lure that husband to drink again, and drink till he dies, or murders his wife, and abandons his children to wretchedness and loathsome vice, — to say that such men cannot or must not be *restrained*, — why, you may as well break up society, and laugh at justice, and mock at humanity and its God.

We did not finish the story of Rosanna. It is short. Bad

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habits grew upon her, temptations pressed, she yielded, despaired, became frantic, and strayed towards the water, as if to end her sorrows in their quiet depths, but was arrested and taken to the house of correction, and there condemned to six months' labor, her family and friends supposing her dead. She is at last found, and by kind and judicious encouragement is restored to her children and herself. The tale is beautifully told, without pretension but with natural and touching simplicity. He who can read it without being moved to some good purpose and persevering effort, to at least the expression of interest in this work and the open vindication of right, is to be pitied.

"But what can we do?"— all exclaim. It is not our purpose now to show. We are only arguing against the assertion and admission that *nothing* can be done, and especially that the law can do nothing. It is plain, that in all such cases, there is no power but law, and if that is powerless, we may at once fold our hands, and comfort our hearts as we can. In regard to the instances here given, there would probably be two replies made by those who condescended to make any. One, that they are extreme cases, exceptions; the other, that they must be treated as nuisances, and that the common law has always provided for such cases. To the first assertion, we must simply offer a negative in point of fact. We cannot see that their being exceptions would materially alter the case. But in truth they are not exceptions. They are common, to the full extent of degradation and turpitude just described, though of course in various forms. At no time probably, would it be difficult to find similar cases in all our cities, and in most large communities. If in the single year 1832, — which we take merely because we know the fact, — four hundred and fifty-three common drunkards were committed to the house of correction in Boston, beside the many that were not committed, and the various grades of intemperance coming short of common drunkenness, — we must either infer that this city is worse than most places, or admit that the amount of this horrible evil, even in extreme forms, is not easily overrated. We leave others to judge how much of the evil might have been prevented, by a municipal government that gave in one year six hundred and ninety licenses! This seems very much like legislating for intemperance, though it may not be lawful or wise to legislate for temperance.

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As to the alleged power of complaining of these vile panders as *nuisances*, and thus getting redress at the common law, we have been surprised to hear it proposed by good men as sufficient. To what does it amount? How many have, how many will or can obtain security in this way? Beside the obvious fact, that the very proposition implies the mischief is already done, it is idle to suppose that people generally, especially the poor and ignorant, will go through a course of legal prosecution and conviction, whenever the difficulty occurs. And suppose they do, how many are the chances of success, in such a community as ours, and with such an instrument as the law? Or, admitting success, if the abused husband should prove that a particular shop is a nuisance, and cause it to be closed, — are there not a hundred others offering the same facility and equally "ready to accommodate?" Is the broken-hearted wife to go to every dealer in the city, and expostulate with him, till she is driven out or knocked down, and then prove that each and every one is a nuisance?

It amazes us, in this connexion, to hear so much said of the rights of traffickers, and so little of the rights of sufferers. Every one must be secured from the invasion of his liberty and property, but no one can secure the morals of his children or the peace of his family from the most outrageous wrong. If a man enters your house and takes a silver spoon or a pair of shoes, he may be reached; nay, he must be immediately seized, and fined or imprisoned. But let that same man lure your son into a grog-shop, or, without any unusual allurement, give him drink again and again, till his limbs fail, his mind reels, and his soul goes to its account, all steeped as it is, — and the man must not be touched, or the many men who have wrought the destruction cannot be reached, and so they must be left to lure and destroy another and another. Which is worth most, a spoon or a life; a pair of shoes, or an immortal soul? We know very well, that it is easier to convict and control in the one case than in the other. But that, which we do not know, is that it is *impossible* to control in the latter case, and wrong to attempt it, lest it encroach upon rights and liberty. Are liberty and rights all on one side? Indeed, as to encroachment, what sort of consistency, what manner of regard for private property and liberty is that, which enters a man's house, his castle, and tells him it must be cut in two, or pulled down, to suffer a rail-road to come along, or make a

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street a little broader, and then turns round, and tells him he cannot and must not be protected, in person, children, or property, from the greatest seduction that ever tried human weakness, and the most savage cruelty that ever jeered at human misery? While all this, be it remembered throughout, pertains to an article, which the judgment of the civilized world has pronounced wholly unnecessary, and always pernicious as a common beverage.

When we look at these facts, and hear the objections and opinions of the present day, we are sometimes carried back to our first associations with the evil of intemperance. The earliest recollection we have of it was seeing a posted list, in our native village, of the names of certain common drunkards, who were not to be allowed to purchase strong drink, and to whom none were allowed to sell it. And whenever we do go back to those days, two questions start up to trouble us. The one, — why it should be worse, to help those out of the world, whom you have made unfit and unable to remain in it, than to *begin* the destruction, and carry it up to the very point beyond which there is no remedy. And the other, — how it can be lawful, constitutional, expedient, to forbid those to buy drink who have already used it to their ruin, and those to sell it who have sold all for which they can get gain, — and yet *not* lawful, constitutional, or expedient, to impose any prohibition on the buying and selling, which begin the whole evil, form the habit, corrupt the morals, injure the community, wreck the family, and ruin the soul.

Then history runs farther back than memory. And when we read the license laws, passed by our fathers among their earliest acts, when we see in the old colony statute of 1680, a hundred and sixty years ago, such prohibitions as these, "Nor shall any merchant, cooper, or keeper of wines, or other persons that have them in custody, suffer any person to drink to excess;" — "Nor shall any person, licensed to sell strong waters, or *any private housekeeper*, permit any person or persons to sit drinking or tippling strong waters, wine, or strong beer, in their houses," &c., — we are again perplexed to understand the present bold and angry talking about the novelty, illegality, intolerance, and utter folly, of legislating for temperance, restricting and prohibiting. Again we glance at recent times, within the knowledge of all, and see among their curious facts, that in a certain year, the Board of Health of the city of

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Washington resolved that the sale of ardent spirit was a *nuisance*, and they therefore "prohibited the sale of it, in that city, for ninety days;" and Mr. Wirt gave his legal opinion in favor of their power so to prohibit. Why? Because they feared the cholera. And what did the cholera do, in all its ravages here, compared with the scourge that sweeps off thirty thousand inhabitants from the land every year? Or what power is that, which can prohibit utterly for ninety days, and cannot for any length of time that it sees fit? Yet again, there is a law in our land, and in most civilized countries, making traffic in human flesh to be piracy and murder. And must we be very cautious how we use hard terms in describing, or attempt to make and execute laws controlling the traffic in human hearts and homes, in the liberty of freemen, the reason of accountable beings, the affections and aspirations of the soul?

We have said more than we designed on this old theme. But we have not said the half that we feel. There is a cruel wrong somewhere, and it falls with peculiar weight upon those whom we are most bound to protect and relieve, — the poor, the young, and the tempted. There are inconsistencies thronging us on every side. Men talk of their liberty as above all price, and they are throwing it away, and stripping others of it day by day. They groan about taxes, and they tax themselves and the whole community enormously year after year, or suffer dealers and drinkers to tax them, for the consumption of that which they allow they do not need, and which brings upon their revenue, their energies, and all their resources, a burden to which every other is light. We pay largely, and resign no little of our freedom, for the protection which government extends over our property and lives. But when we implore rulers or citizens to protect us and our children from the decoys and pitfalls that are thick spread around us, or help us to snatch our brother from the merciless fangs of a monster in human shape, they tell us they cannot interfere with a man's business, they will not curtail his liberty, they must not hazard an election, they dare not enforce an unpopular law; and so they dig another pitfall at our very door, and multiply the lures all along our streets, and extend over them that same defence which they refuse us and ours! O, it is miserable mockery. It is blank sophistry. It is dreadful inhumanity. Where peculiarly the guilt lies, or what is the remedy, it is for others and

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all to consider. That there is guilt, every conscience that is alive feels. That there must be a remedy, every believer in God and Christianity knows.

E. B. H.

H. Ware, Jr.

ART. VIII. — *The Christian Layman, or the Doctrine of the Trinity fully considered and adjudged according to the Bible.* By A CHRISTIAN LAYMAN. 1840.

ALTHOUGH the interest in the controversy respecting the doctrine of the Trinity has so far subsided, that a work on the subject must fail of attracting that attention which would have been drawn to it a few years ago, there is still room for a good treatise; and we suppose, that in some parts of the country, such an one as this before us would be secure of a hearty welcome. Where the subject has been longest and most familiarly canvassed, there yet remains a great deal of partial knowledge; and we know many well-satisfied believers, who yet are so superficially indoctrinated, that this little volume would be of essential service to them, if they could be persuaded to read it. And why should they not read it? Why should they be so reluctant as they are to inform themselves on the ground of their doctrinal belief? A main reason why error keeps its ground and truth is so inefficacious is, that there is so little intelligent acquaintance with the reasons which disprove the one and sustain the other. We cannot help hoping, therefore, that the appearance of a new work, written not by a professed theologian, but by a man occupied with other cares and pursuits, will excite the dormant interest of some minds, and lead them to the study of this great argument. It is vain to say that the controversy is over. It is not over. It never can be over, so long as the churches prefer to substitute human creeds for the Bible. The error is too deeply inwrought into the very heart of society, and the whole structure and texture of the church, to be soon or easily removed. To what avail an unanswerable argument, an irrefragable demonstration? It is heard perhaps by six hundred or a thousand; it is possibly

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read by two thousand more; all of them, but five or ten, already holding the truth, and one of those five or ten perhaps in a state of mind which renders conviction possible. How many years must sermons be preached and books written at this rate, before the world will be converted? And until the world is converted, the controversy is not ended. It does not *rage*, as it did twenty years since; so much the better; but the truth needs just as much to be told, and ignorance and prejudice to be enlightened. The gospel never can completely triumph till it is completely purified; and it can be completely purified only by a continuation of that process of discussion by which it has advanced thus far.

We do not therefore esteem "The Christian Layman" an unseasonable intruder. There is a place for his book, and we trust it will find readers. If so, it will do good. Making no pretensions to extensive learning, or profound research, though not deficient in either particular, and laying no claim to novelty of views, it presents, with great simplicity and in an earnest manner, such arguments as cannot fail to enlighten and satisfy those, who shall give them a candid perusal. We acknowledge that, for ourselves, there are some points on which we should have preferred a different representation, and some expositions of Scripture which we esteem of doubtful validity. But there is room for diversity here, without abridging the value of the main argument.

The "Introduction" to the work, in the first chapter, explains the purpose of the writer, and the principles on which he intends to proceed.

"Every writer has some object in view, when he undertakes any work; and it is well to state that object, at the commencement. I will here say, that it is not my intention to increase the unhappy divisions, and unkind feelings, which exist in the religious world; nor to build up or aid any sect, doctrine, or creed, that is not fully supported by the Bible; nor to condemn any, that is not clearly contrary to the testimony of God. If I know myself, I have no preference for any system, beyond what the truth as it is in Jesus requires. Although I have been educated in what is called the orthodox school and faith, yet I have no desire that it should be supported, if it is not fully substantiated by the gospel truth; nor would I favor any other doctrine, that is not clearly maintained in the same way. It cannot be my object to endeavor to gain, personally, the applause of men,

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(I only hope to escape abuse and reproach,) for I do not intend that it shall be known even who I am; being desirous that the work should stand or fall, according to its merits or demerits."

"It is my most ardent desire to discourage and do away, as much as possible, all differences, divisions, controversies, and unkind feelings, that now unhappily prevail; to unite all professors as a band of brothers, so that, as Christ prayed, they all may be one, as he and the Father are one; and that it may be said of all, with admiration and praise — 'see how these Christians love one another!' And I do seriously hope, that all the churches on earth, which are now, nominally, almost innumerable, may be united into one general church, headed by the same glorious name, the only name by which salvation can be obtained — and be called the *Christian* church, or the church of Christ on earth; that all the names of the different sects may be laid aside, and that there may be but one denomination known among Christians, which should be that of Biblists, or Scripturalists. Should I be the means, in any degree, of promoting any of these objects, I shall feel happy; though, at nearly threescore years and ten, I cannot surely expect, or look for, any earthly reward — but shall aspire only to a consolatory hope, that I may receive, at last, that divine, beatific annunciation of the Judge — 'Well done.'" — pp. 1 – 3.

The second chapter is made up of a large selection of passages, which contain "all the most important evidence in the Bible, which has any relation to the nature and character of God, of his Son, and of the Holy Spirit." A very brief chapter succeeds on "the Being and Attributes of God," and then five of some extent on "the Divinity of the Son of God," in which are discussed the prominent texts that have been adduced in favor of his supreme divinity, and the doctrine of his preëxistence and superangelic nature set forth as the true theory of the gospel. The eighth and ninth chapters treat of the mediation of Christ and its Object, in the course of which the doctrines of the double nature and the atonement are examined. The subjects of the succeeding chapters are, "Salvation by Christ;" "The Trinity in Unity," with an account of the inconsistent and contradictory explanations of the doctrine sent out in different ages by its most noted advocates; "The Evidence relative to the Trinity;" "The Personality and Deity of the Holy Spirit;" "The doctrine respecting the Son of God, and respecting the Father; Trinitarian Creeds; the arguments of the ancient fathers, and of late writers on the sub-

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ject; and a brief account of the origin and progress of the doctrine and the causes of its continuance." We can in no way give so satisfactory a notion of the manner in which these various topics are treated, as by one or two extracts from the book itself. The seventeenth chapter is rendered particularly valuable by its numerous citations from orthodox writers of all ages, containing expressions or concessions utterly inconsistent with the trinitarian doctrine. We quote two or three of them, with the author's remarks; observing only, that as he gives no references, we are obliged to take on trust the correctness of his citations.

"Bishop Pearson says, 'It is most reasonable to assert, that there is but one person who is from none; and the very generation of the Son, and procession of the Holy Ghost, undeniably prove, that neither of those two can be that person. It followeth therefore, that this person is the Father. From hence he is styled one God, the true God, the only true God, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.' The Bishop does not say, (like modern Trinitarians,) the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, are God, or the only true God; but expressly, that it is the Father alone who is such. And again, he says, 'There can be but one person originally of himself subsisting; because a plurality of more *persons* so subsisting would necessarily infer a plurality of Gods. — Jesus Christ, who certainly is not the Father, cannot be a person subsisting originally of himself.' Such kind of expressions abound in the Bishop's exposition on the creeds. And Bishop Bull says, 'This assertion [of the Son's subordination] is particularly to be heeded, upon the account of some modern writers, who earnestly contend, that the Son may be properly stiled, God of himself; which opinion is both contary to their own hypotheses, who maintain it, and to the catholic doctrine. He [the Father] is derived from no original, is subject to none, and can no more be said to be sent by any, than to be begotten by any. Which things manifestly denote some superiority of the Father over the Son, even in that respect wherein he is most properly the Son of God.'

"The language of the learned Dr. Payn is very clear and expressive. 'The Father is the only self-existent, unoriginated Being, whom the Scriptures, creeds, and Christian offices call God, absolutely, and by way of eminence and prerogative. The Son is *produced* of the Father, and so is not [αὐτοθεός, or] God in that sense as the Father who is from none. But God, as it signifies a self-existent, unoriginated being, is predicated only of the Father.'"

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"Now, though it is strange, yet it is (or should be) well known, that these celebrated authors, from whom I have just quoted, have been and are now considered by many, as strong supporters of the doctrine of the Trinity. But to me it appears, (and I think it must so appear to every candid, intelligent Christian,) that they have fully *disproved* the doctrine; that they have actually demolished the essential and necessary pillars of its support; that they have annihilated the supposed supreme Divinity of the Son of God, showing clearly that he is of *himself* neither omniscient nor omnipotent; that he has no power, or property whatever, but what was given him of his Father; that they have destroyed the imagined equality between the supposed three persons, making the second and third subordinate, inferior, and obedient to, and dependent upon, the first, the Father Almighty; and that they have set at nought the impossible numerical unity of three in one, or technically speaking, trinity in unity."—pp. 308, 309, 313.

This paragraph on the personality of the Holy Spirit is a fair specimen of the writer's manner.

"The primâ facie evidence is against the personality of the Holy Spirit, because it is, in the original Greek, and in English, of the neuter gender; and if it is a person of any sort, it is the only person in heaven or earth, that is of that gender. Again, it has no proper name; and if it is entitled to personality, it is the only person in the Universe that has no name. The Holy Spirit is not a proper name; it is only the appellation of a thing or power. Proper names do not have the English article before them. We do not say *the* Jesus, *the* Peter, *the* Paul, or *the* John. Again, according to all we know of spirit, the spirit of a being is the being himself, his whole self, including all his powers and attributes; and not another distinct and different person of that being. The spirit of a man, though a complex being, spiritual and material, is considered to be the whole man, the whole and only person. Spirit or soul is often used in the Bible for man; as 'Eight souls were saved by water in the ark:' 'Let every soul be subject to higher powers.' And there is a stronger reason why the spirit of a purely, exclusively spiritual being should be considered *as* that being, the whole of that being, and not a part or person of him. The true, strict meaning, therefore, of the spirit of God must be God himself, the whole Deity, comprehending all his attributes, powers, and perfections; and not a distinct person or part of him, though it is often used in a figurative sense to denote a single attribute or power of him, as we shall notice here-

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after. Such being the primâ facie evidence in the case, there is a stronger reason, why the proof of the affirmative of the allegation of the personality and Deity of the spirit should be clear and positive. But such proof is not to be found anywhere in the Bible, in nature, or reason, or in anything we know. It is nowhere asserted in the Scriptures, that the Holy Spirit is God, or the third person in Deity; and certainly it is not so proclaimed in his works. We are therefore obliged to have recourse to inference, or presumptive evidence, to procure proof to support a presumption. This is the best we can do, until we have a new and different revelation, or unless we take the creeds, catechisms, or confessions of uninspired men, in place of a revelation of God." — pp. 224, 225,

We, perhaps, ought not to close without expressing our disapprobation of some of the ungracious epithets occasionally applied to the opinions or reasonings of other men. They are not only out of place in all fair argument, and therefore in all instances to be repressed, but they are at variance with the general spirit of the work, which is marked by a regard to the laws of courtesy and Christian charity.

H. W. jr.

NOTICES AND INTELLIGENCE.

The Theory and Uses of Natural Religion; being the Dudleian Lecture, read before the University of Cambridge, May 8th, 1839. By JOHN GORHAM PALFREY, D. D., LL. D., Professor of Biblical Literature. Boston. 1839. 8vo. pp. 76. — For some years back most of the Dudleian Lectures have been inserted entire in this Journal, and if that course had been taken with the lecture before us, the contribution would have been one of permanent value. As, however, the author has seen fit to give it to the public in another form, we ought before this to have announced its appearance. Our apology is that we hoped to find opportunity to prepare a more extended and elaborate review, such as the greatness of the subject, and the ability with which it is discussed, might justly claim. But we have waited to no purpose. There is indeed an essential difficulty in the case, growing out of the vast extent of ground gone over by the lecturer,

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and the consequent brief and sketchy character of the argument; which make it hardly possible, within reasonable limits, to notice the topics in order, or to find any to which such prominence has been given, as to arrest particular attention. Hence almost the only objection to the discourse. Some have thought that it partakes too much of the nature of a general summary of what might be said on the subject, and that it would have been better if the author had concentrated the lights of his ingenious, acute, and well stored mind on a few points, on which, if anywhere, it is now felt that the argument labors. But we must not choose for others the best application of their powers. It is enough that we have here a succinct statement of "the theory and uses of natural religion," which for its symmetry and compactness, its logical refinements, and scholar-like execution throughout, cannot fail to find as many admirers as readers.

The Poet's Tribute. By WILLIAM B. TAPPAN. Boston: D. S. King and Crocker & Brewster. — There are certainly numerous little faults in these compositions, as there have been, so far as we know, in most of the poems which the same author has given to the public. They are the work of one who, like Sprague, Whittier, and other of our most popular writers of this class, have been indebted in a great degree to themselves, and in a very small one to circumstances — to what are called "facilities" — for their education and success. Such men always must feel the ill effects of this process, as well as the good ones. Their mere style can very rarely be equal to their sentiments, talent, or spirit. Mr. Tappan's case is such a one. Witness, for example, the address to the "Pennsylvania," and those on "Texas" and on "Bunker Hill." These are full of spirit, full of talent, and on the whole very effective in spite of everything. But it is just as we say; they are effective, notwithstanding the author is not a master of mere style, though by the way, he has somehow or other possessed himself of a very considerable degree of literary skill too, and we are sometimes tempted to think the little crudities we complain of must be ascribed to carelessness altogether, so exceedingly fine a verse, line, or phrase does he strike out, as it were, when he has "a mind" for it. The Lines to his "Little Son," "Foretaste," and "Better Thoughts," are among numerous specimens of such composition. They leave us little to desire. These poems, and such as these, have gained their author a name, and what is better, they have endeared him to thousands of hearts, for many of his poems, we are well aware, have enjoyed a rather extraordinary circulation in their day. We advise him to adhere to this kind of poetry. His forte is in the

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devotional and domestic. And let him be studious of style, a little more than he has been. The spirit of his writings, we must do him the justice to say, is eminently excellent, cheerful, thoughtful, and full of the love of every living thing.

The Slave: or Memoirs of Archy Moore. Second Edition, two vols. in one, 12mo. pp. 238. Whipple and Damrel, 1840. — We rejoice in the multiplication and circulation of books like this. The abler the better; but we do not care so much for ability as for the spirit in which they are written. Books, pamphlets, reviews, newspapers, devoted to the discussion, morally and politically, of Slavery, cannot be printed too fast nor sent too far. These are the true means by which to affect and convert the public mind. We have every day less and less faith in public meetings, speeches, associations, and concerted action on the part of parent and branch societies, scattered over the face of the whole land — while we have more and more in the continual droppings of the Press. The argument or the tale which is read quietly at the family fireside or in the closet does a better work — its influences are more wholesome and more likely to be enduring than those which flow from the heated orator in the midst of a heated assembly. With a free press and a free mail — truth and freedom cannot but triumph.

The book before us, written with a great deal of talent, we understand is a fiction. It pretends not to be a narrative of real events. As a fiction it would have answered its end far better had the author adopted a simpler style; especially as it professes to be the autobiography of a slave. In its present form it is in this respect a constant violation of probability. We read in what professes to be the language of a slave, that which we feel a slave could not have written. A book on the same theme in the style of De Foe would have gone on the wings of the wind. But if Archy Moore is a fiction, inasmuch as its particular series of events never actually occurred, it still is fact in a much more important sense, inasmuch as events of a similar character, only we doubt not of even greater horror, are occurring every day wherever slavery exists. Another picture indeed might be drawn, which, in a particular instance, should represent the condition of the slave as in all respects comfortable, and in most, happy. There are we doubt not humane masters and happy slaves. But such a picture, if true in the particular, would be false in the general. We need only know the laws of the slave states and the necessary condition of a slave under them, to know that inhumanity and suffering must be the rule, mercy and contentment, the rare exception. Being then, as we believe, a true

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picture of the condition and character of master and slave in our southern states, we wish Archy Moore a wide circulation in our northern states, where, enjoying the freedom of even a Democracy ourselves, we have so few and cold sympathies for multitudes so near us — of the same race, and in many cases of an imperceptible difference of color — crushed by the weight of a slavery like that described in the volume before us. It may help to warm our hearts a little.

As the author appears to have resided in the southern states, and to have witnessed scenes similar to those he has described, we wish he would give a plain unvarnished narrative of all he saw, under the authority and warrant of his name. It is common with those who travel South and reside there for a short time, to return with softened feelings towards slavery and slaveholders. We have supposed the explanation to be, that they have witnessed only domestic slavery, not that of the fields. If our author has witnessed the whole, we should like to have his testimony, whatever it may be.

Delusion: or the Witch of New-England. Boston: Hilliard, Gray, & Co. 1840. — We have read this tale, founded on the witchcraft of the early days of New-England, with deep interest. It is the work of a thoughtful mind, warmly alive to whatever is beautiful in nature, and in human character and life. We think, however, the author has hardly done justice to her plan and materials. The plan is striking and ingenious, the materials abundant, and they would have borne much more expansion and elaboration. We do not see enough of Seymore: not enough to make us think think him worthy the lovely Edith, nor enough to enable us to justify him in the course he took at last. The final scenes are, though powerfully drawn, too hurried and brief. The writer has succeeded in what has proved so difficult — in throwing a very positive charm over New-England scenery and manners. The ride of Edith and her father through the woods, and the visit to the Lady Ursula, are full of life, and make a vivid impression upon the mind of the reader. Two goodly duodecimos, we must believe, would have done much better justice to the author and her plan.

A Sermon preached at the church in Brattle Square on Sunday morning, January 19, 1840, *on the destruction of the Lexington by fire, January* 19*th.* By S. K. Lothrop. — We have read with great satisfaction the discourse of Mr. Lothrop. It

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was fit that he should speak on such an occasion — every pulpit should have found a tongue. He uttered himself like one whose heart was full, and who spoke right on, and his words, as it ever is with one who speaks so, have gone to the heart. We thank him for having preached as he did, and for having printed what he preached. He has, we are sure, the thanks of the community and of many bereaved and sorrowing hearts. We are not surprised that the Sermon has reached a third Edition. We had marked several pasages for quotation, but we can find no room for them.

Pebblebrook, or the Harding Family. Boston: B. H. Green. — Whoever wrote Pebblebrook might do better things, provided he would write with his own pen and in his own manner. So long as he shall use the pen of another and copy the manner of another he will fail; and the public will prefer to read the originals. When we came to the life of Patrick Henry we at first supposed it a burlesque on a distinguished writer of the day. Viewed in that light it is as good as anything in the Rejected Addresses; viewed in any other light, and we can only say of it, as indeed of the whole volume — in a qualified sense — in the emphatic language of Sir Hugh Evans, "What affectations is these."

WILLIAM V. THACHER.

Died, July 16th, on his passage from Savannah to New York, Rev. William Vincent Thacher, aged 24.

The name of Thacher is one of the most frequent occurrence in the ecclesiastical annals of New England, and is inseparably connected with the church history of Boston. For eight successive generations this family has sent able and devoted laborers into the gospel vineyard, and four of them have been pastors of churches in this city, namely at the Old South, at the New North, at Brattle Street, and at Church Green. Their last ancestor in England was a minister at Salisbury; and the first that came over to this country, in 1635, was the founder of an uninterrupted succession of clergymen which has reached even to our own times, and has just suddenly terminated with the lamentable death of the youthful pastor of the church of Savannah.

William Vincent Thacher was born in Boston in 1815, and graduated at Harvard University in 1834. He then entered

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the Theological School at Cambridge, and devoted himself for three years to a preparation for the holy work which his pious ancestors for more than two hundred years had prosecuted, and to which he felt himself consecrated. By temperament and character he was peculiarly suited for the ministry, and he entered it from a deep sense of duty, and a sincere and ardent love of the profession. After preaching for a year in various places, he was ordained in this city, as an Evangelist, on the 14th of October last, and immediately proceeded to Savannah in Georgia, to preach to the vacant Unitarian church in that place.

Here he won all hearts by his amiable disposition and truly Christian spirit — by the gentleness of his manners, the suavity of his temper, and the urbanity of his address. And he not only gained the general esteem and love of that community, but commanded the respect and confidence of a highly intelligent and refined congregation. Under his ministrations the church grew and flourished as it never had done before. Persons of all denominations flocked to hear the young Evangelist, and several of the most respectable families of the place were led to unite themselves with the Society. The arduous and untried situation in which he was placed, was suited to excite his mind and task his powers to the uttermost; and it brought forth latent energies which even those who knew him best, and prized him most highly, hardly suspected were slumbering in his bosom. He was thrown entirely upon his own resources, and they proved adequate to every occasion and emergency. He became a powerful and popular preacher of the word. His Sunday evening lectures, in which he explained and defended the dictrines of Christianity as held by Unitarians, were so crowded, that sometimes hundreds were obliged to go away, unable to gain admission. His preaching, so earnest and yet so gentle, produced a strong impression in favor of the views which he inculcated. There are many now in this city who heard him during the past winter, and who bear testimony to the deep interest which he awakened, as well as to the warm attachment with which he was regarded.

He entered upon this work of an Evangelist with his whole heart and soul, and devoted himself to it with an unremitting zeal. He went to Savannah prepared to labor, to spend and be spent in his Master's service. In one of the first letters written after his arrival he says, "I am truly happy that I have been moved to come hither, and sincerely trust, and shall labor, that I may not have come in vain. I shall not scruple, in season and out of season, to do all, in whatever company I am, to com-

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municate our blessed faith — which I value all the more from the fact that so many about me do not know its worth." In another letter he says, "I am in perfect health. Though I have worked harder than I have ever done before, yet in view of the wants of my people and my duties to them, I feel myself yet idle. I must work harder still." Again he writes, "My labors this winter have been quite hard — but I never was as well as I now am. My mission to this place has been in every respect of great service to me. Be confident, my dear Sir, in my determination to be true to the cause whose propagation has been intrusted to me. We shall be sure to reap if we faint not. One thing I am determined upon, never to leave the pulpit unsupplied, whilst I have strength left me to preach in it." In one of his last letters, dated the 24th of June, he says, "The unremitted labor which has been required of me makes it necessary for me to seek some relaxation, particularly during the debilitating months of a southern summer. Much more has been accomplished here than I had any reason to hope. Three Sundays more remain for me — and after them you may think soon of seeing me face to face. If Providence permit, I shall be in Boston about the 25th of July.

Alas! the 25th of July has come and gone, and we have not seen him. He stayed too long and labored too hard. In consequence of exhaustion and exposure, he was taken ill on the 5th of July. With the disease still upon him, he sailed on the 12th for home; and as we were anxiously awaiting his arrival, hoping soon to grasp again that friendly hand, and to be once more cheered by the sweet tones of that gentle voice, the melancholy tidings reached us that on the 16th he died on the ocean. Peace to his pious and gentle spirit!

I have said that Mr. Thacher was peculiarly suited for the sacred office. He was so by his talents and acquirements; and still more so by his sweet and heavenly spirit — his singular mildness and benignity of disposition — his winning and almost feminine gentleness of demeanor — in these respects, as well as in his personal appearance, bearing a striking resemblance to his lamented uncle, late pastor of the church in Church Green. He followed the apostolic injunction, to be courteous and gentle unto all men. Yet, at the same time, he was possessed of a sound, discriminating intellect, and was firm and resolute in maintaining the opinions which he had deliberately formed. He had a calm, judicious, sober mind, which kept him from falling in with the mystical vagaries by which the minds of some of our young men have become bewildered. His good sense as well as his Christian principle led him to devote himself to sub-

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stantial realities — to the actual duties of private and professional life — to the absorbing and constantly recurring labors of the ministry. He was actuated by a sincere and earnest desire to be practically useful to the full extent of his abilities. To this end he labored in Savannah with an untiring diligence; and the flourishing church which he left there is a monument to his ministerial fidelity. This pleasant field of his labors, where he had experienced so much kindness, and met with such unexpected success, and which was also endeared to his heart as being the last resting-place of his venerated grandfather, he was unwilling to leave till the last moment — till disease had seized upon his frame, and marked him as its victim. He died upon his post, a martyr to duty, bequeathing to his desolate congregation and mourning relatives a character which they will always contemplate with affection and delight. Their grief at his early departure will be mitigated by the assurance which they feel, that he had finished the work which had been given him to do. "He being made perfect in a short time fulfilled a long time."

"Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis?"

The Church of Savannah, in grateful remembrance of his labors among them, have recently erected a monument to him in their church. The inscription is as follows.

IN MEMORY OF
REV. WILLIAM VINCENT THACHER,
PASTOR OF THIS CHURCH,

A MODEST AND HUMBLE CHRISTIAN.
THE PRINCIPLES AND PRECEPTS OF HIS MASTER,
WHICH HE INCULCATED FROM THE PULPIT,
HE EXEMPLIFIED IN HIS OWN CHARACTER,
AND ILLUSTRATED BY A CONSISTENT LIFE.
OF GENTLE MANNERS AND WARM AFFECTIONS,
HE WON MANY SOULS TO CHRIST
BY HIS MILD AND PATHETIC ELOQUENCE.
THOSE WHO MIGHT HAVE RESISTED A BOLDER APPEAL,
YIELDED TO HIS CALM AND QUIET TEACHING.
ACKNOWLEDGING THE POWER OF SINCERE PIETY,
AND THE CHARM OF SIMPLE GOODNESS.

HE WAS BORN IN BOSTON, APRIL 15, 1815,
AND DIED ON HIS PASSAGE
FROM SAVANNAH TO NEW YORK,
JULY 16, 1839.

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GERMAN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE. — The catalogues of new works, issued between January and July 1839, which we have received, do not offer so many promising titles as usual. We notice a falling off in the department of Philosophy and Theology in particular, but there appears no diminution of "Handbuchs," "Conversations-Lexicons," "Lebenbeschreibungen," and that miscellaneous "stuff" which abounds on *this* side of the water.

The most important works we have noticed are the following. A new edition of Plato is in progress, which is published in numbers, and is to be completed in 1842. It is edited by Messrs. *Baiter, Osell, & Winckelmann.* — *F. W. Krummacher*, author of the parables, has published a little work called Elias der Thisbiter nach seinem äussern und innern Leben. — *H. P. Fichtes* Leitschrift für Philosophie und speculative Theologie, still continues its existence.

G. E. Leo Geschichte der Reformation in Dresden and Leipsic.

H. Leo die Hegelingen.

Israelitische Annalen, (a Periodical for the history, literature, and culture of the Israelites of all times and countries, published weekly in 4to.)

J. L. König Alttestamentliche Studien, 2 vols. 8vo. The first volume was published 1836, and this contains Deuteronomy and Jeremiah. The book is written to counteract the "neological" views of von *Bohlen.*

Marriot's Collection of English miracle-plays, or mysteries, containing ten dramas from the Chester, Coventry, and Townly series. 1 vol. 8vo.

Auslegung des Speculativen Theiles Ev. Johannis, durch einen deutschen mystischen Theologen, (of the 14th century) ed. *Engelhardt.*

A new Edition is publishing of *Hoffmann's* Works.

Leben und Thaten der Heiligen, von Sinzel, (a collection of legends &c., relating to the lives of the Saints, publishing in numbers.)

Hengstenberg Beiträge zur Einleitung in A. T. Vol. III. (This contains a defence of the authenticity and genuineness of the Pentateuch.)

N. H. Julius Nordamerikas sittliche Zustände, 2 vols. 8vo. (This contains the results of his observations in America during the years 1834–1836. Vol. I. treats of the Country, its History, Religion, Education, Labor, and Society. Vol. II. of Crime and Punishment.)

J. C. F. Bähr Geschichte der Romischen Literatur (the 3d supplemental volume which treats of the Christian Literature down to the end of the Carlovingian period.)

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Leben des St. Thomas of Canterbury, herausgegeben von *Im. Bekker*, 1. 8vo., (in ancient Norman French.)

Von dem Siben Slafaeren (a poem of the 13th century on "the Seven Sleepers.") heraus von *Karajan*, 1 vol. 8vo.

C. F. Von Ammon Fortbildung der Christenheit, vol. 4th. (The *three first* volumes are in the course of translation for Mr. Ripley's Library of Foreign Standard Literature. The 4th contains an account of the latest Theology of Germany.)

Gesenius anecdota orientalia P. II. 4to. — *H. Heine*, Buch der Lieder, 3d ed. — *Lochner's* Geschichte des Mittelalters, 1 vol. 8vo. (This first volume comes down to the end of the crusades.)

F. Rückert Bramanische Erzählungen. — *Bernhardy* ed. Suidas Lexicon, 2 vols. 4to.

F. Strauss Zwei friedliche Blätter, 1 vol. 8vo. — *Hirzel* Rede für die Berufung des Dr. Strauss. (A small pamphlet containing a short, life of Dr. S. We notice 12 other pamphlets relating to the affairs of this gentleman.)

J. G. F. Grätie Lehrbuch ezner allg. Literärgeschichte aller bekannter Volker, vol. 2. 8vo., (to be continued.)

The large works mentioned in a former number of this Journal still continue to appear in regular numbers from time to time, e. g. *Oken's* Natur-Geschichte. *Ersch & Grubers* Encyclopedia. Corpus Reformatorum, and the various "Bibliotheken," of Greek, Latin, and German literature. Besides these, we notice a "classical library of English Novelists, (e. g. Fielding, Smollet, Goldsmith, &c., &c.,) and another of English Dramatists. There is also a Bibliotheca Patrum, conducted by *Gersdorf* and *Goldhorn*, 8vo. Vols. III. and IV. contain the works of Cyprian and Tertullian: — and a Bibliotheca portatil Española, which comprises a collection of the best poems, novels, dramas, &c. written in Spanish in this century. *Thiele's* commentarius on N. T. has reached the XIIIth volume, the last volume contains *Hoelemann's* Commentary on Ephesians and Philippians. The first part of the 2d volume of *Gesenius's* Thesaurus is published with the promise that the next shall appear early in 1840. We learn that a periodical is established at Athens; it is published twice every month, and the first number appeared April 1, 1839. It is called "Ὁ Νέος λόγιος Ἑρμῆς." is conducted by a large body of gentlemen, and edited by *A. M. Anselmos.* It is devoted to Theology, Philosophy, physical and mathematical Sciences, Antiquities, Philology, History, and public Instruction.

ERRATA FOR LAST VOLUME.

Page 92, 11 lines from top, for "inquiries" read "injuries."
348, 17 lines from bottom, for "mood" read "mind."
348, 7 lines from bottom, for "obstructions" read "abstractions."
404, 3 lines from top, for "momentary" read "momentous."

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THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

MAY, 1840.

ART. I. — *Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature.* Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY. Vols. V. and VI. *Containing Introduction to Ethics, including a Critical Survey of Moral Systems.* Translated from the French of Jouffroy. By WILLIAM H. CHANNING. Boston: Hilliard, Gray & Co. 1840.

THE German and English poets are not much indebted to the French for such criticisms and translations, as the countrymen of Voltaire have sent forth. It is far otherwise, however, with German and English philosophers. They are indebted to the French for the clearest exhibition of their various systems. The wrong, that Shakspeare and Milton, Goethe and Schiller have in time past experienced at the hands of Gallic critics, both by way of eulogy and satire, has been fully made up by the justice done by the philosophers of France to Cudworth, and Berkeley, and Kant, and other leading minds of English and German schools. We are indebted to Cousin for our clearest ideas of modern German philosophy. It is to be doubted whether so distinct a view of the aim and results of the Scotch metaphysicians is to be found elsewhere, as in the pages of Jouffroy's edition of Stewart. The French, indeed, are masters of the intellectual mint; they understand how to give thought such shape, that it will pass current. Commend us to the Germans for skill, ardor, and patience in digging out the precious metal from its depths, and to the English for readiness and talent to use it in actual business; but

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it must first pass through the French mint, and take the form and beauty, that fit it for practical purposes.

The efforts of Cousin to give a clear view of the progress of Psychology, in modern times, are familiar to most readers. Some are acquainted with the attempts of a far feebler genius, Baron Penhoën, to present a survey of recent German philosophy. But no French writer has appeared, whose labors can be so agreeable to English minds, as those of Jouffroy. To full enough of his national enthusiasm he adds all the cautious logic of the Scotch school, to which he has given so large a portion of his studies. There is cause for joy, that he has now turned his attention to Ethics, not only on account of the value of his own generous and rational ethical system, but for his inestimable survey of the most prominent of modern ethical systems.

The work, which Mr. Channing has so admirably translated, that the English seems like the original dress of the thoughts, and none of the usual marks of a translation appear, presents Jouffroy's Introduction to a long and elaborate course of ethical inquiries. The volumes now translated give the author's view of the Object and Division of Ethical Science, and of the Facts of Man's Moral Nature, but are chiefly taken up by a survey of the various ethical systems. Jouffroy's own system is not here fully presented, but will be given in the third volume of the Introduction, which is soon to be forthcoming from the the author, — quite soon, we fervently hope. We trust, that Jouffroy's entire plan will ere long be executed, and the series thus introduced will be followed by his courses of Lectures on Personal Ethics, or a system of the duties, which a man owes himself. Actual Ethics, or the principles of conduct, by which a man should be governed in his relations to things; Social Ethics, or the science of rights and duties arising from the various relations, in which man stands to man; lastly, Natural Religion, which has for its subject the relations of man toward God, and a determination of the duties resulting thence.

We pass over the Preface of the translator, observing, that to such completeness it so adds the grace of brevity, as to make it more advisable to refer the reader to it directly, than to afford him any mutilated extracts.

It must not be forgotten, that the work now before us in a translation has been elaborately reviewed from the original in a former number of our journal, by one who is master of the sub-

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ject. That review so well indicated Jouffroy's position among the French Eclectics, and the worth of his philosophical labors, as to render further comment upon these points needless. It, moreover, explained sufficiently the aim of Jouffroy's ethical labors, and gave an outline of his own system. A very humble task is ours. We will take up the subject, where the former review left it, and give a brief account of the able and interesting survey of the various moral systems, which are examined by the author.

In the opening lecture, the author, having previously inquired into the destiny of man in the present life, and his future being, proceeds to unfold his subject by presenting the question, "The end, to which man is destined, being known, what should be his conduct under all possible circumstances?" or, in other words, "What are the proper rules of human conduct?" This question into the proper rules or laws of human conduct, of course, implies the idea of *obligation*. Now, if there be no such thing as obligation, there can be no laws of action, and consequently no system of ethics; and since the reality of any such obligation is denied, actually by some, and virtually by others, the science of ethics must be preceded by an examination of such denials, and a proof of the reality of moral obligation. This examination the author proceeds to make, after having briefly stated his division of the science of ethics into four parts, corresponding to man's four great relations, and after having given a summary of the facts of man's moral nature.

A knowledge of the facts of man's moral nature is, of course, necessary to an understanding of the nature and reality of moral obligation; for moral obligation can have no existence for us, unless it be founded in the nature of man. With singular clearness and fulness, the author, in two lectures, presents a view of these facts. The first class of facts are the impulses or *the primitive tendencies of human nature*, which, from infancy, carry the being forward, and independently of all calculation, lead it towards particular ends, which, taken together, make up its final end. Later in life, we call these tendencies the passions. Soon, the active principle borrows the aid of the understanding, and the being begins to compare the different desires and objects of desire, and to seek that, which promotes his greatest pleasure; and then comes the period of *self-interest*. Finally, reason awakes, and, not content with consulting for

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the selfish good of the passions, asks, what is the true aim of being, and prescribes the highest good, as the end of human activity. Thus, we are brought to the third state of humanity; first, the period of *impulses;* secondly, of *self-interest;* thirdly, of rational aims, or the pursuit of the highest good, which produces real *morality.* In the best sense of the word, self-love is true morality; not, indeed, the love of following one's passions and low interests, but the desire to fulfil the true aim of one's being, and to govern self according to the idea of that universal order, which has been ordained by God.

The three states, mentioned above, are not found separately in any of the periods of life, but they coexist. Sometimes the impulses, self-interest and morality, prompt to the same action. Sometimes morality wars for a time with passion and self-love, and is victor or vanquished. The passions usually are first to show themselves, then self-interest appears, and reason gives the crown of completeness to the character. But these different states are found, more or less, in all minds.

They, who deny the existence of moral obligation, may be divided into three classes. One class maintains, that there can be no law of moral obligation, while a second asserts, that there really is none. These two classes deny the possibility of ethical science. A third class destroys the law, by mutilating it, and giving a false or imperfect representation of its foundation and extent. These deniers of moral obligation are to be met by an appeal to facts, in answer to the question, "Is there a law of moral obligation, or is there not?" The appeal to the facts of human nature proves, that reason reveals to us an imperious law of action, superior to passion and self-interest, — a law, which has witness of its sanctity in every human soul. They, who deny such a law of obligation, may do so; first, by asserting, *a priori*, and as a necessary result of a general principle, that there can be no such law; secondly, by not seeing among the facts of human nature the foundation principles of this law; and lastly, by mutilating the facts, although recognising them; thus substituting a false law of obligation for the true one.

I. Now there are four systems, that belong to the first class, and deny the possibility of a law of moral obligation. These are pantheism, mysticism, skepticism, and necessity, or the system that denies the freedom of the will.

Pantheism, by denying the separate existence of man, and

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attributing all actions to God, destroys the doctrine of free-will.

Mysticism, by maintaining that it is impossible to do good in this world, and the human soul is powerless, while on earth, recommends the passive state, as the only reasonable one, and prevents the holding any rules of moral obligation.

Skepticism denies that there can be any certain knowledge, either on the ground of the contradictions of human opinion, or of the little trust-worthiness of the human faculties, even in cases where human judgments might not differ.

The doctrine of necessity, which, more or less, runs through the three other systems, is sometimes brought forward by itself, and must deny the possibility of a law of moral obligation.

A lecture is devoted to a consideration of the system of necessity, especially as expounded by Hobbes and Hume. If the author's refutation of this system cannot boast the merit of originality, it may surely be recommended to all such as are not yet freed from perplexities regarding "fixed fate and free-will," as being the clearest known statement of the arguments for moral freedom. The remarkable article in favor of the doctrine of necessity, by the author of "Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions," has surely no more than Jouffroy's clearness, and far less breadth of vision.

The lecture on the system of Mysticism is a noble theological essay, as well as a beautiful piece of philosophy. It conclusively shows the pernicious results of the doctrine, that condemns this life as worthless and aimless, and as, of course, no sphere for real morality. The consequence, however, which the logician may draw from the mystic's denunciations of the world and contempt of life, is not always actually deduced by the mystic devotee. Sad, indeed, as have been the results of mysticism in dens and cells, both by encouraging idle dreaming and licentious surrender to the passions, the system has produced some noble fruits. All, who are acquainted with a Kempis, will love his mystic piety, and not deny its morality; and, doubtless, many contemplations, sublime as the *Imitatio Christi*, have taken place in cell of monk, and not been saved from oblivion.

Spinoza is taken as a representative of the Pantheistic system, and is considered at some length. This part of Jouffroy's work will be most novel to our philosophical inquirers. Very

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little is known of Spinoza; and since attention has of late been drawn to his works by a recent controversy, it is fortunate, that Jouffroy's survey of his system comes in aid of the very able pamphlet, just issued, regarding it. Our author brings the whole power of his transparent style and clear method to the elucidation of Spinoza, and yet does not profess fully to understand him. He thinks, that the Jewish Pantheist does not carry out his system to its logical results, but virtually gives the lie to his system, by asserting a law of moral obligation.

Next the system of Skepticism is considered. One lecture is given to a statement of it; another to its refutation; and a third to the Skepticism of the present age. This third lecture has already appeared in our journal.

II. Now closes the consideration of the four systems, that deny the possibility of moral obligation, and the author proceeds to the next class, and considers those, who destroy moral obligation, by overlooking the moral facts upon which it is based. He begins with the selfish system as represented by Hobbes, and then takes up that of Bentham. He gives to Hobbes the praise of perfect consistency with his main principle, but triumphantly refutes the assertion, that the love of pleasure is the sole motive of human actions. Without going so far as to vindicate the reality of disinterested virtue, it must be obvious to all, that many of our indifferent, or even inferior actions, are performed without any deliberate pursuit of pleasure or self-interest, and the baser passions blindly seek their own ends, without any reference to self-interest, or calculation of consequences.

Bentham's system of utility our author treats at great length, and shows plainly an inconsistency in the system, by the confounding individual utility with general utility. Bentham takes it almost for granted, that every individual seeks his own utility; and although this position is unwarranted, he goes on to assume, moreover, that the general utility is the true law of moral obligation. Whence this abrupt transition from individual utility to general utility he does not show.

III. Having disposed of the selfish systems, the author proceeds to the third class, those, which neither deny the possibility of moral obligation, nor place it in mere selfishness, but recognise the fact of disinterestedness, and yet mistake its true foundation.

The first systems of this third class are the sentimental. Of

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these, Smith asserts the foundation of morality to be in sympathy; Hutcheson, in an instinctive sentiment, or moral sense; Shaftesbury, in benevolent affection; Butler, in a natural conscience, whose perceptions are immediate; Hume, in an instinct we have of what is useful; Rousseau and Jacobi, in feeling; Mackintosh, in a factitious love of ultimate good. Jouffroy does not quarrel with these authors for asserting the reality of moral sentiment, but because they make moral principle entirely dependant upon vague sentiment, and do not allow its foundation in the ideas of absolute reason. We could wish, that he had made his researches more complete upon these points, and considered more fully the German sentimentalists. Little is said of Jacobi, and nothing of Fries, whose philosophy makes great account of the sentiments.

The survey of the third class of imperfect systems closes by a view of the rational systems, which, the author deems, approach very nearly the truth. Price places the origin of moral obligation in the immediate perception of the qualities of action by the intellect, and is evidently the favorite moralist of Jouffroy. Price, however, is declared defective in this one point. He does not refer moral judgments to absolute ideas of the reason, but merely to the qualities of actions immediately perceived. Whereas, Jouffroy deems that there is an absolute good made known by the reason, and with reference to which all particular actions are judged. Hence, different moral judgments may be explained, without denying the immutability of moral good. If moral judgments are immediate perceptions, all minds ought to judge alike; but if they proceed from a reference of individual actions to an absolute law, there is full room for difference of opinion in regard to the application of the law to different circumstances, and all ground for denying the immutability of the absolute law is taken away. The mistakes of the calculator do not impeach the principles of arithmetic.

The system of Price is held virtually by Reid and Stewart.

Jouffroy closes his review of rational systems of ethics, by applying his doctrine of the origin, in reason, of the law of absolute good to the system of Wollaston, who maintains virtue to consist in conformity to truth; to that of Clarke and Montesquieu, who define morality, as acting according to nature; to that of Malebranche, who refers virtue immediately to God; to that of Wolf, the disciple of Leibnitz, who has resolved the idea of good into that of perfection.

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Thus ends the survey of ethical systems. A noble charity, as well as singular lucidity, pervades the whole. That element of truth, from narrow and exclusive attachment to which all false and partial systems spring, is always pointed out. So much justice is done to the authors whom Jouffroy most opposes, as to make us fear in the outset, lest he will be unable to meet the enemy, whose forces he has himself marshalled in the most advantageous array. A better era will dawn upon philosophy, and upon every controverted science, if this fair eclectic spirit is carried out, and men make due allowance for the truths and merits of opposing systems, without suffering charity, as is too often the case, to degenerate into indifference. To remarkable tolerance of all warring systems Jouffroy adds the most earnest faith in absolute truth and hearty attachment to his own mode of philosophizing, and its results.

With two comments we bring this cursory article to a close.

No one, who is the least conversant with the state of our community, will deny the great need of a work like that before us, or question its practical importance. There is not a single form of error combated by Jouffroy, which has not many representatives among us. With us, there are necessitarians of every kind; some phrenologically, some sensually, some religiously so; mystics, despising practical understanding and active virtue, and idolizing a vague ideality, that gives such intimations of better worlds, as to make the present life contemptible; pantheists, both of the materialist and spiritual schools; skeptics, some laughing at the follies of human judgments, others deploring the uncertainty of all knowledge, and the impossibility of absolute truth. There are, also, representatives of the selfish systems, in great abundance; Hobbists and Benthamites; the former taking a devilish joy in reducing all motives to the very lowest possible; the latter very benevolently declaring worldly utility as alike the motive and criterion of moral obligation. Indeed, there is pretty good reason to believe, that although Hobbism, whenever it should show its naked front, would be hooted at by our people, Benthamism would stand in no liability of the honors of martyrdom from the American nation.

We have also sentimentalists in plenty, — alike of the school of Rousseau and Byron, of Smith and Hutcheson, not to say anything of Richter and Carlyle. We have heard preach-

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ing that certainly has appeared to us to dethrone prudence and reason, and worship an indefinable spontaneity. Both religion and morality are represented as based upon feelings, which can have nothing to do with reason or understanding. Act out yourself, — the word is, — act out yourself; and we are not favored with any criterion of our true self, — any absolute law, which shall show us, which self we ought to act out, — the self of passion, or worldly prudence, or of reason. In the disgust of some of our brethren at dogmas and systems, they seem to have attacked every rational idea of duty. Impatient of being confined to the letter, they have so glorified the spirit, as to forget that the letter and spirit agree, and ought not to be so vehemently arrayed against each other. Perhaps a remark of a great German sentimentalist may give a pretty good idea of one of the tendencies of the age, and by no means an utterly blameworthy one. "Yes," says Jacobi, "I would lie like the dying Desdemona; I would deceive like Orestes, when he wished to die in the stead of Pylades; I would assassinate like Timoleon; I would be a perjurer like Epaminondas and John de Witt; I would give myself to suicide like Cato; I would be sacrilegious like David; for I have an assurance in myself, that in pardoning these faults, which are so only according to the letter, man exercises the sovereign right, which the majesty of his being confers on him; he sets the seal of his divine nature to the grace, which he grants."

There are also representatives of an imperfect rational school among us; some looking for the law of obligation into the cold and critical understanding, and others in their ideal flights, soaring above all earthly sympathies into regions of perpetual cold, and teaching a morality, that is cold as ice, though it may be as clear. Kantians are of this latter class.

There is a great need of a full and lucid exposition of true morality, and at the same time a full appreciation of the elements of truth in all predominant systems and opinions. There is hardly a discussion in a philanthropic society, or debating club, or knot of street disputants, that does not concern the first principles of morals. The theological controversies of the age hinge almost entirely upon cardinal points of ethics. Common conscience, indeed, keeps all well disposed men from going far astray. Yet, many well disposed men are drawn into many practical and speculative absurdities. Moreover, even if the common moral feeling were healthy, we should need a moral

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science, and the age demands, that scientific inquiry should be carried into every subject of human interest.

Speaking of the connexion of moral science with theological subjects, we are led to our last remark. Ethical questions have their chief practical interest, and to the multitude their speculative interest, as being connected with the dogmas of religion. How much more interest men take in the theological view of necessity, for instance, than in the abstract philosophical view. Calvin's doctrine of decrees, and the same doctrine carried out into ultra Universalism, have far more interest for the people, than the speculations of Leibnitz or Priestley.

Since Ethics have so much charm and influence in connexion with religion, we need a system, that shall show morality in its relations to religion. It is no work of coercion to bring them together. They both spring from the same great source, and both point to the same great end. He, who will show morality and religion in their true union, will also decide the much contested question of the reconciliation of faith and works.

We need a true system of Christian Ethics. A truth-seeking spirit, indeed, will not wander far from duty, by keeping near Jesus and feeding upon his word. But we need a scientific exhibition of the truths of that word, and of their relation to that word of God, of old written upon the human soul, and by no means utterly erased as yet.

Something has been done towards such a work in England, something in Germany. Yet the English does not contain what may be truly called a scientific system of Christian Ethics. It is but recently, that the Germans have undertaken to apply their genius for generalizing to ethical subjects. The English have moralized too much without philosophizing, and the Germans have philosophized too much without moralizing. Kant did something for Ethics, but his system is cold and unchristian, — far less edifying than that of his less scientific opponent, Reinhard. Fichte and Schelling have been occupied with problems too sublime to deal with such an every-day thing, as morality. Schleiermacher has sought to exhibit moral science in all its vastness and unity, and apply to it the principles of Schelling's philosophy of nature. We wish that Jouffroy had added to his chapters upon Spinoza's Ethics one on Schleiermacher's system, for we have many a time of late puzzled our brains with it, and seen just enough of meaning to

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vex us that we cannot see the whole. Doubtless, the lucid expositor of the Jewish Pantheist would find far less difficulty with the German Plato. De Wette, in several works, has given a system of ethics, that is far more congenial to our English sense, than that of any other German philosopher. His system seems to us to be not unlike that of Jouffroy, and to do justice to every element of human nature, whether passion, will, self-interest, or reason. It has, in addition, the merit of applying ethical science to Christianity, and giving a philosophical statement of the ethics of the Gospel.

There are no subjects more interesting than the influence of science upon religion, and no part of that subject is more important than the history of modern philosophy in its connexion with practical religion or Christian Ethics. The progress of Ethics since the Reformation well illustrates that connexion. An article on the history of Christian Ethics in the Protestant world may at some future time be presented to the readers of this journal.

S. O.

Art. II. — The Samaritan Pentateuch.

Almost within our own day, the Christian world have come into possession of a new copy of the Pentateuch, little known out of a small circle of scholars. It is written in the Samaritan language, and appears to be wholly independent of the Hebrew, which we are accustomed to read in the Common Version of the Scriptures. They have come down to us through different channels; the Hebrew copy through the Jews, the descendants of the people who inhabited the ancient kingdom of Judah, and the Samaritan, through the Samaritans, the descendants of the people who inhabited the ancient kingdom of Israel. It is well known that, about five centuries after Moses' death, in the year 975 B. C., and in the reign of Rehoboam, son of Solomon, the powerful empire of the Hebrews was dismembered, and separated into two kingdoms, — the kingdom of Judah, and the kingdom of Israel; the former, including the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, who adhered to the party of

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Rehoboam, and appear in the history of later times under the name of Jews; the latter, the remaining ten tribes, who revolted under Jeroboam, and retained the ancient name of Israelites. The kingdom of Israel lasted, with some intervals of anarchy, through a period of two hundred and fifty-three years. The country was then conquered by Shalmaneser, king of Assyria; the inhabitants were carried captive into Assyria and different parts of Media, and the Ten Tribes are never heard of more. In their place were substituted colonists from Babylon, Cutha, and other cities, who soon became incorporated with the common Israelites that were left in the land — for it appears they were not all carried into captivity. The whole of this mixed population of Israelites, Babylonians, and Cuthæans was now comprehended under the general name of Samaritans, from Samaria, the capital city of the ancient kingdom; and it is by this name that they are afterwards known in history.

In the lapse of ages this once numerous and powerful people have gradually dwindled down to a few poor families, who still linger about the holy mountain, where their fathers worshipped. As a nation and as a peculiar religious sect, they are at the present day all but extinct. In their existing circumstances, there is nothing left to remind us of their former prosperity and power. Their very name is well nigh blotted out from the memory of the living. In a few short years, and they will utterly disappear from the face of the earth, and be numbered among the nations that have passed away. Gibbon, speaking of them in the reign of Justinian, says they were "a motley race, an ambiguous sect, rejected as Jews by the Pagans, by the Jews as schismatics, and by the Christians as idolaters." After this period we meet with few traces in history of their separate national existence. Under the bloody persecutions of Justinian, twenty thousand of their number were slain, twenty thousand sold into captivity, and the handful that remained was soon scattered abroad among the nations. Rabbi Benjamin, in an Itinerary written seven hundred years ago, says that he found about four hundred at Damascus, three hundred at Ashkalon, two hundred at Cæsarea in Palestine, and one hundred at Shechem. Scaliger says, that in his time they had Synagogues at Shechem, Jerusalem, Gaza, Cairo, and Damascus. Most of them lived then at Damascus. In 1697, Maundrell visited the Samaritans at Naplosa, or Naplous — the Shechem or Sychem of the Old Testament, and the Sychar of the New.

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It stands in a narrow valley between Mount Gerizim on the south, and Mount Ebal on the north, upon the former of which was built the ancient Samaritan temple. Maundrell describes this place as being then in a very mean condition compared with what it is represented to have been anciently. The chief priest of the Samaritans showed him a copy of their Pentateuch, but could not be persuaded to part with it upon any consideration. They still had a small temple on Mount Gerizim, whither they repaired at certain seasons to celebrate the rites of their religion; but what those rites were, he could not certainly learn. Naplosa appears to have become their chief place of residence in modern times, as being the seat of their ancient worship consecrated by the veneration of ages.

As much curiosity has of late years existed among the learned in Europe in regard to this extraordinary people, they have been frequently visited by more recent travellers. The latest and most satisfactory information we have seen as to their present state and their religious views and customs, is from our countryman, Mr. Stephens, in his "Incidents of Travel" in the Holy Land. According to him, there are now only about sixty Samaritan families left in the town of Naplosa. He stopped, while there, at the house of a Samaritan, where he tells us that, with one exception, he "was received, fed, and lodged better than in any other place in the Holy Land." He visited the Samaritan Synagogue, "a small room about fifteen feet square, with nothing striking or interesting about it, except what the Samaritans say is the oldest manuscript in the world, a copy of the Pentateuch," preserved in a tin case and described as "tattered and worn, and bearing the marks of extreme age" — a copy, about which they have a tradition, that it was written by Abishua, the grandson of Aaron, three years after the death of Moses. He entered freely into conversation with some of their number, particularly with an old man, the brother of his host. "This old man," says Mr. Stephens, "asked me many questions about the Samaritans in England, (of America he had no knowledge,) and seemed determined to believe that there were many in that country, and told me that I might say to them, wherever I found them, that there they believed in one omnipotent and eternal God, the five Books of Moses, and a future Messiah, and the day of the Messiah's coming to be near at hand; that they practised circumcision, went three times a year up to Mount Gerizim, 'the everlasting mountain,' to worship

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and offer sacrifice, and once a year pitched their tents and left their virgins alone on the mount for seven days, expecting that one of them would conceive and bring forth a son, who should be the Messiah; that they allowed two wives, and in case of barrenness, four; that the women were not permitted to enter the Synagogue, except once a year during fast, but on no account were they permitted to touch the sacred scroll; and that, although the Jews and Samaritans had dealings in the market-places, &c., they hated each other now as much as their fathers did before them." There seems no reason to doubt the substantial correctness of this testimony in regard to the religious sentiments and practices, which prevail among the Samaritans.*

As a race, the Samaritans have always kept themselves aloof from the Jews. To this day they scrupulously refuse all

* Since writing the above, we have met with some further interesting notices of the present state of the Samaritans in the "Sketches of Oriental Religions" by Dr. Bowring of England. The reader will find them abridged in the March number of the "Monthly Miscellany of Religion and Letters." The following extracts may be compared with the account given by Stephens. "I found," says Dr. Bowring, "that the number of Samaritan families now living at Sychar is eleven, consisting of about one hundred and twenty persons." "Their numbers had at one period been reduced to as low as sixty individuals, but they were now somewhat on the increase." "They told me they had no positive information of any Samaritans except themselves." "The chief priest brought from the interior of the temple the ancient copy of the Pentateuch, which he assured me was the unpolluted original, and was three thousand, four hundred, and sixty years old. Its appearance is of a far higher antiquity, than any manuscript I have ever seen. It has been carefully and frequently repaired; it is in the old Samaritan character, and I found it was read with facility by himself and his descendants, and was habitually used in the service of the temple. But the language has ceased to be employed for colloquial purposes among the Samaritans, though they all professed to understand it." "There are four yearly festivals on Mount Gerizim, accompanied by religious ceremonies. At the principal one, the Passover, the whole body of Samaritans attend, and the Scribe told me it was a very imposing and interesting festivity, with much rejoicing and feasting, and songs and sports." "The Mahomedan Governor bore testimony to their general respectability. He said they were a quiet and a harmless people, and among the most trustworthy of the population of Naplous." "The Scribe was a man of mild and gentle manners, and I asked him what were the feelings of the Samaritans generally towards the Hebrews. 'We have no love to them in our hearts;' was his reply." There are some apparent discrepancies between the statements of Stephens and Bowring, which we know not how to reconcile.

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friendly intercourse and all reconciliation with their old hereditary enemies. At the same time it is worthy of observation, that, in common with the Jews, they have constantly cherished the expectation of a Messiah to come. And what is still more remarkable, they have never acknowledged the divine authority of any other Scriptures, than the Five Books of Moses. They have also in their hands defective copies of the books of Joshua and Judges, but do not allow them the same authority with the Pentateuch. It is a most interesting fact, too, in their religious history, that, through all the vicissitudes of their political condition, they have faithfully preserved among themselves the worship of the one true God. They have been generally distinguished for their ardent attachment to the law of Moses, a rigid adherence to its letter, and the strict observance of its rites. As a curious illustration of their attachment to the law, Dr. Huntington says, that, when he visited the Samaritans in the East, he met one of them with a manuscript copy of it hung round his neck, affectionately carrying it in his bosom.

The Samaritans of our Saviour's time appear to have been much more disposed to receive his instructions and acknowledge his claims, than the Jews were. The few incidental notices of them in the Gospels are all most interesting and strongly marked, as well as highly honorable to the national character. We need only allude to the beautiful parable of the Good Samaritan; to that memorable interview between our Lord and the woman of Samaria; to that scene of yet more affecting interest, which occurred at the miraculous cleansing of the ten lepers, only one of whom turned back to glorify God, "and he was a Samaritan." Indeed, in whatever light we look at this singular people, we cannot but regard their character and fortunes with more than ordinary interest, whether we contemplate them, as the feeble remnant of a once flourishing nation, who have survived the revolutions of empires, yet are destined ere long to utter extinction — as the only remaining descendants of the Ten Tribes of Israel — as the acknowledged conservators of a language written in characters known to be the oldest in the world, of which any remains are extant, and spoken by the patriarchs of old — as a religious body, who have always adhered to the worship of the one true God, and yet ever refused to acknowledge the authority of any Scriptures, but the Five Books of Moses — or finally, as a people, to whom the Christian world are indebted for a new text of the Pentateuch,

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believed to be the most ancient in existence, and written in the vernacular language of its author.

It is from these poor, scattered representatives of the ancient Samaritan nation, that about two centuries ago, a copy of their Pentateuch was first received in Europe, and at the same time, a Samaritan version, with which it should not be confounded. The one is an original copy of the Five Books of Moses in the old Samaritan character; the other a literal version of the same into the later Samaritan dialect. The Samaritan text, we may here take occasion to remark, is entirely free from vowel points and accents.

The first we hear of the Samaritan Pentateuch, in ancient times, is from those Christian Fathers, who applied themselves to the critical study of the Jewish Scriptures. The earliest direct testimony to its existence is found in the writings of Origen, at the beginning of the third century after Christ. In commenting upon Numbers xiii. 1, he says: — "In the beginning of Deuteronomy also, Moses records these things, which we have tranferred from *the Hebrew copy of the Samaritans.*" And again on Numbers xxi. 13: "These things also Moses mentions in the book of Deuteronomy which we found only in *the Samaritan copy.*" Jerome, in his Prologue to the Book of Kings, says: "*The Samaritans write the Pentateuch of Moses with just as many letters*, varying only in their angles and their forms," — that is, their alphabet contains the same number of letters with the Hebrew, (of which he had just been speaking,) the only difference being, that the Samaritan characters are not shaped like the Hebrew. And again, in commenting on Galatians iii. 10, he observed that a quotation made by Paul from Deuteronomy did not correspond with the Hebrew text — "On which account, he adds, reading over again *the Hebrew volumes of the Samaritans*, I found the word that was wanting." There are many similar allusions to this copy of the Pentateuch in the writings of Jerome. It is also cited or alluded to by Eusebius of Cæsarea, Cyril of Alexandria, Procopius of Gaza, Diodorus of Tarsus, and Syncellus. One of the old Greek Scholiasts has more numerous references to it, than are to be found in any other single writer.

Such are the unquestionable evidences, that the Pentateuch of the Samaritans was in the hands of the early Fathers. And now we are introduced to one of the most remarkable incidents in the history of sacred or profane literature. After so many of the

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Fathers had left on record their testimony to its existence, it fell into utter oblivion for more than a thousand years. Whether it was that they had only a copy or two, which they took no pains to have transcribed, because the Hebrew and the Septuagint were the manuscripts in common use — or, whether they quoted from a Greek version, which is now lost, as there are some reasons for believing — certain it is that, from the time of Jerome to the beginning of the seventeenth century, we find no traces in the history of sacred criticism of its being extant among European Christians. No allusion is made to it by any Christian writer within that period. And when the common version of the Scriptures was made in 1611, our translators could not have availed themselves of it in their labors to improve the Hebrew text of the Pentateuch.

Down to the first quarter of the seventeenth century, then, the existence of the Samaritan copy was known only by the quotations of the Christian Fathers. As it had never been seen in modern times, or cited by any writer for about twelve hundred years, its very existence began to be called in question. At last it was suggested, that some copies of it might yet be preserved among the few Samaritan families in the East. To this point the attention of scholars was drawn at about the same time, as it happened, in England and France. In the year 1616, Pietro della Valle procured a complete copy from the Samaritans at Damascus; and, in 1623, it was presented to the Library of the Oratory at Paris by Achilles Harlay de Sancy, then minister from France to Constantinople, and afterwards Bishop of St. Malo. It was first described by John Morin in the preface to his edition of the Roman text of the Septuagint (Paris, 1628); and afterwards more at length in his "*Exercitationes Ecclesiasticæ in utrumque Samaritanorum Pentateuchum*" (Paris, 1631). In 1641 was published the Paris Polyglot; and here Father Morin printed the first edition of the Samaritan Pentateuch, with its version, from a single manuscript, that, namely, which had been purchased at Damascus by Della Valle.

In the mean time, English scholars began to be interested in the same subject. As early as the year 1559, Joseph Scaliger had opened a correspondence with the Samaritans at Naplosa, and obtained some new information in regard to their numbers and circumstances. He complained to the learned men of his day of the sad indifference of European Christians, who year

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after year travelled to Palestine without bringing home a copy of the Pentateuch, which was now known to be extant among the Samaritans there. His complaints were long disregarded. At length, some time between the years 1620 and 1630, at his earnest recommendation, Archbishop Usher succeeded in obtaining six copies from the East. Five of these are still preserved in different English Libraries; the sixth, which the Archbishop presented to Ludovicus de Dieu, appears to have been lost. In 1621, a copy was brought to Italy, and is now in the Ambrosian Library at Milan. About the same time, Peiresc purchased three additional copies; two of which are in the Royal Library at Paris, and the other in the Library of Barberini at Rome. To these copies others have since been added; so that Kennicott, near the middle of the last century, had sixteen manuscripts to compare together, most of them, however, more or less defective. There is also known to be a copy of great antiquity at Naplosa, which, in the year 1690, was examined by Dr. Huntington, and then said to be about five hundred years old. Attempts have been made to purchase this manuscript of the Samaritans, but without success. In August, 1734, Mr. John Usgate, in a letter to a friend at Oxford, dated from Acre, writes, — that he had been at Naplosa the preceding February; that several families of the Samaritans then resided there, and had still their old manuscript of the Pentateuch, some passages of which were so effaced as to be scarce legible; that he had made proposals, and hoped soon to agree with the Samaritans for the purchase of it, of which, he adds, he would send his friend notice. But no such notice was ever received, the purchase having been prevented by the death of Mr. Usgate, who, soon after the date of this letter, was assassinated by a party of Persians. This appears to have been the same manuscript, that was seen by Maundrell, and more recently by Stephens and Dr. Bowring, said by the Samaritans to be the oldest in the world. If it be the same, it doubtless remains at Naplosa to this day.

In 1657, Walton introduced the Samaritan Pentateuch into his London Polyglot, with emendations of the text as published in the Paris edition. In 1790, Dr. Blayney published an edition of it at Oxford in Hebrew characters.*

* With regard to the age of the Samaritan manuscripts, it cannot be satisfactorily settled at this day. There are no sufficient data, on

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Such is the history in brief of this copy of the Pentateuch, since it was brought from the East to Europe. And here the first question, which naturally suggests itself to the mind, is, how do we know it to be a copy of the same text with that lost one, which was in the hands of the Fathers in the third and fourth centuries of the Christian era? All doubts on this point have been put to rest by the exact correspondence of our present copies with the citations made by the Fathers. In comparing the quotations of the Fathers from the Hebrew with the modern Hebrew text, considerable discrepancies are not unfrequently detected. But with such care have the Samaritans transcribed their manuscripts, that these are found to contain all the citations made more than a thousand years before, and in the very words, in which they then were made. Precisely the same agreements and differences, too, between the Hebrew and Samaritan texts, which the ancients noticed as existing in their day, are found between our present copies of the Hebrew and Samaritan. There can remain no doubt, then, that the manuscripts anciently in use, which the Fathers had from the Samaritans of their time, were transcripts of the same text, that was brought from the East in the seventeenth century; and thus it is clearly traced back to the beginning of the third century after Christ.

And further; from that memorable conversation between our Saviour and the woman of Samaria, recorded in the Gospels, may we not gather hints of its existence among the Samaritans of Naplosa, (or Sychar, as it was then called,) at the commencement of the Christian era? The narrative in the fourth chapter of John furnishes abundant evidence, that this Samaritan woman, in common with her countrymen, confidently expected the coming of a Messiah. "The woman saith unto him, I know that Messias cometh, which is called Christ;" and when, upon her glowing representations of his supernatural powers, her townsmen of Sychar were persuaded to come and see the man, who had told her all things that ever she did, they believed and said; "Now we believe — we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ." Thus

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which to ground a decisive judgment. With the exception of the remarkable copy so long preserved among the Samaritans of Naplosa, allowed on all hands to be of very high antiquity, probably none of the manuscripts extant date farther back, than the tenth century of the Christian era. One, however, Kennicott assigns to the eighth century. Most of them are supposed to be of much more recent origin.

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we find the expectation of a Messiah to come prevailing then as extensively among the Samaritans as among the Jews; but whence was it derived? Not from intercourse with the Jews; for the Jews would have no dealings with the Samaritans, nor the Samaritans with them; neither would they have borrowed a fundamental doctrine of their religion from their most deadly enemies. Not from the writings of the Prophets; for they did not acknowledge the divine authority of any Scriptures, but the Five Books of Moses. These, then, must have been in their hands, or they never would have looked for the appearance of that greater Prophet, which was to be raised up, like unto Moses.

From these various testimonies, it may safely be inferred, that the Samaritans had their copy of the Pentateuch as early as the time of our Saviour — a copy, which, without going further, it would be fair to presume, had come down to them from the infancy of their nation, just as another copy had been handed down among the Jews. But if it be an independent copy of the Law, it must date nearly a thousand years still farther back, than the period to which we have hitherto traced it. At what time, then, and from what source did the Samaritans receive it? These are the most important inquiries, which now come up for our consideration; but, as they have met with many different answers, it may be well to say a word first in relation to the history of opinions on the subject under discussion.

No sooner had a copy of the Samaritan Pentateuch come to light, than a warm controversy arose among European critics as to its true origin and character. On the one hand, it was treated with contempt, as a comparatively modern and worthless transcript from the Jewish text, wilfully corrupted by the Samaritans; while, on the other, it was esteemed a treasure of inestimable value to the Church, as being an independent copy of the Law, which had descended from the most ancient times. It does not fall within our present purpose to detail all the various opinions, that have been held with regard to its date and its proper authority in settling the text of the Pentateuch. The main point in dispute, however, has been — whether it be of Israelitish origin, and so an original copy of the Law, independent of the Hebrew, or a mere transcript from the Jewish, made by the Samaritans in later times. And it is upon the decision of this question, that almost its entire value may be said to depend.

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Father Morin — the same, who published the first edition of it that was printed in Europe — began the controversy in his "*Exercitationes Ecclesiasticæ in utrumque Samaritanorum Pentateuchum.*" He came to the conclusion, that the modern Samaritan text was derived from copies existing among the Ten Tribes before the Separation, and yet had been preserved singularly free from corruption. Cappell in his "*Critica Sacra,*" and Walton in his "*Prolegomena*" to the London Polyglot, both followed in the steps of Morin. In the mean time, Morin's theory was warmly opposed by Hottinger, Leusden, Stephen Morin, and the younger Buxtorf. Father Simon and Le Clerc gave the world their views on the questions at issue between the critics. The controversy was afterwards revived by Houbigant in his "*Prolegomena.*" Houbigant, who adopted Morin's theory, was answered by S. Ravius in his "*Exercitationes Philologicæ.*" On the same side with Houbigant appeared A. S. Aquilinus in a learned treatise entitled "*Pentateuchi Hebræo-Samaritani Præstantia in illustrando et emendando Textu Masorethico ostensa.*" The theological scholars of Germany have entered into the controversy with their characteristic ardor, and, as was to be expected, arrived at very different conclusions. Among the most conspicuous may be mentioned the names of Michaelis, Bertholdt, Bauer, Jahn, Eichhorn, and Gesenius. Eichhorn may be considered a fair representative of those, who agree with Morin in regard to the Israelitish origin of the Samaritan copy. At the head of the opposite party, who assign it a more modern date, may be ranked Gesenius, who attacked the positions of Eichhorn and others in an elaborate treatise, published in 1815, and entitled "*De Pentateuchi Samaritani Origine, Indole, et Auctoritate.*"

In English almost nothing has been written concerning the claims of this Pentateuch. Prideaux, in his Connection, has given a few pages to the subject. Archbishop Usher suggested the theory of its having been compiled from a Hebrew and a Greek copy by Dositheus, a heretic of the first century, who at the same time corrupted the text. But there is so little foundation for this hypothesis, that critics since have hardly deemed it worthy a serious consideration. Whiston and Alexander Geddes have both maintained the equal or superior authority of the Samaritan text. But by far its ablest defender in England, (unless we ought to except Walton) has been Kenni-

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cott in various works, particularly in a Dissertation to be found in his second volume on the Hebrew Text.*

In reviewing the history of this controversy, it is easy to see that the discussion has not always been carried on in that calm and candid and liberal spirit of philosophy, without which no critical investigations can lead to any useful results. There appears, on the part of some who embarked in the contest, a strong but unjustifiable reluctance to admit the independent authority of the Samaritan copy. They still retained the old, superstitious veneration for *the Hebrew verity*, as the Jewish text was wont to be styled — a veneration, which they could not be supposed willing to transfer, without a struggle, to a new text, but just introduced to the notice of the Christian world, and found to differ considerably from the Hebrew.† And if, while the Samaritan differed from the Hebrew, it was allowed to be as ancient and valuable, as it was represented, it would follow that some errors existed in the Hebrew; here, then, would be another awkward stumbling block in the way of

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* The reader, who may wish to consult the original authorities for the leading facts stated in this Essay, will find them in the following works:—

Walton's Prolegomena to the London Polyglot, Cap. xi.; Kennicott on the Hebrew Text, Vol. II.; Whiston's Essay on the True Text of the Old Testament; Eichhorn's Einleitung in das Alte Testament, B. II., pp. 132–177; Simon's Histoire Critique du Vieux Testament, pp. 63–83; Houbigant's Prolegomena, Tom. II., pp. 121–188; and the Dissertations on the Samaritan Letters in the Third Volume of Calmet's large Dictionary.

† As a good specimen of the manner in which the Samaritan Pentateuch was first received in Europe by critics of the old school, who obstinately clung to their cherished idea of the absolute integrity of the Jewish text, we quote the following from Houbigant's Prolegomena. We give the passage in the original Latin, as a literary curiosity, and for fear it might lose some of its spirit by any translation of ours.

"Videres alios," says Houbigant, "Samaritanas illas membranas religiosè aversari, atque ab Hebraicæ Linguæ Candidatis longè arcere, alios iratè aspicere, furere, bacchari. Nam, ut ferunt Indicas aves, si cujus de grege illarum nigro collo album quid per lusum alligaveris, cæteras eam iratis oculis aspicere, atque in eam rauco clangore impetum facere, sic illi *Samaritanum Pentateuchum*, Hodiernis Codicibus non nihil discolorem quem viderent, agebant, rapiebant, discerpebant, clamoribus miris calumniisque proscindebant. Tales fuêre *Taylor* et *Bootius*, qui in *Morinum* furiatâ mente exarserunt. Talis etiam Junior *Buxtorfius*, qui eum Pentateuchum vocabat *exoticum et profanum*."

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those, who still adhered to the popular doctrine in regard to the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures. Besides, since Christianity grew out of Judaism, and as it is to the Jews that we owe our Scriptures of the Old Testament, some would think it wanting in respect to God's chosen people and the sacred record of His revelations to them, to acknowledge the independent, perhaps superior authority of a copy of the Law received through the Samaritans, the ancient and implacable enemies of the Jews. These various considerations appear to have exercised an unfavorable influence upon the tone of some of the earlier inquiries into the origin and character of the Samaritan copy. And more recently, the German critics, who have taken hold of the subject, have many of them naturally hesitated to adopt a theory in regard to the antiquity of this copy, which it would be found impossible to reconcile with their views of the comparatively modern compilation of the Books of Moses. The questions involved in this discussion cannot be considered as settled yet. To the present day there continues no little difference of opinion on the subject among scholars of high repute. One thing, however, is certain; a vast majority of the biblical critics, whose opinions carry much weight with them, have gradually settled down in the theory first advanced by Father Morin, namely, that the Samaritan Pentateuch is an original copy of the law, which has come down to us from the Revolt of the Ten Tribes. And after the most careful investigation, we are firmly persuaded this is the theory, in which the whole theological world will finally acquiesce.

The theory of Morin, we said; but it is not a *mere* theory unsupported by facts. In the absence of direct historical testimony, it stands on the most solid grounds, which the nature of the case admits. It affords an easy and satisfactory solution of some extraordinary phenomena, which on any other hypothesis are inexplicable.

Nothing but the existence of the Pentateuch among the Samaritans from the infancy of their nation will explain the most striking circumstances in their religious history. If they always had the Law in their hands, we see how it is that they never lost the worship of the true God. But, on any other hypothesis, whence, we ask, was derived their national religion, and why was it not soon overwhelmed by the superstitions of the neighboring nations? If then it shall appear, that they

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have always preserved among themselves their national worship, as we believe they have, it will follow that they have also had from the first a copy of the Law, upon which that worship is founded. The argument applies to the Samaritans with as much force, as to the Jews. No religious institutions will long retain their influence over the common mind, unless associated with the Sacred Books, to which they owe their establishment and authority. Suppose we should hear of a new island having just been discovered in some unexplored corner of the earth, an island, whose inhabitants were found to be a Christian people, and to have been so for more than a thousand years; should we not say at once, they must have had copies of the New Testament among them all that time? Now if the Samaritans have always kept up their national worship, their history presents a case full as strong, if not stronger. For they were an uncultivated people, over whose minds it would hardly be possible for any system of religion to retain its power long without some Holy Scriptures, which were held in reverence to keep alive their interest in things sacred. Still more, they were a people peculiarly liable to fall into idolatry, descended as they were from ancestors partly idolatrous, and surrounded as they were by idolatrous nations.

To place the matter in as clear a light as possible, we will suppose an imaginary line to be drawn, dividing the Samaritan history into two distinct periods; the period before, and the period since the Christian era. We know that, since the time of Christ, they have had copies of the Law amongst them; and we know, too, that during the same period they have observed the worship and the rites peculiar to their faith. And why? Why, but because they have all that time had copies of the Law, in which that worship and those rites are enjoined? Now, is not the presence of the same Law in their hands from the first just as necessary to account for the preservation of the same worship and the same rites amongst them during the long period of their national existence before the Christian era? Nay, is it not much more so, in view of their greater exposure to idolatrous influences then? And if it shall appear, that they had a copy of the Pentateuch from the beginning, it must also have been substantially the same with that, which was extant among them in our Saviour's time. For it will not be pretended, if they had a copy at first, that it was another copy, and not the one they had then, which has come down

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to their descendants. The question that remains to be settled, then, is reduced to one of simple historical fact. *Have* the Samaritans always continued in the worship of the true God according to the institution of Moses? If so, we repeat, they must always have had their copy of the Pentateuch.

As we proceed to trace back the Samaritan history through the ages before Christ, the epoch, which stands out with most prominence, is the period when the Jews returned from the Babylonish captivity, about the year 536 B. C.; and we find the worship of Jehovah had then long prevailed among the Samaritans. For when the Jews, upon their return from exile, began to rebuild their temple, the Samaritans offered to unite with them, alleging that they worshipped God after the same manner with the Jews; as we learn from Ezra, iv. 1, and following: "Now when the adversaries of Judah and Benjamin heard that the children of the captivity builded the temple unto the Lord God of Israel, then they came to Zerubbabel and to the chief of the Fathers, and said unto them, Let us build with you; *for we seek your God, as ye do; and we do sacrifice unto him since the days of Esarhaddon, King of Assur,* which brought us up hither." The narrative informs us, not only that they were then devoted to the worship of the God of Israel, but how long they had been so; ever since the days of the Assyrian King, Esarhaddon, that is, about one hundred and eighty years before this, or 713 B. C., just after the commencement of their history as a separate people. All this time, too, they must have preserved the Mosaic Law, as the foundation of their worship; and here we ought to add, there is no pretence of its having been lost in the period which elapsed between the return of the Jews from their captivity and the Christian era.

In the seventeenth Chapter of the second Book of Kings, where we find given a detailed account of the captivity of the Israelites, and the substitution of Assyrian colonists in their place, we learn how the Samaritans happened to come into possession of the Law at the time specified. We read, 2 Kings, xvii. 27, and following: "Then the king of Assyria commanded, saying, Carry thither (into Samaria) one of the priests, whom ye brought from thence; and let them go and dwell there, and let him teach them the manner of the God of the land. Then one of the priests, whom they had carried away from Samaria, came and dwelt in Bethel, and taught

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them how they should fear the Lord." At this time, then, the Samaritans must have received their copy of the Pentateuch from one of the Israelitish priests, who had just before been carried captive from the kingdom of Israel into Assyria. For it is incredible that a single priest should have been sent to teach "the manner of the God of the land" to the whole Samaritan nation, and "*how* they should fear the Lord," too, without some copies of the Law to distribute among the people, — that Law, which he was to teach, and by whose sanctions he was to enforce his teachings. It would be as unlikely, as for us to send a Christian missionary to convert the Heathen, without the Bible in his hands.*

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* In opposition to the view we have taken as to the manner, in which the Samaritans first came into possession of their Pentateuch, it has been argued, that there is no need of supposing the Israelitish priest to have carried copies of the Law with him into Samaria, because he *might*, after all, have taught them the Law *orally*; and the probability that he did so, it is said, is increased by the fact, that the new inhabitants of the land, who had taken the place of the Israelites, were ignorant of the language, in which the Law was written, and continued so down to the time of Ezra.

That they were unacquainted with the old Hebrew for some time after they came from Assyria, is likely. How long this state of things continued, must be left to conjecture; but there is no evidence of its having lasted till the time of Ezra. It must be remembered, in this connexion, that the Israelites were not all carried into captivity, and that those, who were left behind, might for a time easily have acted as scribes. The Assyrian colonists must soon have become incorporated with the Israelites that remained; and would there be any thing strange in their learning the Israelitish language, especially as it was the language, through which they were to be made acquainted with the obligations of a new faith and a new worship? If an American should go to France to spend the rest of his days there, it is to be presumed that he would not long neglect to learn the French language; and he would be in a position nearly the same with that of the Assyrian colonists among the Israelites. Besides, it appears from the history in the second Book of Kings, that they themselves *applied* to the king of Assyria for an Israelitish priest to teach them the manner of the God of the land; hence they would be so much the more anxious to learn the language, in which the Law was written.

With regard to the Israelitish priest having taught them *orally*, we must admit its *possibility*, if the priest had been well instructed in the Law. But the *probabilities*, as we have seen, are all on the other side of the question. It is clear that, without the written Law in their hands, — the Law, upon which their worship of Jehovah was founded, — they must have relapsed into idolatry very soon, in three or four generations at farthest. Yet there is no

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But here it will be said, many of the kings of Israel are known to have been idolaters; have we any reason, then, to believe that the worship of God according to the institution of Moses was preserved among the Ten Tribes from the period of their Revolt, about two hundred and sixty years before? That idolatry did prevail amongst them to a considerable extent, must be admitted; but, in respect to this, three things are to be observed. It was not *pure* idolatry; it was at no time *universal*; and it was not *peculiar* to the Israelites.

It was not *pure* idolatry, but a mixture of idol-worship with the worship of Jehovah. Before the Separation, there is no doubt, the worship of God was preserved among all the Twelve Tribes. And when, at the time of the Separation, Jeroboam set up the golden calves in the kingdom of Israel, they were plainly intended by him to be worshipped as images of Jehovah. "They were not, strictly speaking, idols," says Milman, "but were speciously contrived as symbolical representations, probably preserving some resemblance to the Cherubim, of which the ox was one of the four constituent parts." It was not so much the object of Jeroboam to seduce his people to idolatry, as to keep them from going up to Jerusalem to worship, lest they should return to their allegiance to the house of David. It was chiefly this mixed worship, partly Jewish and partly

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evidence, that they ever did become idolaters afterwards. We hear, indeed, of their having had a mixed worship for some time; they both "feared the Lord, and served their graven images," we are told in the second Book of Kings. And yet even this story of their serving graven images may be only a Jewish calumny, suggested by the fact of their having been idolaters originally. We know that a calumny of the same nature about the Samaritans has been handed down among the Jews, and, through them, among Christians, almost to our own times. Maundrell, for instance, in 1697, says, that he could not then ascertain what the religious rites of the Samaritans were, but, he adds, "that *their religion consists in the adoration of a calf, as the Jews give out*, seems to have more of spite than of truth in it." The story of their worshipping a calf was derived probably from the idol-calves, which their Israelitish ancestor, Jeroboam, is known to have introduced. We would not unnecessarily offend the prejudices of any, who may believe in the inspiration of every chapter and verse in the Old Testament; but, it must be confessed there are some things about the early history of the Samaritans, as we have it from the Jews, which look fabulous; particularly, the story of God's sending lions amongst them to destroy them for their idolatry, before they had so much as an opportunity to learn the worship of Jehovah.

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idolatrous, which prevailed at different times among the Ten Tribes. — Again; idolatry was at no time *universal*. There is evidence, that not even in this qualified sense were the people ever all of them idolaters. Even in the reign of Ahab, who did more than any other king of Israel to extend idolatry, there were seven thousand, who had not bowed the knee to Baal, as we learn from 1 Kings, xix. 18. And under several of the kings more piously disposed, idolatry was altogether abolished, and the greater part of the people must then have been worshippers of the true God. — Again; idolatry was not *peculiar* to the Israelites. Some of the kings of Judah, as well as of Israel, are known to have favored idolatry. And how often in the course of Jewish history do we find the people themselves forsaking the God of their fathers! Indeed, the unaccountable proneness of the Jews to relapse into idolatry is one of the most marked traits in their national character. Yet, notwithstanding all this, it is commonly acknowledged that, as a nation, they have always preserved among themselves the worship of Jehovah in some form more or less pure. Why then, because the Israelites often fell into idolatry, is it therefore to be inferred that, as a body, they, any more than the Jews, must have lost the worship of the true God? It will never do to argue from the occasional practice of idolatry among a people, that therefore they have no law in their hands forbidding idolatry. It is also worthy of remark, in this connexion, that the history of the Israelites has come down to us only through the Jews, who, we may suppose, would not be likely to represent the religious character of their avowed enemies in a light too favorable.

But there are still clearer indications, that the worship of Jehovah, and hence the law which taught that worship, were never wholly lost among the Ten Tribes. We know that from time to time many eminent prophets were raised up amongst them. There were Ahijah, Micaiah, Elijah, and Elisha; how could they have enforced their reproofs of idolatry and sin, without some divine Law commonly acknowledged, to which they all appealed for authority? There was a *school* of the Prophets at Bethel; must not the book of the Law have been taught there? The tribe of Levi was scattered through the other twelve tribes, to be maintained by the offerings of their brethren. But what could so many of the Levites, as must have been left with the ten tribes, have done without a copy of the

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Mosaic Law, — the Law, upon whose authority alone they founded their claim to the possession of certain cities, and depended even for a maintenance? And if the people were not yet in possession of the Law, what mean those words in 2 Kings, xvii. 13, and following: "Yet the Lord testified against Israel by all the prophets, saying, Turn ye from your evil ways, and *keep my commandments and my statutes, according to all the Law, which I commanded your fathers, and which I sent to you by my servants the prophets*"? Again in xviii. 12, it is assigned as the cause of the captivity of the Ten Tribes, that "they obeyed not the voice of the Lord their God, but *transgressed his covenant, and all that Moses the servant of the Lord commanded.*" And again in x. 31, it is said of one of the kings of Israel, that he "took no heed to *walk in the Law of the Lord God of Israel with all his heart;*" but would he be expected to walk by a Law, that had never been given him?*

Such are some of the most satisfactory testimonies we have to the existence of the Mosaic Law among the Ten Tribes, during the whole period of their separate national existence. Now, copies of this Law, which had come down from the time of the Separation, must have gone with them into their captivity. Some of these must have been in the hands of that Israelitish priest, who was sent to Samaria by the king of Assyria, to teach the inhabitants the manner of the God of Israel; for, it appears, the first settlers there were idolaters, and wished to be instructed in the worship of Jehovah. And it is, doubtless, the copies of the Pentateuch thus introduced among the Samaritans, which were the originals of all the successive transcripts down to the present day.

In a future number, we shall resume and complete our argument.

T. W.

* We may also add, that the prophets Hosea and Amos, whose writings are included within our canon of Scripture, in all probability lived among the Ten Tribes; and we find them both often appealing to the Mosaic Law, to give authority to their instructions.

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Art. III. — Historical Christianity.

If no record had been made of the life of Jesus; and if no authentic tradition had supplied, though the most authentic could have but poorly supplied, the want of a record; there could have been no Christianity, properly so called, at this day, among men. There could have been no believers in Christ, no disciples of Christ, and, therefore, no Christians, properly so called, if no account of Jesus the Christ had come down to us, and we had in no way heard that such a being ever lived, labored, and died. Many might have cherished some dim and natural apprehensions of a future life, some faint shadow of what is now the full Christian hope of immortality. Many might have exhibited in their conduct some image of the Christian virtues, which are never foreign to our nature. But the faith and hope and love, which look to Jesus as their author and finisher, could not have been. The conviction, and support, and solace, and motive, and guidance, which flow so copiously and so directly from the words, and works, and cross of Christ, and which are, therefore, peculiarly Christian, could not have been. Our proper Christian faith is consequently founded on what was "written" concerning Christ. Without some history of Christ, there could have been no belief in Christ, and no proper Christianity.

This seems evident enough; even self-evident. And yet we sometimes hear the phrase "historical Christianity" used in a tone of disparagement, as if it were unworthy of Christianity to be deduced from history, and as if they who held it as historical were in great darkness, without any just idea of its real character and dignity. It is an extraordinary thing, that any of those who would fain be called Christians themselves, should level a reproach or sneer against "historical Christianity," as if they or others could be Christians without it; and we might be content with calling it extraordinary, and pass it by as not needing further comment, were it not that an examination into the meaning of this reproach involves some highly interesting topics, to which it is well for us to give our attentive thoughts.

That the language and tone referred to has some meaning, is to be taken for granted. That it has little or no meaning from the lips of some, who speak as echoes, is probable; but it must

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have some meaning from those who are not accustomed to speak without meaning, and who may be regarded as the original voices. Now what is that meaning?

It may mean nothing more than this; — that it is a poor and insufficient Christianity, which rests and ends in history, and in believing that such and such things took place, without applying the spirit of those things to the heart and conduct. By historical Christianity may be intended merely an outside, formal, literal Christianity, which stops at the outside, and terminates in forms and professions, and is satisfied with the letter, with reading and assenting, and reaches not the soul. If this is all that is meant, no real Christian, no Christian who intelligently receives, and feels, and endeavors to act his religion, will refuse his assent to the low estimate which is put on historical Christianity. It is not to be doubted, that a man is but a nominal and shadowy Christian, who, though he may daily and reverently read his chapters of the New Testament, and never think of questioning a single fact or word, yet is not touched nor quickened by the sacred influences of what he reads and believes, but is bound to the world, and lives like a heathen. There can be but one rational sentiment concerning Christianity like this. And yet, why term it historical Christianity? Why throw, by such a use of words, an undeserved aspersion upon that history, through which alone we know any thing of Christ? If an unintended slight, it is at any rate an unnecessary one. If formal Christianity is meant to be depreciated, why call it historical? Why not call it formal? If a merely verbal and external, if a heartless and lifeless Christianity is meant, why not employ these or similar epithets to signify what is meant, instead of hazarding grave misapprehension, by selecting the epithet "historical." "These are written," says the Evangelist John, "that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing, ye might have life through his name." The history is good, for its object is good, even the best that can be conceived. Its object is not mere belief, barren assent, but the "life" which is the natural growth and product of that belief, and which only comes through and by the means of that belief. It is vital, and not formal or nominal Christianity, which is the true and declared end of the Christian history; and, therefore, it is a wrong done to that history, and to the holiness of its purpose and end, to speak of historical Christianity in a spirit of disre-

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spect, or use the epithet "historical" in this connexion in a bad sense.

But the tone of disparagement to which I have reference may bear another meaning. It may mean that the historical portion of Christianity is of little value compared with the moral portion; that its facts are vastly inferior in importance to its precepts; that it is of no consequence whether we give credence to the former or not, provided we obey the latter; that it is a religion which is to be proved by its internal and spiritual merits, of which our reason and feelings are to be judges, and not by the accuracy and probability of its history, or genuineness of its records, which are matters of entirely subordinate moment, on which no valid argument can be rested, and which we may, without blame, leave altogether out of the account.

In sentiments of this sort, there is just truth enough to constitute a verisimilitude, and no more. There is a gleam of truth in them, while all the rest is smoke and darkness. It is true that the moral and spiritual part of Christianity, or, in other words, the "life" which is through the name of Christ, is superior to the historical part, as the object of individual attainment and application. Yet what is this but saying that the end is the end, and the means are not the end? Does it amount to anything more? Indeed, is not the moral and spiritual part of Christianity the only portion which *can* be adopted by the soul, to be made a part of itself? Why, then, is any comparison drawn between that portion and any other? Is it not about as wise to assert that a wealthy and beautiful city is superior to the road which leads to it, as to say that the spirit of Christianity is superior to its history? There are no proper points on which such a comparison may be grounded. The city is not to be exalted by disparaging the road; for the city is not a road, nor the road a city, but they belong, and are essential to each other. And if one will still persist in asserting that the city is superior to the road, it might be sufficient for another to say in reply, that without the road he never could have seen the city, to ascertain whether it was superior or not, wealthy and beautiful or not. And here lies the fallacy, as it seems to us, in the not unusual dispute respecting the comparative importance of the external and internal evidences of Christianity. They are both important in the highest degree, and are best to be studied in their due and inseparable relation to

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each other. If one should say, "the internal evidence is enough for me; it reaches my heart; I care not for the external evidence, or the history; they concern not my moral nature;" the answer might well be, "yes, my friend, but without that history you would have had nothing brought to your heart; you would not have known what the internal evidence was. If you are satisfied with the internal evidence, and have no learning or time for the investigation of the external, or are willing to take its completeness for granted, be it so; but do not set up your feeling, or resolve, or deficiency, as the rule for other men, or the general rule on the subject; and do not undervalue the inquiries and labors of those, who by their care of the external, have contributed to preserve that very internal which you profess so highly to value, and which they, doubtless, have always valued as highly as you do."

Historical Christianity, then, is not to be depreciated, or spoken of in a tone of disparagement, for no other reason than that the history of Christ has its own place and office, and is not nor can be that spirit of Christ, which is to be incorporated into our character, and obeyed by our life. Letter is not spirit; but it is, nevertheless, the vehicle and clothing of spirit. The portraiture of Christ in the Gospels is not the Christian life, which that portraiture was intended to form; but without the portraiture the life could not have been conceived. The copying and printing by which those Gospels have been preserved and distributed, and the historical and critical studies by which they have been and must continue to be defended as true accounts, and kept in their pureness or restored to it, are not, all put together, the virtue, the piety, the heavenly-mindedness, which are essential to the true disciple of Christ; but they are indispensable in presenting the Master to the view of the disciple, and bringing the disciple to the feet of his Master. And it may be further remarked, that as it was the inexpressible value entertained by the evangelist John for the "life" which was through the name of Jesus, that induced him to write his history, so it has usually been a similar motive which has warmed the breasts of others in studying and defending that history critically, minutely, laboriously. I will not receive, therefore, from any one, the depreciation of *historical* Christianity, as a sign of his more than common attachment to *vital* Christianity, or progress in it; nor do I think that they who

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speak slightingly of the former, do thereby prove themselves the best friends of the latter.

But, perhaps, I have not yet seized hold of that meaning of historical Christianity, which is most commonly intended by those who disparage it. By the disparagement of historical Christianity may be generally intended the disparagement of all that Christianity which depends on history and testimony, or is expressed in any particular book or books, or has to do with any particular individual or individuals, or acknowledges any one person as its author and finisher; — that is to say, all that Christianity, which, being derived from Jesus the Christ, is properly and distinctively Christianity. If this be the meaning, it is sufficiently plain, and more than sufficiently unpleasant. I will not enter into an argument with a theory which would separate Christianity from Christ, or divorce religion from the Bible. With a reverence as great as can be entertained by any one for the voice of God in nature, and the revelations and promises of God to the human breast, and the image of God in the human soul, my strongest, dearest, and liveliest faith is in the revelation of God by his Son Jesus; my chief hope is in the mercy of God through Christ; and God forbid that I should glory save in his cross. Therefore I must repudiate all those views, be they new or old, original or borrowed, which make Christianity, proper Christianity, as old as the Creation; which bow not the knee at the name of Jesus; and which send men to their own impulses, fancies, and unassisted reason for their religion, their faith and their duty. My belief is in the name of Jesus the Christ, which, with all the love, devotion, sacrifice, suffering, and glory surrounding it, is "written" on the pages of the Gospels. That holy name I cannot join, on terms of familiar equality, with any earthly name; and I am only grieved when I see or hear it lightly placed, and with no qualifying distinction, in union with the names of bards and philosophers, who, were they living, would themselves be the first humbly to disclaim their strange honors, and perhaps indignantly to rebuke those who offered them. With all my admiration for the wisest and purest sages of antiquity, who taught according to their light, my constant reflection while reading them is, how imperfect are their pages, wanting the name of Christ. With gratitude I feel and acknowledge within myself a divinely given power receptive of Christian wisdom, but no power of producing it, independently of the Great

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Teacher. The Christianity which enlightens, directs, and comforts me, is that same historical Christianity, preserved to me in its own undying records, which is treated by some as a common story; that Christianity, built upon the foundation of Christ, which a self-relying pride presumes to set at naught. I enter into no argument at present, neither do I entertain any fear of results. It is enough, that, speaking to those who cherish the same faith and hope, I have explained what is commonly meant by historical Christianity; so that they may not be led to regard it with any the less respect, by hearing it, as may happen to them, mentioned disrespectfully. Historical Christianity, in its pure and proper sense, is the Christianity of those whose faith and hope is in Christ, and who receive him from God as the only Saviour. We hold the Bible as our richest inheritance. We have found in it our highest philosophy, and our heavenly wisdom. We will not let it drop from our hands through negligence. We will not let it be wrested from our hands by ridicule, or sophistry, or mysticism, or vain pretences.

F. W. P. G.

ART. IV. — *National Establishments of Religion, considered in connexion with Justice, Christianity, and Human Nature.* By JOHN TAYLOR. London: Smallfield & Son, 69 Newgate Street. 1839. 8vo. pp. 240.

IN the spring of 1838, Dr. Chalmers, the main artery of life to the Scotch Establishment, was called to London to uphold by his eloquence the expediency and the legality of state patronage in favor of sectarian Christianity. So far he made common cause with the legal faith south of the Tweed. The probable result of his Lectures was that his hearers and his readers were confirmed in their former opinions, whatever they were, for in our best judgment of the man and his wonderful gifts, we should pronounce him more successful in strengthening the adherence of his disciples, than in adding to their number. However, lest some of his arguments dropped here and there might have altered in his favor the former proportion of the friends and enemies of Church Establishments, in the spring

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of 1839, Dr. Wardlaw, of Glasgow, the head of the Scotch Secession Church, was called to London to undo as far as possible the work of Dr. Chalmers. The English Dissenters justly thought that they ought neither to remain indifferent to a question, in which their own interests were so largely involved, nor to leave it to be debated entirely by the champions of the North. The committee of the Protestant Society for the Protection of Religious Liberty offered two prizes for the two best Essays on National Religious Establishments, in answer to the Lectures of Dr. Chalmers. By the adjudication of Rev. Dr. T. Raffles, Rev. Dr. J. P. Smith, and William Tooke, Esq., F. R. S., the work now before us received the second prize. Mr. Taylor's Essay is brief, but comprehensive and conclusive. As associated with the present position of that tyrannical and irreligious oppression of conscience, which is the principle and the result of a religious establishment, it may be interesting to some of our readers to have a sketch of the argument of this able Essay.

Chapter I. discusses the question, Whether the Idea of Civil Government involves a Right to Legislate upon matters of Religion. The object of civil government is to secure to men their rights and their means of happiness, their property, their liberty of mind and body; and do for them what they cannot do for themselves, namely, to protect them against the aggressions of others. Government may, to a certain extent, interfere in support of education in common temporal affairs, for thus men are prepared for civil duties. The advocates of Church Establishments attempt, from this last concession, to argue by analogy the right of the civil government to interpose in favor of religion. But conscience and the mind, the science of common life and spiritual duties, are distinct; government cannot compel belief, nor enforce worship. If we say that government has a right to support any one doctrine or opinion, we must carry out the principle thoroughly and consistently; then an Inquisition would be reasonable, for the evils of persecution in this life are but trifles compared with the miseries of a false creed in the next. Warburton and Paley maintain that a religious establishment is justifiable on the ground of civil utility; Dr. Chalmers adds likewise spiritual utility. The consequences of both arguments are the same, injustice and oppression. Then it is said that the magistrate has the same right over citizens, that the father of a family has over his

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children. The answer to this argument is, that a magistrate has not the natural affection and interests of a parent, and that even a parent has no authority over conscience. The argument, indeed, may be turned back upon its proposers; for a good father leaves his child at maturity to his own independent convictions. The foundation of all the above arguments is, that civil authority extends to whatever promotes the happiness and welfare of society. But this is a false foundation; for civil authority does not extend to many social interests, such as habits of expense, extravagance, &c.

Chapter II. disposes in a summary manner of the question, whether civil interference with Religion is sanctioned or permitted by Christianity; by the following heads of argument. There is no direct precept in the New Testament, authorizing the interference of the civil magistrate in matters of religion. If there had been such a precept, Christianity never would have obtained a footing in the world. Jesus Christ did not acknowledge the authority of the state in religious matters. He gave no authority to Christian over Christian. The establishment of one sect violates in various ways the Christian precept of doing to others as we would have them do to us.

Chapter III. developes "the idea of an Established Church." There being no just principles upon which the civil establishment of religion can be based, the idea of it being wholly beyond vindication, no modification of it, such as a tolerating of dissent, a respect for differing consciences, or the exercise of a liberal spirit, can make it right. It is essential to the idea of a religious establishment, that one particular sect be favored, and thus religion is wrongfully allowed to create civil distinctions. Again; the choice by a government of one sect for its exclusive patronage, obliges it to assume a theological character, which is not one of its functions. Dr. Chalmers, in his late Lectures, expressly hinges the question of a religious establishment upon the one or the other of these two principles; the competency of an assemblage of legislators to decide upon the theological truth of any system; or, the fitness of any system, by the influence and the lessons of its discipleship, to elevate and improve a people. The former principle involves the assumption of infallibility, which Protestantism and reason disclaim. The latter principle involves injustice to other sects than the favored one, for there is nothing in their tenets to affect their civil duties, or their ordinary morality. Again; the

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compulsory support of some one system of doctrines, which is essential to a religious establishment, is unjust and oppressive, as it extorts pecuniary aid from other sects to uphold peculiar doctrines not their own. If the legal provision for the support of religious teachers and ministrations is voluntarily contributed or freely provided by citizens from their own private property, then the church cannot be called a national church, unless the civil power exalt the spiritual claims of a denomination thus constituted and favored. But whenever a religious bequest has, for reasons of state, been diverted, by an act of the nation, from its own sect, to the support of a different sect; or when such property is great, and includes a large part of the land of a nation, and was originally bestowed for purposes which do not appear productive of the national welfare; or when the state forbids the devise of landed property in perpetuity; — in these cases, bequeathed property is national property, and the sect, which exclusively enjoys it, is an established and a nationally endowed sect.

The friends of the religious establishments in Great Britain have endeavored to prove that the funds used in their support originated in private charities, enlarged and converted by a majority of the people to national interests. But the establishments of England, Scotland, and Ireland are not supported from sources virtually private. Tithes were originally, and are still, not private charities, but national grants for religious purposes. They originated under Ethelwolph, the son and successor of Egbert, who united the kingdoms of the heptarchy under his authority. Even the ancient private charities now held by the English establishment, are not held by virtue of the original gift, but have been transferred by Parliamentary enactments to an opposite purpose. If the state, then, has a right to interfere with private bequests, it has a right to distribute them among all sects. But reverence for conscience, and the nature of religion, and the office of the civil magistrate, require that no sect share this patronage, because the purity and the moral power of religion are better preserved without aid from the state. It is often asserted that the Legislature cannot alienate church property, because it is still private property. This is absurd, for it would give to one generation the power of irrevocably fixing the intellectual and moral state of all after ages. The enormous wealth of the English Church ought then to be restored to the Roman Church. It is idle to make the earth a

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perpetual inheritance for the dead. The Legislature, therefore, has assumed a right to dispose of ecclesiastical property as its wisdom may decide.

The whole question concerning the power of the state over Church property is resolved into this; Is the property at present in possession of the Ecclesiastical establishment, at all analogous to private or ordinary property? This question has been answered in the Edinburgh Review, (vol. 65, pp. 185–7,) by one who upholds the expediency of a Church Establishment, in the negative. Because, first; "the proprietor is wanting." There is no such thing as a Church apart from the community. The property is not vested in the clergy, nor in parishes, nor in corporate chapters; for it is transferred by the state from one body to another. But, if it is said, this is not diverting, but distributing the property, we ask if the state can distribute, in this manner the property of other than Church corporations? Secondly; "There is nothing like private property in the Church." The mode in which the funds are dealt with shows that the ordinary conditions, on which property is held, are wanting. The clergy do not hold property in possession, or in trust, but are remunerated or their services. Therefore, Church property is public property.

Finally, an Ecclesiastical etablishment necessarily involves an interference with civil rights. The idea suggested by the word "Toleration" is humbling and oppressive. We "tolerate" a nuisance, or a grievance, which we cannot abate; but it is cruel to speak of "tolerating" the sacred rights of the human soul.

Chapter IV. treats of the Tendency of Ecclesiastical Establishments. Based on error, their operations and tendencies, of course, are bad. The connexion between the clergy and the government necessarily leads to favoritism, to tyranny, to aristocratical pretensions, to a discountenancing of popular efforts, to a blind adherence to the past. It creates a splendid hierarchy, with grades and high emoluments, and their adjuncts, pride and sycophancy. It permits the clergy to interfere in the councils of the nation, and makes them the instruments and tools of political action.

The favored sect nourishes a haughty and intolerant disposition towards other sects; it enjoys a monopoly of public instruction, and thus looks coldly on others, who interfere with them. It presumes on its legal dignity, apart from individual Christian worth, and thus becomes of a persecuting spirit. It

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thus interferes both with religious and civil freedom; for it insults honest convictions, and multiplies legal restraints upon them. The favored sect injures the cause of true religion, by making certain observances fashionable. Princes and rulers, the noble and the prominent, must show it an outward respect, and the silly multitude follow them. Thus is religion secularized. An establishment tends to create skepticism in the minds of the poorly informed, by turning them from the true evidences and power of religion, to the law, as its chief friend. As if Christianity would become extinct, were it not for the civil power, which appears to the uneducated and superficial as its chief support. Finally, an establishment is sure to be the cause of various strife. The struggles and animosities now prevalent in England exhibit its dividing and alienating disputes, its bitter root, and its unwholesome branches.

Chapter V. discusses the Actual Operation of Religious Establishments. The blending of the civil and religious powers has always been attended with intolerance and persecution, with a perversion of truth, an outrage and oppression of conscience, and has never made willing concessions to the spirit of progress. Constantine began, and the Roman Church completed, a system of aggression and grievances, which have brought misery and slaughter upon millions. The power of the magistrate has become entirely subservient to that of the ecclesiastical functionary, and the fruits of this error have ripened in every generation. The persecution of the Arians, the slaughter of the Albigenses, the Vaudois, and the Waldenses, of fifty thousand Protestants sacrificed to the edict of Charles V.; the eighteen thousand murdered by the Duke of Alva, in the Netherlands; the eighty thousand French Protestants that fell on St. Bartholomew's eve and day; the fierce persecution following the revocation of the edict of Nantes; the martyrdom of Servetus; the strife and the imprisonments between the Calvinists and the Lutherans in the Low Countries; the resistance of the philosophy of Descartes in the Dutch Churches; the contests between Calvinism and Arminianism in the seventeenth century; these are some of the melancholy monuments that mark, upon the Continent, the interference of the civil power with the conscience, which belongs only to man and to God. The history of the same aggressions in England, on the part of Catholics, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians, is familiar to all; it is written out in martyrdoms. Whatever lenity English Dissent-

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ers now enjoy has not been voluntarily proffered by the Establishment, as would have been the case, if it had desired the interests of vital religion, but has been wrung from it.

The annual income of the English Establishment is twenty millions of dollars. Some of the clergy receive two hundred and fifty, others one hundred thousand dollars in a year; and many who receive the most perform scarce any duty. Of the eleven thousand parochial clergymen, not half reside in their parish; more than half hold several livings, and stint with a pittance the curates who perform their duties. Of 1496 parishes, the revenues are enjoyed by 332 incumbents. It is remarkable, too, that while the Establishment enjoys such advantages, it has suffered Dissenters to take the lead in instructing the people, in elevating the poor and the lonely, in supporting Sunday Schools, and in providing for manufacturing districts more chapels than the state has churches. It is argued by the friends of Establishments, that "voluntaryism" may do very well in popular districts, but that in rural districts only state patronage can maintain religion. The statistics of crime prove this assertion to be false. It is to be added, that many of the clergy, who are themselves negligent of their duty, are jealous of dissenting ministers.

The History of the Scotch Church, under John Knox, in the Covenant times, and at the Union, attests the same truths. In Edinburgh and Glasgow alone, there are twenty thousand unoccupied seats in the churches of the Establishment, and the Seceders throughout Scotland are a very large proportion of the population. Yet the Presbyterians have the effrontery to demand that the Dissenters of the three kingdoms may be taxed to enable them to build more churches.

The History of the Established Church in Ireland abounds with some of the most shocking details which disgrace the annals of humanity. To transcribe it here would be a sickening office. Episcopacy there is probably the greatest abuse that ever existed in any civilized nation. Not so much as one tenth part of the population are Episcopalians, and more than six tenths are Catholics. The annual income of the Irish Establishment is about five millions of dollars, and within thirty years Parliament has given it twice that sum, and most of the annual income and the grants has been squandered among a clergy who do not live in their parishes, or who have many parishes, or who have no parishioners. There are in Ireland 839

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benefices without a resident clergyman; 157 benefices where no divine worship is ever performed; 41 benefices where there is not a single Episcopalian; 100 benefices, in each of which there are not twenty Episcopalians, and 424, in each of which there are not 100. In fifty benefices, where there are in all only 527 Episcopalians, the income from the tythe is 70,000 dollars. No wonder that the tythes can be collected only by the militia and by bloodshed.

Chapter VI. treats of the Supposed Efficacy of the Territorial Distribution of an Establishment. Dr. Chalmers contends that a dissenting minister can influence only those that come to him, who voluntarily put themselves under his charge, and are numbered among his weekly hearers, and that some individuals and families must, therefore, be beyond the sphere of his control. Now all experience shows that even if a clergyman, (that is, of the Establishment,) wishes to accomplish anything more than this, he must have recourse to the same principle, which has animated all dissenting labors. He, too, as well as the minister, must seek out those who will not come to him. (All our readers may not be aware, that only those preachers who belong to the Establishment are called *clergymen*. Dissenting preachers are called *ministers*.) The Establishment has been based on the territorial principle for ages; and so far has it been from affecting those who do not come to the churches, that it has not even filled the churches. In the midst of all the means and power of the Church, Dissent, besides aiding to support the Church, has gathered more than 8,000 congregations alone, many of them from among the poor, the illiterate, and the immoral. Dr. Chalmers would have the whole country divided in piecemeal, and a clergyman set over and supported by every seven hundred individuals. Great injustice and tyranny and peculation would necessarily be involved in this arrangement; but even if it could fairly be accomplished, success could be insured only by overcoming temptations to idleness, and by voluntary effort to do good. These are the very means which, Dissent contends, prosper in her hands.

Chapter VII. and last, presents the Voluntary Principle, and its Results. Dissenters assert, that the voluntary support of religion is sufficient for the supply of their own wants, and for the conversion of the world. Dr. Chalmers endeavors to evade the evidence of facts, by distinguishing between *internal* and *external voluntaryism*; internal, being where individuals volunta-

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rily pay for the instruction they themselves receive; external, where they voluntarily contribute for the instruction of others. Dr. Chalmers adds, that there is no distinction between the latter principle, and that by which the state contributes to its aid. This is a strange delusion. Is there no distinction between free-will and compulsion? Again, he evades the argument drawn from political economy, that the supply and the demand mutually regulate each other, and that a state has no right to interfere, by saying, that while the desire of food, being proportionate to the want of it, may be allowed to regulate its price, it is the reverse with man's religious nature; for the less he feels the want of religion the more he needs it, and, therefore, the hardened and the ignorant must be left destitute unless aid is offered them by state interference. Very true; but that interference need not be by the state, nor by the law, while charity survives.

Voluntaryism may proudly point to its results. It first enabled Christianity, without the stimulus of revenues extorted from the unwilling, to overthrow Paganism, and from the religion of a few fishermen, to become the religion of the Roman Empire. Even where Establishments have existed, voluntaryism has always done more than the law. In all ages, free charity has endowed the Church most munificently. Indeed, the Emperor Valentinian and the English Parliament were obliged to restrict religious charities, lest the whole territory of the nation should be locked up in the Church. It is but about a century and a half since toleration has been formally allowed in England, even with a curtailment of many rights and privileges, yet in that time, more than a third of the population of England, and more than half of that of Wales, has come under the banners of Dissent. At least fifteen millions of dollars are voluntarily contributed each year in England to religious purposes, besides the discharge of tythes, of church and of poor rates. If the members of the Establishment had the same zeal, what would be the result?

The following comparison of towns in England and America, of similar size and importance and population, will show which accomplishes the more, an Establishment, or a voluntary support of religious institutions.

Liverpool,	Population	210,000	New-York,	Population	220,000
"	Clergymen	57	"	Ministers	142
"	Churches	57	"	Churches	132

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Glasgow,	Population	220,000	Philadelphia,	Population	200,000
"	Clergymen	76	"	Ministers	137
"	Churches	74	"	Churches	83
Nottingham,	Population	50,000	Boston,	Population	60,000
"	Clergymen	23	"	Ministers	57
"	Churches	23	"	Churches	55

G. E. E.

Dexter McLean

ART. V.— *Charles Elwood; or, The Infidel Converted.* By O. A. BROWNSON. Boston: Charles C. Little & James Brown. 1840. 1 vol. 16mo. pp. 262.

THE position, that Mr. Brownson has for some time occupied in our community, has prepared us to look with interest upon whatever may come from his pen. There is much, too, in the nature of the book before us, to commend it to the attention of the thoughtful. It purports to be an account of the conversion of an infidel to Christianity. For this reason alone it would deserve serious attention. But, when we further consider that the Author gives what has been substantially his own experience, the book has a still stronger claim upon our consideration. It is written in the form of a Novel; but it makes no great pretensions to merit as a work of that class. The Author was aware that his book would not stand very high, when judged of by the rules of criticism by which productions of this kind are usually tried. It has but few characters and little incident.

It is but a short time since there was a large number of persons in our neighborhood, who professed to be infidels, and in the same state as to faith in the supernatural, that Elwood was at the commencement of the experience related in the book before us. It would be interesting to see how far Mr. Brownson's arguments have been successful in converting this class of infidels to Christianity. He came to Boston some five or six years since, with the express design of gathering around him the doubting, who were then flocking to Abner Kneeland. What has been his success? We are not aware that Mr. Brownson has converted them into his followers. But has he, or has he not, broken up and destroyed the Kneeland organization? It is the opinion of many, who know much more about

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it than the writer of the present article, that he has. The fact is certain, that with all the advantages of being persecuted and imprisoned for opinion's sake, this party has been decreasing for several years. Kneeland has gone to the West. We give the following extracts from a letter of his, published in the Investigator for March 25, 1840. The letter is dated Salubria, (I. T.) Jan. 29, 1840: "Alas! what a change has one year made! Our numerous, not to say innumerable friends, where are they? . . . But I fear the Investigator, which has been such a bold and zealous advocate for free inquiry, must die for want of patronage. . . . If I am correctly informed, the paper has gone behind-hand more during this volume, than it has done in any one volume since its commencement, even the first." This, he thinks, however, is partly owing to the "scarcity of money, and the non-payment of dues."

If this result, or any part of it, has been brought about by Mr. Brownson, and such views as he has given us in this book, then certainly we ought to consider how far it may be a means of converting those, who still doubt or disbelieve, to a serene faith.

Infidelity is thought by many, and we suppose rightly, to be a characteristic of our age. As it manifests itself, it is a serious evil. We believe that it is felt to be so by many of those who are its victims, as well as by those most interested in upholding the institutions of Revealed Religion. They feel their want of faith to be their misfortune rather than their fault. Whether *we* think so or not, it is quite certain that *they* do; and it is nearly as certain that we cannot exert much if any good influence upon them, if we begin by contradicting them. Besides, if they are right in this opinion, it would not only be unjust, but cruel, to charge to their fault an evil, the worst part of which they themselves suffer. These men are some of the most shrewd and thoughtful of our citizens, as we suspect almost any one, that has tried logic with them, must have found. We do not say that they are the soundest and best informed men that we have, though many of them are very well read. We think, therefore, that their want of faith cannot be charged upon an obtuseness of intellect. Is it to be charged upon a depravity of heart? Without stopping to consider whether their moral sense and habits are as correct and pure as they should be, or not, we think that it will appear from the nature of their difficulties, that they could not arise from a corruption of the

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heart. They are intellectual difficulties, — difficulties, which the heart has nothing to do with. This, at least, is the case with many persons.

For our present purpose, we may consider mankind as divided into three classes, according to their manner of receiving their religious faith, and the foundation upon which it rests during their lives.

The first class consists of those whose pious parents gave them a careful religious education, and who have never been led, by the development of the philosophic element, or by the spontaneous activity of their minds, to doubt what their parents taught them. They have never sought for the philosophical grounds of what they received dogmatically, when, from their age, they could receive it in no other way. The book before us professes to give the philosophical grounds of faith, and, of course, it cannot interest those who have never felt the want of these grounds. Perhaps the immediate effect of this book upon their minds would be bad; for it might unsettle what has been, hitherto, a quiet, serene faith, and one that was abundantly adequate to all the wants of their souls. The book will shock and disturb such persons, for it will raise doubts and perplexities in their minds, which they might otherwise have escaped. Nay, we doubt not, that to persons of this class, that *to* which Elwood was converted, will appear to be no less infidelity than that *from* which he was converted. This, however, could not have been avoided, for it was the faith which these persons consider to be orthodox, and whose philosophical grounds they have never sought for, which, as it was presented by them, could not satisfy Elwood, and which, therefore, drove him to renounce all faith in the supernatural, and avow himself an unbeliever. Persons of this class never avow infidelity. The faith and church of their fathers entirely satisfy their souls. This class of persons will not be benefited by the book before us. It is not for them.

The second class is composed of those in whom the sentiments, and affections, — the poetic element, — predominate over thought and reflection, — the philosophic element. Such persons are seldom troubled about the philosophical grounds of their faith. They are never able to give any account of their faith, even when it is ever so strong, that will satisfy the philosophic mind. All that they can say amounts to nothing more than that they believe because their instincts and affections lead

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them to believe; because faith satisfies a want of their nature, and that the creed in which they believe suits their purest and best feelings better than any other that they have seen. Their faith is emphatically the faith of the heart; and while the heart is pure and virtuous, their faith is firm and serene. But when their heart becomes corrupted, all their faith is gone. Their sin reappears as a thick heavy mist, through which nothing can appear clear and beautiful. No one, while the dark cloud of remorse hung over him, ever saw the Father smiling through it. The cloud must be dispersed, before the sun will shine upon the individual. "Blessed are the *pure in heart*, for they shall see God." We know very well, that "the wages of sin is death," and while the fire that is not quenched is burning the vitals, and the worm that dieth not is gnawing the heart, there can be no serene faith in God and immortality; there can be no beauty in Jesus, that he should be desired. The fountains of love and devotion are polluted in their very source. While an individual is in this state, any dissertation upon the evidences of revealed religion, or any argument addressed to the intellect, however sound and conclusive it may be in itself, will be as inefficient to give him a cheerful faith, as it would be to allay the fire of a fever while the disease is raging in every pulse and fibre of his system. Unbelievers of this class can be but little benefited by the book before us, or, indeed, by any book that does not make them better men. They should be reminded of the declaration of Jesus, that "if any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God."

But, there is a third class, in whom intellect predominates over the heart and its affections. They are more philosophers than poets; whereas the last class mentioned are more poets than philosophers. This third class will not believe what they cannot understand, and give an account of that will satisfy the philosophic element of their souls. The first class that we spoke of do as they have been taught; the second act according to their feelings, their purest and divinest instincts, — their consciences. They ask for nothing further than that their instincts, their consciences, should approve a thing, and then they will believe and act. But the third class will not do and believe as they have been taught, until they have examined and satisfied themselves that what they have been taught is right. They are not willing, either, to follow their instincts and feelings, until they have proved by an appeal to something that is

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beyond their influence, that these instincts and feelings are right. If you say to them, "if any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God," they will answer, yes, but then the question is, what is His will? this is what I must know before I can do it. If you refer to Revelation, they have not yet admitted its authority. If you refer to their consciences, they are troubled to decide what is conscience and what passion, selfishness, or mere blind impression. Hence they can neither receive anything dogmatically, upon outward authority, nor can they receive it poetically, as resting upon the sentiments and affections. There is now but one resource left them. They must build upon the intuitions of the reason, and when they have got a sound and correct philosophy, they can legitimate authority, and their sentiments and feelings, and henceforth these become grounds of faith. For this class Mr. Brownson's book is especially intended.

Infidelity is a phenomenon no less interesting to the philosopher than to the philanthropist and Christian. It should be calmly and candidly studied. No one may pretend to have found the cause of its appearing at any given time or in any individual, until he can state the infidel's views and difficulties to the satisfaction of the infidel himself. When we can do this, we may feel sure that we have seen things from his point of view, and are in possession of the first and the indispensable prerequisite for confuting and convincing him. If we find its cause to be in the moral nature, if it proceed from a corruption and depravity of the heart, then the infidel must be made a better man before he can believe. He that understands this kind of infidelity will not insist, at first, upon the infidel's believing in God, in Christ, and Immortality. He will seek to make him believe in and practise truth and virtue, and the kindly and social affections. By faith in these things, the unbeliever will be prepared for a faith in God and Immortality. He must understand earthly things before he can understand heavenly ones. But we believe that infidelity, — that is, avowed infidelity, — seldom proceeds from this cause. When one is really an infidel from the corruption of his heart, he has an instinctive sense of shame, which leads him to conceal, as far as he can, his want of faith, though he be not perfectly conscious that it proceeds from his depravity. He, therefore, professes to believe in and honor the institutions of Christianity. Hence the avowal of infidelity is always a good symptom. It is the confession that there is a disease, and the

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manifestation of a willingness to have it investigated and treated accordingly. It shows an honesty and sincerity, without which there is no ground for hope. This avowal is seldom made by those whose infidelity proceeds from an inward corruption. It would be a self-condemnation, which individuals of this class are not inclined to make even in their own thought.

The book before us is not calculated to remove, or have much effect upon the infidelity that arises from this source.

But if infidelity arises from an intellectual difficulty, then that difficulty must be intellectually met. Infidels of this class are commonly men of thought, shrewdness, and acute penetration. They are, perhaps, more acute than comprehensive in their turn of mind. There are usually two causes that operate upon the individual. They are almost always concomitants, for they have a natural connexion with each other. They are shoots from one and the same root.

First; the current philosophy may be inadequate to explain the grounds of faith in the supernatural. The philosophy of an age is but the common sense, — the general spirit of the age, — digested and written out into a system. Hence, all persons are permeated by the philosophy of their age, even though they have never read a book upon philosophy in their lives. Some man arises and puts this unwritten philosophy into form, and it usually takes its name from him. Superficial thinkers suppose that he originated it, and that none are his disciples, or the receivers of his philosophy, except those that have studied his works. But it is not so. All are receivers of that philosophy, unless, either their souls, by the force of their original constitution persevere in rejecting it, or, by effort and study, they bring themselves to adopt another. If the principles of this philosophy tend to skepticism and infidelity, the multitude may still receive it without apparent harm, but the most acute, and those that have the most logical consistency, and who are governed by their thoughts instead of their feelings, will carry out this philosophy to infidelity. They will not believe anything. Thus in England, Berkeley professedly received Locke's philosophy, and denied the existence of the material world. David Hume, professedly receiving the same philosophy, went still further, and denied everything supernatural. It is well known, too, to every reader of English literature and history, that all the professed infidels of Great Britain, from Hume down to the present day, have accepted

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the same philosophy. This philosophy was introduced into France by Voltaire, Condillac, &c. It was generally received, and was the prevalent philosophy until the lectures of Laromiguiere, professor of the faculty of literature, delivered in 1811, '12, and '13. It is also well known, that the class of infidels to which Elwood belonged, in this country, receive and believe in the same philosophy.

The second cause, which usually coexists with the one just stated, as a shoot from the same root, is, that the Church, in its creeds and worship, as it is at the time that infidelity appears, does not satisfy the philosophic mind. Christianity, as represented by this Church, does not satisfy the wants of such souls. They do not distinguish Christianity from the doctrines and creeds of the Church. They, therefore, say that Christianity does not meet the wants of their souls; it does not commend itself to their reason. In this case the more timid, those who are more anxious to be saved, than to understand how or by whom it is done, conform to the Church, and sacrifice reason to revelation, believing, no doubt, in the essential depravity of the human heart. The more bold and hardy will not make this compromise. Hence they reject Christianity, and declare themselves infidels. But no one dissents from, or rejects the Church, and the idea of religion, which it embodies, if it recognise and address all the faculties of his soul, and is broad and high enough to contain all that he can see that is pure and holy in thought and faith. The idea of religion that encloses and limits the soul is one that no person will receive, except by force. If one can be made by force of argument to believe that this religion is one that God has given, and made the terms of salvation for man, so that there can be no hope unless he comply, then he may be constrained to submit. But religion is for him anything but cheerful, — a sweet and holy influence upon the soul. In proportion to the acuteness and vigor of one's mind will be his resistance to the arguments brought forward to support this religion.

When, then, these two causes coexist, namely; a philosophy that is not adequate to explain to the philosophic mind, the foundations of religious faith, but rather tends to a rejection of all faith in the supernatural; and when, secondly, the Church, the popular idea of religion, does not recognise and address all the faculties of human nature, and embrace and represent all of high and pure thought and hope that is in the soul, persons of a philosophic tendency will be dissatisfied with

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the Church, and protest against it, as was the case in the Unitarian movement. If their logical tendency is stronger than their religious feelings, they will reject Revelation altogether. They become infidels. To this class the book before us is especially addressed.

Charles Elwood was educated by Calvinistic parents. He was a young man of an ardent temperament, a keen insight, and of a decidedly reflective turn of mind. Such a mind could not grow up to maturity without seeking to render to itself an account of its faith. This it could not do, until it had a better philosophy, as a ground to proceed upon. He speaks of this state with an eloquence truly pathetic.

"We do not pass from belief to doubt, nor from doubt to disbelief, without a long and severe struggle. Even after we have become confirmed unbelievers, there are many remembrances which rise up to make us weep that we are not what we were. In most cases, religion has been inwoven with all our earlier life. It has hallowed all the affections and associations which gather round the home of our childhood. Each spot, each object, each event dear to the memory, has its tale of religion. The sister who played with us, smiled when we were pleased, wept when we were grieved, — above all, the mother, who stood between us and danger, and knelt with us in prayer, speak to us of religion, and endear it to our hearts. Whenever we break away from it, we seem to ourselves to be breaking away from the whole past, — from all that we have loved, have hoped, feared, thought, enjoyed or suffered, and to be rushing upon a new and untried existence. It is a fearful change, which then comes over us. To be no longer what we have been, to lose sight of all that has been familiar to us, to enter upon we know not what, upon a state of being the issues of which we see not, and of which we can foretell nothing, — what is this different in reality from that event which men call death?

"Over every one, who once doubts the creed in which he has been reared, does this change come. The doubt once raised, the man has undergone a radical change. He can never be again what he has been. The simple faith of his childhood never returns. He may attain to conviction, but the childlike confidence, the warm trustfulness is gone forever. From that time henceforth, he must battle his way in the dark, with doubts, perplexities, insolvable problems as best we may. And to all this, of which we have at first a forefeeling, think not, that we bring ourselves to consent without a struggle.

"Religion is life's poesy. It breathes a living soul into the

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universe, and gives us everywhere a bright and loving spirit, with which to hold sweet and mystic communings. On every object around us it sheds a mellow light, and throws a veil over all the stern and forbidding features of reality. Bitter is the day which raises that veil, and bids that mellowing light be withdrawn; when for the first time we look into the heavens, and see no spirit shining there, over the rich and flowering earth, and see no spirit blooming there, abroad over a world of silent, senseless matter, and feel that we are — alone. I shall never forget that day; and I have no doubt that I shall see all the objects of sense, one after another, fade away and lose themselves in the darkness of death, with far less shrinking of soul, than I saw my childhood's faith depart, and felt the terrible conviction fastening itself upon me, that all must go, — God, Christ, Immortality, that which my fathers had believed, for which they had toiled, lived, suffered, died, which my mother had cherished and infused into my being with the milk from her breast, — all, all, even to the last and dearest article, must vanish, and be to me henceforth but as a dream, which cannot be recalled. * * *

"Religion I had loved from my infancy. In my loneliness, in my solitary wanderings, it had been my companion and my support. It had been my pleasure to feel that wherever I went the eye of my Father watched over me, and his infinite love embraced me. I was never in reality alone. A glorious Presence went always with me. When I was thrown upon the world at a tender age without a friend, and left to buffet my way unaided, unencouraged, and felt myself cut off from all communion with my kind, I could hold sweet and mysterious communion with the Father of men; and when I smarted under a sense of wrong done me, I could find relief in believing that God sympathized with me, and made my cause his own. God had been to me a reality; and though I had been nurtured in the tenets of the gloomiest and most chilling of Christian creeds, I had always seen him as a father, and as a father whose face ever beamed with paternal love. I could not then lose my faith, and see all my religious hopes and consolations escape in the darkness of unbelief, without feeling that I was giving up all that had hitherto sustained me, all that it was pleasant to remember, that could soothe in sorrow, strengthen under trial, inspire love, and give the wish or the courage to live." — pp. 41, 42, 43, 45, 46.

But painful as it was he must give it all up. We have no doubt that most of those who are so unhappy as to be skeptical, can sympathize with Elwood. A knowledge of the fact, that they do thus feel and suffer, (which it is our fault if we do not

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possess,) should soften our hearts and manners towards them. It is universally true, that we can do a man's thought and character but very little good, unless we love him, and give him credit for all of good that there is in him. We had always better err on the side of charity, if on either.

Mr. Brownson does not describe the process by which Elwood came to his unbelief. When he first introduces him to us he has passed from faith into utter skepticism. He describes this state in an interview with Elizabeth Wyman, to whom Elwood was engaged to be married. Elizabeth had been converted. She says to him:

"'Charles, Charles, have you no feeling? The whole Creation is radiant with God's glory; all creatures, even beasts, birds, and insects, join in a hymn of praise to his mercy; and are you silent, you, whom I have heard so often and so eloquently plead for the oppressed, and so warmly vindicate the rights and dignity of man? Have you no word for God; the exhaustless source of all Goodness, Life, and Love? Is your heart cold and dead?'

"'No, Elizabeth, no; my heart is not dead. I want not sensibility, but I want faith. I see all things with the eyes of the unbeliever. I hear not the hymn which so enraptures you. All nature is silent to me. I cannot sympathize with your present feelings. I am an unbeliever, but I do not ask you to be one. Indulge your piety, but think not unkindly of me if I cannot share it.'

"'Charles, you might be a believer if you would.'

"'No, I could not. I am not an unbeliever from choice, but necessity.'

"'I doubt it. You are too proud to be a Christian. You are ashamed of the humility of the cross. You would be a philosopher, and follow your own reason. You will not submit to God.'

"'Nay, Elizabeth, you wrong me, wrong me grievously. I am not ashamed of the humility of the cross. I have tried hard to be a Christian.'

"'You have?'

"'Ay, by day and by night. I have sought God with my whole heart, with tears, entreaties, fastings, watchings, but it has availed me nothing; I am an atheist.'

"'O, say not so.'

"'Why should I deceive myself or others? If I know the state of my own mind, I do not believe in the existence of God. But do not fancy that I have become what I am without a struggle. I am not ignorant of what men call religion. It has been

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the study of my life. My first lesson was the catechism, and my earliest delight was in reading religious books, conversing with religious people, and thinking of God and heaven. I was not yet thirteen when I was affected as you have been, — had deep and pungent conviction for sin, — heard, as I fancied, the Son of God declare my sins forgiven, and felt all the ecstatic joy you now feel.'

"'And yet have become an unbeliever!'

"'T is true. But I have not labored to make others unbelievers. Unbelief has few attractions. It adds no glory to the universe, no warmth to the heart, no freshness to life. It is a sad creed; the wise endure it, but none love it.'" — pp. 30, 31.

While in this state, the Rev. Mr. Smith, a young minister, who had just come into the neighborhood, called upon him. Mr. Smith announces himself as having come "with a message from God." This announcement leads directly ot he discussion of a Revelation. The conversation turns first upon the historical authority for the genuineness and divine origin of the books composing the Bible. They then come to a discussion of miracles, as a proof of a message from God. Elwood is represented as having decidedly the best of the argument.

"I have observed that you religious people, in defending miracles, assume to be in possession of all the knowledge of God communicated by the supernatural revelation miracles are brought forward to authenticate. You assume the truth of the revelation, and by that verify your miracles; and then adduce your miracles to authenticate the revelation. But I need not say to you that before you have authenticated your revelation you have no right to use it; and before you can authenticate it, on your own showing, you must verify your miracles, — a thing you cannot do without that knowledge of God, which you say is to be obtained from the revelation only." — pp. 22, 23.

It must be borne in mind that Mr. Brownson is here stating the argument *as it appears to the infidel.* We shall see by-and-by what are his real views of miracles.

After this conversation with Mr. Smith, Elwood falls in with a Mr. Wilson, who is also a minister, and with whom he discusses the argument from nature in favor of the existence of God. This argument is no more satisfactory to Elwood than that from miracles in favor of a Revelation.

"This conversation merely shows the insufficiency of the common argument from nature, an argument much insisted on

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by those who seek arguments for others, not for themselves; but which is quite too easily set-aside. Perhaps no man has stated this argument better than Paley, in his Natural Theology, and yet it was that work which first raised my doubts of the existence of God. If Paley had really felt the need of convincing himself of the being of a God, he never could have written that book. No man is ever converted to Theism by the argument from nature. And the reason why that argument is relied on is because it is the most easily adduced, and those who use it, feeling no need of any argument for themselves, think it ought to silence the atheist." — p. 61.

Whatever *we* may think of Elwood's remarks and objections, we cannot deny the fact that they *seem to the unbelievers* to have all the force and importance that is here ascribed to them. If we can show the doubters that their view of these arguments and their objections to them are wrong, it is very well. But it is of but little use, so far as they are concerned, to say so, unless we can make it appear to their minds that it is so. We can hardly expect to gain anything by merely denying the force of the infidel's objections. This is often done with a manner and tone, if not even with words, that reproach them with obstinacy and perversity. This is not only unjust and uncharitable, but it moreover usually serves to confirm them in their infidelity. We must win people by our respect and love before what we say will have much effect upon them. If we can allow to the infidel all the importance that he attaches to his objections, and yet find grounds of faith against which he will feel no such objections, we may hope to succeed. This is what Mr. Brownson attempts to do.

In consequence of a revival in the place, Elizabeth had been converted, and felt bound to sacrifice this "dearest idol of her heart" upon the altar of her God. After this sacrifice, Elwood says:

"One tie alone was left me, one alone bound me to my race, and to virtue. My mother, bowed with years and afflictions, still lived, though in a distant part of the country. A letter from a distant relative with whom she resided informed me, that she was very ill, and demanded my presence, as she could not survive many days. I need not say this letter afflicted me. I had not seen my mother for several years; not because I wanted filial affection, but I had rarely been able to do as I would. Poverty is a stern master, and when combined with talent and ambition,

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often compels us to seem wanting in most of the better and more amiable affections of our nature. I had always loved and reverenced my mother; but her image rose before me now as it never had before. It looked mournfully upon me, and in the eloquence of mute sorrow, seemed to upbraid me with neglect, and to tell me that I had failed to prove myself a good son." — pp. 88, 89.

His mother died and left him alone.

"I lingered several weeks around the grave of my mother, and in the neighborhood where she had lived. It was the place where I had passed my own childhood and youth. It was the scene of those early associations, which become the dearer to us as we leave them the farther behind. I stood where I had sported in the freedom of early childhood; but I stood alone, for no one was there, with whom I could speak of its frolics. One feels singularly desolate when he sees only strange faces, and hears only strange voices in what was the home of his early life.

"I returned to the village where I resided when I first introduced myself to my readers. But what was that spot to me now? Nature had done much for it, but nature herself is very much what we make her. There must be beauty in our souls, or we shall see no loveliness in her face; and beauty had died out of my soul. She who might have recalled it to life, and thrown its hues over all the world was —— but of that I will not speak.

"It was now that I really needed the hope of immortality. The world was to me one vast desert, and life was without end or aim. The hope of immortality is not needed to enable us to bear grief, to meet great calamities. These can be, as they have been, met by the atheist with a serene brow and a tranquil pulse. We need not the hope of immortality in order to meet death with composure. The manner in which we meet death depends altogether more on the state of our nerves than the nature of our hopes. But we want it when earth has lost its gloss of novelty, when our hopes have been blasted, our affections withered, and the shortness of life and the vanity of all human pursuits have come home to us, and made us exclaim, 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity;' we want, then, the hope of immortality to give to life an end, an aim.

"We all of us at times feel this want. The infidel feels it early in life. He learns all too soon, what to him is a withering fact, that man does not complete his destiny on earth. Man never completes anything here. What, then, shall he do, if there be no hereafter? With what courage can I betake myself to my task? I may begin, — but the grave lies between me

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and the completion. Death will come to interrupt my work, and compel me to leave it unfinished. This is more terrible to me than the thought of ceasing to be. I could *almost*, — at least, I think I could, — consent to be no more, after I had finished my work, achieved my destiny; but to die before my work is completed, while that destiny is but begun, — this is the death which comes to me, indeed, as a 'King of Terrors.'

"The hope of another life to be the complement of this, steps in to save us from this death, to give us the courage and the hope *to begin*. The rough sketch shall hereafter become the finished picture, the artist shall give it the last touch at his ease; the science we had just begun shall be completed, and the incipient destiny shall be achieved. Fear not to begin, thou hast eternity before thee in which to end.

"I wanted, at the time of which I speak, this hope. I had no future. I was shut up in this narrow life as in a cage. All for whom I could have lived, labored, and died, were gone, or worse than gone. I had no end, no aim. My affections were driven back to stagnate and become putrid in my own breast. I had no one to care for. The world was to me as if it were not; and yet a strange restlessness came over me. I could be still nowhere. I roved listlessly from object to object, my body was carried from place to place, I know not why, and asked not myself wherefore. And yet, change of object, change of scene, wrought no change within me. I existed, but did not live. He who has no future, has no life." — pp. 91, 92, 93.

Elwood's attention was then called to the wrongs and abuses in society, and he became a reformer. This gave him a subject to occupy his thoughts, and an aim in life. He was for a while more happy than before. But he soon became exhausted, and his health failed. He then became acquainted with Mr. Howard. Mr. Howard was a good, consistent, and intelligent Christian, and by his kindness and charity did for Elwood what it would have been nearly, if not quite impossible to have done by argument. Mr. Howard had that charity that "believeth all things," "hopeth all things," and "worketh no ill to its neighbor." Elwood was surprised to find these virtues in one who professed to be a Christian. Mr. Howard took him home to his own house, where he treated him with great kindness, and gave him an opportunity to recover his health and spirits. Mr. Howard sympathized with Elwood in many of his views of the wrongs and abuses in society. He treated him with respect, and gave him credit for having much more that was good in him than Elwood had ever supposed that he possessed. While

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staying with Mr. Howard, Mr. Elwood met with a Rev. Mr. Morton, who had himself been an unbeliever.

From the time that Elwood met with Mr. Howard, there is little or no incident in the story. It becomes a discussion of the nature and grounds of Christianity. Mr. Howard recognised the use of the philosophic element in religion, and encouraged Elwood to use it. He thus prepared him to receive a faith in the supernatural. The argument, by which Elwood was converted, together with its terminology, are from a philosophy, with which many of our readers have but little, if any acquaintance. Any attempt, therefore, to give, within the limits here allowed us, an adequate account of an argument, that is but too briefly stated in the book itself, would be useless.

One more quotation will exhibit Mr. Brownson's view of miracles.

"'What say you of the marvellous stories, called miracles, with which the Bible is filled?'

"'The first question with regard to these miracles is, did they actually take place? I can assign no reasons *a priori* why they should not have taken place. Nature is but God's will, and he is not bound by what we term its laws; for its laws are himself. Therefore, there was nothing to hinder him from performing them, if he chose. Also the general canons of historical criticism, which I adopt in all other cases, seem to require me to admit them. I cannot persuade myself that the universal belief in miracles is wholly an error. I could not so believe without depriving myself of all ground of certainty. Then the miracles of the New Testament are so interwoven with the texture of the narrative, and make up so essential a part of it, that I cannot deny them, without casting suspicion on the whole narrative itself. And I cannot reject the narrative itself, without departing from the principles of historical evidence, which I find myself compelled to admit everywhere else.

"'The second question in regard to the miracles is, are they genuine miracles? That is, were they actually performed by the power of God, or were they mere tricks of jugglery? This question is not to be answered in the gross, but in detail. Each individual miracle is to be taken on its own bottom, and to be judged by itself. This we are able to do, because, as I have shown, we have in us an element of the supernatural. Therefore, there is in us a power of detecting God intuitively. If we detect the presence of God in the miracle, we are to term it an actual miracle. This I think I can do, at least, in some of the alleged miracles. I therefore contend for the genuineness of at least a portion of the miracles recorded in the Bible.'

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"'Do you use the miracles as proofs of the revelation?'

"'No. Because the evidence I have of the truth of the revelation, is stronger than that which I have of the fact, that the miracles actually took place. The miracles rest on historical testimony, the weakest kind of testimony; the truth of the revelation rests on the testimony of a witness I have within. I do not use them as proofs, because I have as much ability to detect the presence of God in a moral doctrine, as I have in the display of physical power. If I know nothing of God, I cannot detect him in the extraordinary display of physical power; if I know enough of him to detect him in the miracle, I must needs know enough of him to detect him in the doctrine, and, therefore, I do not need the miracle.'

"'What, then, is the use of miracles?'

"'I do not know what was the actual purpose for which they were wrought; nor do I know what purpose they actually served. I can conceive, however, of a purpose they might have answered, and there is a use I can make of them now. As for the purpose they might have served: Mankind, especially when but partially enlightened, are much more attracted by extraordinary displays of physical power, than by the exhibition of moral grandeur. Had Jesus, for instance, appeared in the simple dress of a Jewish peasant from the obscure village of Nazareth, out of which it was proverbially said no good thing could come, whatever had been the purity of his life, the truth and excellence of his doctrines, he would hardly have secured a single listener. The miracles he performed, therefore, were necessary, to draw attention to him, and induce people to listen to him. To the simple peasant-teacher nobody would have paid any attention. But from the man who could cast out devils, open the eyes of the blind, unstop the ears of the deaf, enable the lame to walk, and cause the dumb to sing, who could still the raging tempest, and compel the grave to yield up the dead to life, they could not so easily turn away. Here was something extraordinary; here was a wonderful man, what had he got to say?

"'Again; you cannot have failed to observe how prone men are to regard nature as possessed of causative power. Nature moves on so harmoniously, with so much regularity and uniformity, that we are exceedingly liable to regard all her phenomena as the effects of her own independent causality; thus stopping at second causes, and virtually banishing God from the universe. Now it seems necessary that this order, this uniformity, should at times be broken through, so that we may see that an omnipotent Will rules in the affairs of the world; that there is a God,

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who holds nature in his hand, and does with it as he pleases. Miracles, which are interruptions of the natural course of events, occurring at distant intervals, seem to me admirably calculated to produce this effect, to raise men's minds from second causes to the First Cause, and to show them that nature is but what He wills.

"'There is another use of miracles, or rather of the events termed miracles, which I can make. I may regard them as so many symbols, each covering a great truth, or an important moral lesson. This use of them is, perhaps, the principal one to be made of them now, and it is affected by no theory we may adopt as to their having actually occurred. Take, as an illustration of what I mean, the miracle of the resurrection. I of course admit the miracle in its literal sense. But, suppose I could not make it out that the body of Jesus actually rose, yet the great lesson taught us by the story of the resurrection remains unimpaired. Jesus was engaged in a great work, that of the complete and final redemption of man from every species of thraldom. In this work he encountered opposition, he was taken and crucified, buried in a new tomb, closed up and guarded with armed soldiery; but on the third day he rose from the dead, and after a few days ascended in triumph to God. So runs the narrative.'" — pp. 235 – 239.

It will be a question with many, whether Mr. Elwood comes to what can properly be called Christianity. Some will decide at once in the negative. But before the question can be fairly decided one way or the other, we must know what Christianity specially is; wherein consists its distinctive peculiarities, which one must receive in order to be a Christian. If either Papists, Episcopalians, Baptists, Calvinists, or any sect whatever, choose to say, that the distinctive features of their sect are the essential peculiarities of Christianity, then they may deny the Christian name to all who do not belong to their denomination. By this we see the danger of judging by partial views, and the impossibility almost of freeing ourselves from such views in forming our judgments. We, who profess to be liberal Christians, should certainly be very backward in refusing the Christian name to any who desire it, and sincerely think they deserve it, as Elwood and Morton certainly did. Doubtless, Christianity is something. It consists not only in a state of the soul, but also in a faith in certain truths, which, if one does not receive, he can have no right to be called a Christian. But what is this something? While we labor under such difficulties as we now do,

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in the way of determining, we had better take care to err on the side of charity, rather than on that of exclusiveness. If Christianity was intended to be a religion for all, then it must meet the wants of all; it can be so presented as to commend itself to the minds and hearts of all. If, then, there is a class of minds like those Mr. Brownson represents in Mr. Elwood, that can receive Christianity in no other way than as it is here presented, and we may not deny the testimony of their own consciousness to the fact; if Christianity was intended for all, and can be so presented as to commend itself to the minds and hearts of all; and if Mr. Brownson, in the character of Morton, has so represented what he sincerely believes to be Christianity, that it commends itself to this class of minds, then the presumption, at least, is in favor of calling it Christianity. But, after all, it is, perhaps, of no great consequence, that we should decide the question. That to which he comes is infinitely better than his former disbelief. If it be not Christianity, and Christianity be something higher than it, then we cannot doubt it will be a preparation for the reception of Christianity. We must be charitable. Christianity is wide enough for us all, if we have the spirit of Christ, without which we are none of his.

Charles Elwood is an attempt to present Christianity so that it shall satisfy the philosophic element of our nature. In this consists its peculiar merit, and its distinctive characteristic. Such a book was certainly very much needed. We have no doubt that it will lead many a doubter to a cheerful faith, and confirm many a feeble mind in the faith it has already professed. But it should be borne in mind that Mr. Brownson addresses but one part of the human family; and, of course, he presents a partial view of the grounds upon which a faith in Christ may rest. This must be distinctly borne in mind in our estimate of the work before us. He addresses the philosophic element, and the men in whom this element is predominant; and, of course, he presents the arguments that would be the most striking and satisfactory to this class of men. In so far as he has succeeded, he must be considered to have done a meritorious work. We think Mr. Brownson eminently qualified for this task, and that his success is complete. But we do not think him qualified, nor do we think that he has attempted in the book before us to present Christianity and its grounds so as to satisfy the wants and tastes of all classes of persons.

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We think that all must feel, — the author and all, — that the views to which his logic leads do not entirely satisfy. Logic has to do with the intellect and thought, — the philosophic element in man. To this element Mr. Brownson has addressed himself satisfactorily. But the heart, and its affections and sentiments, the fancy, the love of the beautiful, have wants which logic cannot satisfy; they require a faith in what the logical understanding can not prove to exist; nay, they often require a faith in what it pronounces to be impossible or absurd. Mr. Brownson, however, will say, and rightly too, that his philosophy underlies the faith, that rests upon their instincts and affections, inasmuch as it proves that they are worthy of confidence. So it does; but then we must recollect that it is the philosophic element that asks the question, whether these instincts and affections are worthy of trust and faith, and, therefore, the question can be asked by those only, in whom this element predominates. Persons have the most confidence in the predominant trait of their character. Hence persons, who have more affection than thought, would never ask their philosophy to legitimate their instincts and affections, because they have less confidence in their philosophy than they have in those affections and instincts, which it is called upon to legitimate. No; these persons must wait to see whether the deductions of their reasoning are agreeable to their instincts and feelings, before they will receive and avow them to be true. Mr. Brownson's argument, then, is partial; and when regarded merely as an argument, it will fall quite powerless upon many hearts. These minds must be addressed by some other and different arguments and considerations. But we most heartily commend this book to the study of that class of persons, for whom it is intended. It can hardly fail to have a most happy effect upon them in bringing them into the fold of Christ. It will, also, doubtless, be the means of giving composure and serenity to the faith of many, who are as yet weak in the faith, or halting between two opinions.

W. D. W.

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C. Stetson.

ART. VI. — *Domestic Worship.* By W. H. FURNESS, Pastor of the First Congregational Unitarian Church in Philadelphia. Philadelphia: James Kay, Jr. & Brother. 1840. 12mo. pp. 274.

WE are glad to see this book. It is a work of great and peculiar excellence. It is not a compilation from other books of devotion; nor is it made up of conventional phrases and scripture quotations, which have been so long employed as the language of prayer, that they are repeated without thought and without feeling. It is admirably adapted to the purpose for which it was written; and it may be read again and again with great interest and profit by any one, who desires to enrich his mind with the purest sentiments of devotion, and with the language in which it finds its best expression. Here we have the genuine utterances of religious sensibility, — fresh, natural, and original, as they come from a mind of singular fertility and beauty, and a heart overflowing with love to God and love to man. They seem not like prayers made with hands, to be printed in a book, but *real praying*, full of spirit and life. They are written in the universal language of the soul; not tortured into technical and theological forms, but simple, reverential, and earnest, adapted to waken the sympathy, and give fit expression to the feelings of every pious heart. They are affectionate, tender, humane, rather than ecclesiastical. We like not to speak of eloquence in devotional exercises, but these prayers *are* eloquent in pure and elevated thought, clothed in language so true, so fresh, so natural, that it is hardly possible to read them without making them our own. So remarkable is their tone of reality and genuineness, that we cannot bring ourselves to regard them as compositions written for a purpose, but rather as the actual utterances of a pure and elevated soul in reverent and immediate communion with the Infinite Father.

The book is above our criticism. We accept it thankfully as Mr. Furness has given it to us, without cavil or objection. If we were disposed to have it other than what it is, we might express the wish that the prayers had been shorter; for there are great objections to long devotional exercises, especially in families where there are young children, whose attention is soon wearied. But, perhaps, we should have lost more than we should have gained, if the author had restrained himself within

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narrower limits. He might have had less freedom and warmth, — of that he is the best judge. And after all the length may be no practical inconvenience, for in most cases a paragraph or two may be omitted without breaking the unity of the prayer. That we may not appear to neglect the duty of fault-finding, we add, moreover, — what we think a blemish, though many will like the book the better for it, — that there is, in some instances, a little departure from Mr. Furness's usual simplicity; a slight tendency, that is, to discussion or preaching.

It is not our object, however, to criticise the book, but to recommend it; and we do most cordially recommend it as eminently adapted to promote the spiritual growth of all who read it in true sympathy with the spirit in which it was written. We believe it would do much to wake up the religious sensibility of those who have never yet felt the sorrows of contrition, or the glow of filial piety. We would gladly see it in the hands of every member of every family. But we shall gratify the feelings of the writer by urging upon our readers the object he has at heart, more than by praising his book, of which we cannot express our just appreciation, without using what might seem at first to be the language of extravagant eulogy.

Prayer is the natural expression of religious sentiment. But there is a mode of philosophizing that tends to discourage and suppress the instinct of devotion. We often hear it said that "we have no need to pray, because God knows all our wants, and is always willing to satisfy them, — so far as they ought to be satisfied, — without our asking." We may admit the truth of the statement without accepting the inference. He does, indeed, know what we need better than we do ourselves; and He is ever full of benignity and love. We must consider, however, that it is not the design of His government that we should passively receive, but *create* rather, the good we enjoy. What we obtain is less important to our highest well-being than what we do and what we are. He does good to us chiefly by means of what he has enabled us to do for ourselves. His providence blesses us through our virtues and our efforts. By the activity of our souls the higher wants of our being are satisfied, — the lower, by the work of our hands. We toil outwardly for our daily bread, — inwardly for the bread of eternal life. In neither case is the gift arbitrary or unconditional; we recognise a law; we receive good, as we do evil, according to the unchangeable relation of cause and effect. We pray not as sup-

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posing the Father to be ignorant or regardless of our wants; but because it is His law, written in our nature and in His revelation, that some of His best gifts should be connected with our prayers; so connected, that we are twice blessed in receiving them; blessed by the favor which the act of faith procures, and blessed in the humble and trusting spirit from which the prayer proceeded.

It is said again, that we need not pray, because "God is unchangeable; we cannot alter His plans, and there is something like irreverence in the attempt." To this we answer, that we make no such attempt; we have no desire to change the immutable purposes of the Almighty. But we distinguish between what is settled by the laws of nature, and what is in its own nature contingent. The movements of material bodies, which have no power of choice or self-direction, are determined by inflexible laws. The planets wheel round the sun in their everlasting courses, and no petition of ours could arrest their flight, or divert them from their appointed career; for their orbits are fixed; but the orbit of a man is not so fixed; there are things, which, for aught we see, depend on his will; within finite limits he can choose his path and direct his way. We move about, we act, we interfere with the plans and movements of others. We are subordinate causes under the Great First Cause. We do many things, we change many things at our pleasure; the outward world yields to our forces; we make the elements of nature our servants to do our bidding. We put forth our muscular strength, and certain effects follow. We dig up the ground and make it clothe itself with beauty; we scatter seeds, and flowers spring up along our path. We have the evidence of our consciousness, that God has made us sovereigns within our finite domain of matter. He has given us power, also, to work changes in the spiritual world. We move men by our influence, and make them serve our purposes. The hungry child prays to his mother for bread, and she gives it. A poor man in the street implores relief from our charity, discouraged by no metaphysical doubt, and yet we do not see that the philosophical argument against prayer to God for what we need, is not equally good against the supplication of the beggar. For if nothing in the system of the universe is contingent, then is our almsgiving among the events which no importunity could change.

Since God has given us power to produce effects according

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to our will, — to grant or reject a petition offered to us, — why should it be supposed that He has reserved no such power for himself? Is He dead? Has He dismissed the machinery of the universe from His care? Or has He so hampered himself by his decrees, that He cannot do anything in answer to our supplications? If our health, comfort, and thrift depend upon our exertions, if we are able to make or mar our prosperity as we will, why may not something depend upon our petitions to the Supreme Ruler? If His immutable laws hinder not the effect of our actions, why should they hinder the effect of our prayers? Why may they not be the procuring cause of blessings that we want? If there is nothing contingent, then it is predetermined, whether we shall eat or starve; and why should we exhaust our energies in vain struggles, beating against the bars of an iron destiny? Why should we labor, save, stint ourselves, to gather up a store for time of need? If we *are* to have anything, we *shall* have it, work or not work. We do not accept this theory of the Divine Government. We believe that the *ever living* Father can grant the suppliant his prayer as well as the farmer his corn. Undoubtedly there may be improper supplications, that will not be granted, as there are misdirected labors, which yield no good result. Our prayers and our exertions are justified by the same principle, and proceed from the same faith in the ever active Providence of God.

After all, the subject is wrapped in mysteries that we cannot penetrate. We feel, however, that it is safe to follow the highest instincts of the soul, and these lead us to the throne of Infinite Power and Love. The religious heart breathes out its irrepressible emotions to the Father in filial trust, though it is unable to trace out the connexion between the prayer and the blessing desired.

But when our prayers are offered, as they chiefly should be, for inward, spiritual good, we are perplexed by no such difficulties. We go to the Father in our weakness, sorrow, or temptation, believing that the humble prayer of faith will bring its own answer. The very act of the soul will give you divine consolation and strength. "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God." The asking implies the calm reflection, the freedom from unworthy biasses, the singleness of heart which *are* the best wisdom. When we pray for a meek and gentle temper, and a spirit of love and good will, the prayer we offer

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will do much to create the dispositions we desire to cherish. We long to be delivered from the power and bondage of sin; we humble ourselves before God, and give sincere utterance to the sorrows of repentance; and by this spiritual act we kindle up in our souls an earnest desire of a better life, — we more and more do hunger and thirst after righteousness, till we are filled.

"Every one that asketh receiveth." This is not the declaration of a new law, but the statement of a truth as old as the creation of man. God has established an everlasting connexion between the prayers of men and the spiritual good they desire, so that the wish and the object bear to each other the relation of cause and effect. It is not our design to exhaust this great subject, which involves such profound philosophical considerations. We wish only to place it before our readers as it appears to us from a single point of view.

What, then, is the essence of prayer, or in other words, what is the element that gives it its chief value and power? It cannot be the utterance of our wishes in words, for God knows them before they are formed; nor the confession of our sins, for no unholy thought or purpose of the soul has escaped His notice. It is not that our prayers can soften or change His dispositions towards us, for nothing can make them kinder or more merciful than they are. The value of prayer consists not so much in its effect upon God as in its effect upon ourselves. In its essence, it is not an outward act, but an inward sense of want. The genuine prayer of faith is a spiritual exercise, not articulate speech. It is the secret communing of man with the indwelling Divinity. It is the yearning of a holy soul, that rises above the earth to seek its heavenly rest. When we enter into spiritual union with God, and are able to appreciate His near and intimate presence, our souls pour out the fervent and effectual prayer, though no breath of devotion escapes our lips. All holy wishes are prayers of faith, which God will answer. The devout man is not always one who most abounds in outward acts of worship, who eagerly runs, in season and out of season, to every place where prayer is to be offered; he is a devout man, who habitually cherishes the sentiments of Heaven, and longs to be partaker of the Divine life. In his soul is the temple of God; and he is careful to shut out the vile affections and dishonest thoughts that would desecrate it.

But, since the essence of prayer lies in the inward feeling,

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and not in the outward expression of our wants, the question is put, "why should our devout sentiments ever take a form of words?" We answer, that actual prayer is adapted to meet the highest necessities of our being. The spirit of devotion would languish and die, if it were shut up in the solitary heart, and denied all utterance. Our holiest sentiments assume no definite shape, till we clothe them in words. Language is not only the instrument by which we communicate what passes within us, but it reacts also upon our minds, giving distinctness and force to what was before obscure and feeble.

This may be illustrated by the phenomena of the coarser passions. By resolute silence we may subdue them; we exasperate them by free utterance. Suspicion is aggravated into confident belief, resentment into rage and fury by reiterated detail. In like manner the frequent expression of our devout affections will give them intenser activity, and cause them to grow into settled habits of the soul. Often the pure and fresh feelings of the young, innocent heart, wither away in their first exposure to the blighting influence of the world, for want of a friend, to whom they might be communicated in the confidence of a perfect sympathy. That lonely, orphaned heart has not found its Father. The germs of early piety perish before they are unfolded in beauty and strength, because its wants and desires have not been poured out before God in filial love and trust. If every good feeling and thought could be shaped out and embalmed in fitting words, and given back to the heart in its hours of serious meditation, they would form an accumulating treasure of holy sentiments. The fugitive emotions, which would else pass away like cloud-shadows upon the water, and leave no trace behind, would strike deep and ineffaceable impressions into the soul.

Thus do language and emotion act reciprocally upon each other; and the same relation exists between language and thought. They are alternately cause and effect. Words, which have been employed to express religious ideas, react upon the mind by the power of suggestion, calling forth other ideas, profounder, more original, more spiritual. The more valuable treasures, which are buried in the deep places of the soul, are drawn out by secret links of association with common-place thoughts, that lie near the surface.

These facts in our experience explain, we think, how secret prayer is adapted to promote our spiritual culture. The

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utterance of devout sentiment gives depth and power to the holy affections, which bind all good beings in the universe to each other, and to their God. "Ask," said Jesus, "and ye shall receive." Ask what? Not this or that imaginable good, — but sit at the feet of Wisdom, waiting and longing for communications of Divine light and love, until this word *ask* expresses the habit of your soul, and then will all spiritual blessings flow into it.

The articulate expression of the wants of the soul not only reacts upon ourselves; but it has a similar effect upon other minds and hearts, that are in spiritual sympathy with our own. Words are symbols of religious thought and emotion. They are means of unfolding, multiplying and perpetuating in ourselves, and waking up in others, the purest and holiest sentiments of our nature. If, then, we have ever found in our prayers any comfort, or spiritual growth, or Divine peace, why should we not deem it an unspeakable privilege, as well as a duty, to gather round the family altar those who are nearest and dearest to us, and join with them in the expression of our common wants? How powerful are the influences of domestic worship, when the flame of devotion, first kindled up in one humble soul, catches from heart to heart till all are animated by one spirit, and breathe out one deep-felt prayer to the great Father, "who setteth the solitary in families." God has instituted all human relations, and religion sheds over them the beauty of holiness. The home of our affections, with all its endearments and blessed charities, is His gift; and shall we not consecrate it to His worship? We are told that there are many households, from which no voice of prayer or thanksgiving goes up to the Giver of all good. Can it be true? Have they no sense of want, or of gratitude? Are they willing to live "without God in the world?" If we considered only man's obligations to the Author of all he enjoys and all he hopes, we should hardly permit ourselves to doubt that an altar for His worship was set up in every family and in every heart. But we are compelled to own, that mankind are fearfully estranged from God. It is a matter of grief and shame that there are many Christian households, — nominally such at least, — in which religion has no settled and acknowledged place. We do not mean to deny that it may possibly exist in the heart without this outward sign; but it is robbed of its just authority! It should be the central light of our dwellings; it should sanc-

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tify and bless all our domestic relations and sympathies; it should be a living presence, a guardian angel, comforting age in its helplessness, supporting manhood in its integrity, and breathing round the young an atmosphere of heavenly influences.

We have met with persons who deny that family prayer is a duty, because Jesus never in express terms enjoined it upon his disciples. But he found it a settled usage among religious men of his country, and he left it undisturbed. The patriarch of elder time was in his own house a "priest after the order of Melchisedec." The ancient custom was perpetuated because it had its origin in the natural wants of the human soul; and surely a natural duty is not less obligatory than a positive institution. The Gospel aims not to direct our actions in detail, but to develop in the soul those Divine affections, from which all Christian virtues and all holy worship proceed. Devout men have always sought communion with God, and how natural it was to invite those who were dearest to them to share in its blessings. Jesus seems always to have taken it for granted that his disciples would pray, and accordingly his instructions have regard chiefly to the spirit of their devotions.

Many heads of families, who desire to live religiously, feel a difficulty in establishing family worship. They have a false modesty, that shrinks from a holy service which they have never attempted. Unused to extemporaneous speech of any kind, they distrust their ability to clothe their devotional sentiments in appropriate and connected language. But humble and earnest men will soon overcome this difficulty, when the offering of prayer in the presence of others is no longer a strange and unfamiliar service. A sincere desire to train up their families under the shadow of the divine protection will give them courage and resolution to throw off this oppressive diffidence. We would say to such persons, persevere; be not afraid; commune with God and your own heart in secret; and "while you are musing the fire of devotion will burn." If you reflect seriously upon your wants, infirmities, and sore temptations, and give free utterance in private to the soul that crieth out for the living God, your deepest emotions will spontaneously clothe themselves in the natural language of prayer. You will not be nice and anxious about phrases and sentences, but be content with the simplest expression of your feelings. In the secret chambers of the soul, where "the spirit

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maketh intercession with groanings that cannot be uttered," you will learn, not to *make prayers*, but to pray. Meditate upon the Infinite Goodness that sends blessing and bounty to you through so many channels; think of your domestic relations, of the happiness they impart, the affections they cherish, the duties they impose; think of Christ and his redemption, of the Gospel, with its peace and love and hope and power; dwell much in this region of serene and holy thoughts; meditate on these things, and make them subjects of earnest prayer in the lone retirement of your soul, and you will soon be rich in the sentiment and language of devotion. Every day, as it brings you new proofs of God's goodness and love, and higher experiences of religion, will open new fountains of emotion, and give fresh utterances to the longings of a pious heart.

If, however, any one is unable, or imagines himself unable, to conduct this service extemporaneously, let him not, therefore, neglect his family worship. Let him avail himself of forms adapted to meet his wants. We earnestly recommend Mr. Furness's book to him as the very help he needs. It seems as if it was written for his special use. Let him study it diligently, enter with warm sympathy into the sentiments and feelings of the author, make them his own, and then read them with earnest sincerity in his family. The desires of a pious heart will not be less acceptable to the Father because they go up to him in words borrowed from a kindred spirit. Many Christians believe that it is best always to use such aids in family devotion. That is not our opinion. We prefer that every prayer should be the fresh and simple expression of the present emotions and desires of the soul. But reading prayers with the spirit of fervent piety is a good, — if not the best, — mode of domestic worship. Only keep the sacred fire burning in your heart, that the prayer may be your own, full of life and warmth, and it will rise as grateful incense to the throne of God, and bring down spiritual blessings.

We would earnestly recommend this book of prayers to another class of persons. Many families are deprived of their natural heads, by the absence or death of the father; and the delicacy of woman often shrinks from conducting the devotions of the household without the aid of forms. Shall the family altar, then, be deserted? Shall the fire kindled upon it be quenched, when your loneliness gives you the more need of its warmth and light? Shall your children and domestics be left

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to believe that you no longer have a God, because the voice, that was wont to speak to Him in supplication and praise, is silent in the grave? Will the widowed mother, placed by her heart-breaking bereavement at the head of her family, have less need of the consolations of faith, when her house is thus left unto her desolate? Where can her wounded affections find relief when her best earthly friend is gone, if she does not seek it in the God of the widow and the fatherless? With profound sympathy we would say to her, let not these fatherless ones grow up orphans indeed, without knowing and loving their Father in Heaven. Let them see that He is your joy and trust, that you have made Christ your portion and hope; and you may lead their young and innocent affections to that kindest, best of friends, who took little ones like them in his arms, and blessed them, and said, "of such is the kingdom of heaven." Thus you will make your house a holy temple, sanctified by the Divine presence. And it will be the abode of harmony and joy; for every amiable and generous affection is daily nourished by communion with the God of love and peace. Once more we recommend this book to you as everything that can be desired in forms of devotion, to aid your spiritual comfort and growth, and establish you in Divine peace.

C. S.

ART. VII. — *The Poetical Works of* EDMUND SPENSER. In five volumes. First American Edition; with Introductory Observations on The Faerie Queene, and Notes, by the Editor. Boston; Charles C. Little and James Brown. 1839.

"THE Faerie Queene" brings back the long Elysian days of boyhood. No poetry is so engaging to the young imagination; it is so sensuous and full of vivid pictures, so fanciful and free, jumping the obstacles of literal fact so easily, yet always true to the facts of the soul, always gratifying simple hope. It leaves a lasting sweetness upon the tongue to have fed upon this manna in the days before care came. The new edition reads with so much of the old smack of delight, that we can thank

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the editor in good spirits about ourselves, and hope one day to come in for a share of his benediction. "He who, at forty, reads 'The Faerie Queene' with as much delight as at twenty, is pretty sure to be a wise and a happy man."

We can best judge a poem some years after reading it. Its true depth and character appear, not in the images which it has stamped upon our memory, nor in the amount of pleasure which it has afforded, but in the light which it has left along the dim history of our own development, and the spirit which it has waked within us. Most clearly has "The Faerie Queene" nourished one tendency in its admirers, namely, the habit of resigning one's self to the contemplation of quiet beauty. Joy and trust frequent the mind after reading it; remembrances of sunny, serene, pure pleasure, hovering sometimes on the border of the voluptuous, but kept back by a kindly hand, and taught the deeper satisfaction of imaginary self-denial; of a careless, childlike freedom, without the restlessness of rebellious feeling; of wide wanderings of thought, leisurely, without limit, through the long summer hours, through the boundless, ever-varied verdure of a world, not like the one around us, but made to the heart's order, and never contradicting expectation. The realm of Faerie is a purely *moral* world, unconditioned by time and space, but making them subserve. Here all things leave their cold promiscuousness, and stand forth in an intellectual, moral light, confessing their relationship to us; all things illustrate the sentiments; the heart is at home among them; the intractable, obtrusive actual, with its interfering circumstances and exceptions, its dull, unquickened common-places, is eliminated from the picture. It is a world in which Love and Beauty and the Rule of Right shine always as the grand interests, and into which only enough of wrong is introduced to occupy the Will, to furnish monsters for the knights of glory to contend with, and serve as foils to victorious virtue. Here the ardent young mind has its hopes, and enjoys perpetual novelty, the mild excitement of surprise grown common. Here it loses itself in a world which dates not from history, but from the heart. Now this is truly poetry, in the sense of one of the happiest definitions which we have seen; "Poetry," says Shelley, "is the record of the best and happiest moments of the best and happiest minds." Pleasure, without mixture of misgiving or alarm; beauty; love; clear conscience; and fresh, perennial youth; — these are the atmosphere of the poem; — at

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times, a somewhat drowsy atmosphere, as so much summer must be, — but an atmosphere which it is life and occupation to breathe. The time to read its lulling mellifluous stanzas is in summer, when the world is green and warm, and the air full of sounds and smells which harmonize with your imaginary sensations while you read; when nature as it were adopts all that the poet paints and sings, and contradicts no word of it; or else, when rainy days or snow-storms drive back the thoughts into their own inward summer, where there is youth still, and hope and love, without fear. But for the full surrender of one's self to such poetry, few feel generous leisure enough in our economical age. Everything must subserve a purpose, must promise some calculable result. Poetry, while she keeps to her own pure province of revealing to us a higher life, is neglected; and only called in as a convenient helper, to impress the maxims and further the enterprises, political, social, and personal, of this life. Pegasus must wear the harness. No wonder, then, that Spenser, that even Shakspeare, are little read. We have no leisure to *live*, and through the calm medium of the universal mind, enjoy all forms of life in turn; we have all got special ends to pursue, which we will not quit, and for which we exclude nature, poetry, love, God even. Let Milton and Shakspeare have the stars and the mountains, and Nature's music, and all the tragedy and comedy of the world to themselves, and let Lear and Hamlet and Sir Guyon and fair Florimel accomplish their destinies in a world not ours. Alas! the world of poetry *is* our world, if we but knew ourselves, and out of it the heart has no home.

But, to leave digression, we have said that the principal lasting impression produced by Spenser's poetry is the pleasure of beauty. Two feelings more it nourishes; the sentiment of *glory* and *moral trust*, or a sense of the beauty and safety of holiness. While he lulls us into smiling slumbers with his sweet visions, it is that we may wake with a love of adventure, and with a faith in the sure triumph of innocence, that purity alone is sufficient for great daring, is invulnerable and unapproachable to baser weapons. "Faerie Land" is a world of beauty; it is "Gloriana," glory's self, who reigns, and by her smile kindles all to life; it is "Magnificence," which is mirrored in the pattern hero of the whole, Prince Arthur; and, to save this nobler sentiment from being confounded with any low and selfish ambition, purity, self-sacrifice is every-

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where preached as the stern condition of success; all things give way before the magic of virtue. This is taught at the point of Britomart's spear, the virgin knight of Chastity; in the dazzling lustre of Prince Arthur's diamond shield, before which no pretender can keep on his disguise; in the charm of the meek Una over savages and lions. Beauty and purity seem to have been the habit of the poet's mind, but glory was his inspiration. He brought to the work all the passive elements of a poet; a poet's senses, sensibilities, and tastes; a poet's reverence, and childlike wonder; love of nature; admiration of woman; fondness for his art, and an exalted sense of its dignity. But it was his age which furnished him with motive. It was the Elizabethan age; the age of enterprise, of glory, of magnificence, when a generous emulation fired all spirits, and all things must needs be done upon a grand scale. The ideal soul of chivalry never burned so pure as in this age and court of Elizabeth, when the outward form of chivalry had nearly passed away. The three-fold devotion to glory, to beauty, and to justice, was the sentiment of the times. This kind of religion enjoyed then, under the auspices of the maiden queen, its great era of revival. We can hardly think that Spenser found the prompting impulse for a great work in his genius, but in his age and position. His was not an over-full, or a mightily aspiring nature. His poetry was of the passive kind. The poetic character in him was not intense, borne onward by necessity of utterance. He had no "burthen" on his soul; no heaven-derived message to deliver. His genius would not have persecuted him much had he kept still and attempted no great work, indulging his quiet, contemplative mood, or with fond activity producing from time to time some sweet, true little sonnet, or pastoral, or allegory. But the enterprise of the age bade *him* also go in quest of adventures. *He* must slay his giant, and accomplish some Herculean task. All his resources came forward in answer to this watchword of glory. This is the key-note of the whole poem. The praise of Gloriana and her knights was the apotheosis of his age and country. The great deeds, the wondrous discoveries, the imposing personages of his age, idealized to the utmost by his own love of the true and the perfect, and transported into a fairy land, form thus a grand moral epic, of vague Gothic dimensions, lacking classic unity of action, but having its unity in this ruling sentiment of the times, personified in Gloriana.

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It is a learned poem. And the Elizabethan was a learned age. Every one, among the higher circles, read the classics. Classical allusions were common coin in the talk of saloon and hall. The maiden queen herself, we are informed, could get up a Greek or Latin speech upon occasion. From Virgil, Ovid, &c., all the common-places of poetry were drawn. The genius of the romantic age hardly allowed the classic form and ground-plan; but in its details, in its furniture and ornaments, every poem had to adopt the approved classic pattern. A great poem was a vast Gothic pile, growing and swelling, building itself out indefinitely, with no outward unity, and all its walls and ceiling covered with fresco illustrations from classic poetry. Spenser almost rivals Hesiod or Ovid in the completeness of his descriptive catalogue of gods and demi-gods, using too the old poet's privilege of sometimes modifying or enlarging the calendar with creations from his own brain. And there is scarcely a long-drawn comparison in Homer or Virgil, which he has not run into the mould of a Spenserian stanza. The influence of the ballads and romances of chivalry was not less. Allegorical impersonations of moral qualities had long been common; they were the principal material of the "Mysteries" and "Moralities," the earliest forms of the modern drama. The impress of these fashions upon a mind like Shakspeare's, was not nearly so great. He, by the superior strength of his own nature, soared above them; his strong, resistless genius made its own channels, was governed and guided by its own laws. But Spenser, perforce, accepted them, and wrote quite as much out of the resources of his age, as out of the resources of his own spirit. In him, tendency was more than balanced by susceptibility; he was formed from without, as much as from within; the fruit, and not the author, of a state of society.

We have thus the elements which entered into the composition of "The Faerie Queene." Its plan, form, sentiment, and style, seem no longer unaccountable. From the poet's own nature and genius, it received beauty and vividness of description, freshness, healthiness, moral purity, and the pervading spirit of trust, and its melody and sweetness of expression; from the spirit of the age, the sentiment of glory, as its motive; from chivalry, its form; and from classic and Italian literature, then the models, its mythological and allegorical garb. But Spenser was no mere conventional creature of his times, no mechanical imitator of the ancients. He always gave as good

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as he received. An old fable or comparison passes through the crucible of his mind only to come out with that new beauty, which is peculiarly his own. The freshness of his own spirit touches with morning dew whatever thing he transplants from the gardens of the classics; he makes the school-boy's common-places readable again. Common as allegory was, he appears as the master in that department, as the one in whom the style might have originated. Marked as the whole poem is by the spirit of his age, and by its literary fashions, it has excellencies which could not have been borrowed, significance and charm for every age.

Spenser is justly celebrated as the poet of the imagination, in the popular, not the new philosophical sense of the word. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard" the wonders with which he surrounds us. Yet we seem at home among them; they look strangely real. We seem to be wandering, with pleased ignorance, through interminable forests, where Nature has lavished all her riches; and ever and anon across the gloom rush or glide shapes of beauty or of terror, and enact passages of their story before us; then are lost in darkness, and others emerge; occasionally a familiar figure reappears; some of them are so divinely beautiful, that we watch for them continually; but the divinest are the most mysterious, and but little of their life is shown. "Fair Florimel," whence and whither is she? We read again and again the few lines which portray her lovely apparition in the hope of a more definite and complete conception; we watch eagerly her every return upon the stage, with a desire to know more of her inward being. But

> "The surest signe, whereby ye may her know,
> Is, that she is the fairest wight alive, I trow."

Belphœbe, too, is a sudden light in the desert, a clear, chaste, heavenly light, seen but an instant, to be forgotten never. And Arthur comes and vanishes, a phantom, an action, not a life. It is all one boundless, beautiful confusion of scenes and persons and events, such as, with eye half-closed, we see shape themselves in the embers on a winter's eve, or such as we may trace in the curious veins of mahogany or marble. The ordinary background is the pleasant gloom of a wood. But the scene changes, and we are on smooth meadows, among blue, sparkling streams, or intoxicated with the odors and the melodies of the "Bower of Bliss" upon its floating island.

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Again, we go down into the depths of the earth, among the horrid shades, where

> "Guyon finds Mammon in a delve,
> Sunning his threasure hore,
> Is by him tempted, and led downe
> To see his secrete store."

Then we are shut up alone, with Britomart, in the dark spacious halls of an ancient palace; wild sounds are heard, a rushing of winds through all the rooms and passages; the doors fly open, and lo! a mysterious procession; the "Masque of Cupid" walks thrice solemnly round and disappears. In several of these extended allegories a masterly power is displayed. The House of Pride, Mammon's Cave, the Masque of Cupid, the visit of Duessa to the abode of Night, the Bower of Bliss, the Vision of the Dance of the Graces in the charming pastoral cantos in the last book, are more vivid than anything in Virgil or Tasso. The allegory of Despair, which is said to have won for our poet the admiration and friendship of Sir Philip Sydney, is a fine instance of the power of art to invest with a gloomy grandeur subjects in themselves repulsive, and to heighten disgust and terror into awe. No wonder the bold Red-cross Knight cannot resist "that villein's" arguments; there is a drowsy, fascinating music in his terrible suggestions, which almost takes all will away from us while we read. Spenser is fond of depicting the hateful as well as the lovely, in the strongest light he can. He obliges us to look at many a loathsome figure, specimens of unredeemed ugliness, relieved by nothing but the display of skill in the artist, and over which the delicacy of the present day would draw a veil. These, and some of his too voluptuous passages, mar the chaste beauty of the poem, and betray the dangers of a warm imagination, pleased with its own activity. But nowhere is vice made attractive, or sensuality exposed in other than a condemning moral light. Indeed, the true poet cannot be immoral; for he differs from other men chiefly in this, that in his mind thoughts and images shape and arrange themselves, not by accidental, superficial associations, but according to the eternal order of nature, which all revolves upon the axis of absolute Right, and has in that its central stay and force, the secret law of all its manifestations.

Spenser is distinguished for purity, for tenderness and delicacy, and for a healthiness, temperance, and constancy, in his intellectual excitement, which is rare in the history of genius. We

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always think of him as the *gentle* bard. Though one of the least sentimental of the poets, and never the prey of morbid melancholy, yet the soft, mellow haze of love rests over all his landscapes. His exalted admiration of the female character is a part of his inmost religion. Fairer creations of heavenly purity never dawned upon poet's or painter's vision, than Florimel and Amoret and Belphœbe and "lovely Una, with her milk-white lamb," and even Britomart, as stern as beautiful, who prefers a spear and helmet to the quiet occupations of her sex, and has no patience "to finger the fine needle and nice thread." Though wanting, all of them, individuality and warmth, what a mysterious interest they excite in us! They are like the chaste stars, which look in upon us as we fall asleep, and mingle in our dreams, transformed to angels of light and love, with tender, warning looks. But on these characters the American editor has discoursed with so much delicate discrimination, in his "Introductory Observations," that we forbear further remark. We cannot, however, forbear quoting what he says of Belphœbe.

"In this book, too, the radiant vision of Belphœbe breaks upon us for the first time. She is a flattered likeness of Queen Elizabeth, — the woman, as contradistinguished from the queen, who is imaged in Gloriana. Flattery more highly seasoned may have been offered her, but none more delicate and graceful, than that contained in the finished portrait of Belphœbe. She represents that pure and high-spirited maidenhood, which the ancients embodied in Diana; and, like her, the forest is her dwelling-place, and the chase her favorite pastime. The breezes have imparted to her their own fleetness, and the swaying foliage its graceful movement. She comes attended with a train of sylvan images and associations, — the dewy meadow, the sunny hill-side, the woven roof of foliage, and the jocund horn, startling echo from her woodland seat. She has womanly graces, but not womanly affections. She is passionless and pure, self-sustained and self-dependent, 'in maiden meditation fancy free,' and shines with a cold, lunar light, and not the warm glow of day. The author has mingled the elements of her nature so skilfully, that the result is nothing harsh, unnatural, or unfeminine; and has so combined the lofty and the ideal with the graceful and attractive, that we behold in her a creature recalling the beautiful line of a living poet, —

"'Too fair for worship, too divine for love.'"

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But the quality possessed in the highest degree by Spenser, the light which never leaves his works, is beauty. This it is mainly, that gives him his high place among poets, and not sublimity, or intensity, or profoundness of thought. His muse haunts all the exquisite retreats of nature, and bathes in every innocent delight. He is a very bee, or humming-bird, among flowers; through whole eternities of summer days it is one feast of beauty with him; his appetite is never cloyed. He is beautiful, even while dull. His world is always fresh and young. His is that gracefulness of constant cheerful activity and accomplishment, which characterizes the music of Haydn, and which fitted him better to sing "The Creation," than the world's aspiration for its "Messiah," which required the sublimer genius of a Handel, or the depths of love and sorrow, the boundless yearnings of a spirit like Beethoven. Indeed, "The Faerie Queene" reminds us more of Haydn's music, than of any poetry of words, with which we are familiar. It has the same constant grace and cheerfulness, the same tenderness and purity and conscientiousness, and about the same moderate degree of depth. The melody of the poem surpasses everything. He is the master of versification. Those flowing, majestical "Spenserian stanzas" remain as unrivalled as the Grecian statues. They have an architectural solidity and self-sustaining proportion. To compose such may well be called "to build the lofty rhyme." The choice setting of every word, the antithetic clauses, the endless alliterations, would seem studied and artificial in the extreme, but for the perfect success in every instance, the agreeable effect produced, and the freshness with which every stanza so elaborated is left. It seems as if this rhythm were the habitual law of his mind, and governed even its spontaneous workings. In some instances this complicated beauty of form is carried so far, as to seem like a language in itself, another art, as distinct from music, as from poetry. It is a sort of verbal architecture; a rhyming of thoughts, as well as of syllables. It is noticeable in such stanzas as these;

XIII.

"No tree, whose braunches did not bravely spring;
No braunch, whereon a fine bird did not sitt;
No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetely sing;
No song, but did containe a lovely ditt;
Trees, braunches, birds, and songs, were framed fitt
For to allure frail mind," &c.

B. II. C. VI.

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XXXV.

"Thence, forward he him ledd, and shortly brought
Unto another rowme, whose dore forthright
To him did open as it had beene taught:
Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,
An hundred fournaces all burning bright;
By every fournace many Feends did byde,
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight;
And every Feend his busie paines applyde
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tryde."

CANTO VII.

And the exquisite lines so often quoted;

LXX.

"Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
Such as attonce might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere;
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,
To read what manner musicke that mote bee;
For all that pleasing is to living eare
Was there consorted in one harmonee;
Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree:

LXXI.

"The joyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet;
Th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the waters fall;
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all."

CANTO XII.

This beauty of rhythm carries the reader contentedly through even those monotonous, level passages, some of which consist of little more than a catalogue of names. But the law of the "Spenserian stanza" costs often a great sacrifice of intensity and concentration of expression. Each verse must swell out towards the end; must be "leaded," as it were, at the bottom; the last, long line, like the last wave, must gather in and carry with it the weight of all the preceding; and to

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accomplish this, it is often necessary to spread out weak and thin what goes before. Diffuseness, therefore, and superfluity of detail, is almost an unavoidable fault in the style of the poem. Still we are reconciled to this by continually meeting a splendid verse, so grand and beautiful, in sense, in sound, and in structure, as to seem like one of the eternal forms of thought. The whole poem may be likened to a forest, in which the stanzas are so many trees, each bearing its determined relation to the whole picture, but also growing from its own root. A Spenserian Canto is a grove of sonnets.

With all its excellencies, a great deal of "The Faerie Queene" is mechanical and wearisome. The endless repetition of knightly encounters; the detailed description of each knight's method of managing his giant or dragon, which can have no variety or interest but to a pugilist or fencer by profession; the tedious chronicles, occupying whole cantos; the introduction of all the fifty daughters of Danaus by name, with scores of other nymphs and water-gods; we can only account for the patience with which he plods through all this, by considering, what we have remarked before, that the motive of the poem was the adventurous spirit of the age, the wish to accomplish a heavy Herculean labor.

To the enthusiasm of the age, too, and the sentiment of glory, which loved to fancy its own ideal impersonated in a female sovereign, must be traced his repeated extravagant flattery of Elizabeth. The particular virtue, celebrated in the person of the hero or heroine of each book of "The Faerie Queene," must always remember to wane and look eclipsed before the superior lustre of the same in Elizabeth. Hers is every grace which can adorn a woman or a goddess; holiness, temperance, chastity, beauty, friendship, all have their perfect manifestation in her. He compliments her transcendent beauty, at the age of sixty, and on all fit occasions expresses a decided preference for yellow hair. He dares not even praise his own beloved, in that beautiful vision on the wooded mount, where she dances encircled by the Graces, without thus apologizing to the royal pattern of all loveliness;

> "Sunne of the world, great glory of the sky,
> That all the earth dost lighten with thy rayes,
> Great Gloriana, greatest Majesty!
> Pardon thy Shepherd, mongst so many layes
> As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,

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To make one minime of thy poor handmayd,
And underneath thy feete to place her prayse;
That, when thy glory shall be farre display'd
To future age, of her this mention may be made!"
B. VI. C. x. Stanza xxviii.

And, worst of all, in the character of Justice he represents her as passing sentence on the Queen of Scots, while in the character of the woman she grieves that it must be so. Such unstinted bestowal of false praise is certainly beneath the dignity of the poetic character. But, perhaps, Elizabeth to him was but an idea; perhaps he lived so much surrounded by the beings of his imagination, that he fell into the habit of imagining, instead of observing, actual things and persons.

We cannot think it matter of much regret that "The Faerie Queene" was never finished. We know not what new pictures and combinations the remaining cantos would have presented, or what beauty of completeness the whole would have gained by them; but we know that they would have added little or nothing to our stock of ideas, or to our acquaintance with the poet. We feel that he has done quite justice to himself in what he has written. Nothing remains behind. His works prophecy no more than they are. We have seen his limits and sounded his depths. He is not one of the great poets, who always seem to have more in them than they have ever got out. He planned a vast work, too vast, and executed half of it. The other half, we know, would have been like the first; such interminable picture-poetry soon grows all alike. We should have sate so much longer at his table, but should have been served probably with no new viands. He has led us thus far in the midst of the marvellous forest; to explore farther would be but a repetition of the old story; trees and rocks and streams it was, and trees and rocks and streams it would be over again; for has he not had time to exhaust their variety in seventy-two long cantos?

The minor poems of Spenser, some of which are full of beauty and of his peculiar genius, are but little read. We regret that our limits will not allow us to make large extracts from them. We would gladly quote the whole of the "Epithalamion," written on the occasion of the poet's own marriage; it is so instinct and tremulous with joy. Of his sonnets, many are beautiful, and breathe the purest passion, though they are cold compared with Shakspeare's. And that "Prothalamion,"

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— how exquisite! — in which he celebrates the double marriage of Lady Elizabeth and Lady Catharine Somerset, likening them to two swans, sailing down the Thames;

> "With that I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe
> Come softly swimming downe along the lee;
> Two fairer birds I yet did never see;
> The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew,
> Did never whiter shew,
> Nor Jove himselfe, when he a swan would be
> For love of Leda, whiter did appeare;
> Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
> Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near;
> So purely white they were,
> That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
> Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billows spare
> To wet their silken feathers, least they might
> Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so fayre,
> And marre their beauties bright,
> That shone as heaven's light,
> Against their brydale day, which was not long:
> Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song."
>
> Vol. V. p. 296, '7.

The four "Hymns," in honor of "Love," of "Beauty," of "Heavenly Love," and of "Heavenly Beauty," contain some sublime thought, which is principally Platonic; as, for instance, the fable from "The Banquet," about Plenty and Penury being the parents of Love. The most beautiful and highly finished piece of them all is "Muiopotmos," or the fate of the butterfly. In the "Shepherd's Calendar," his earliest poem, we have in a rude garb some of the finest specimens, which any language has produced, of the pastoral. "Mother Hubbard's Tale," another of his earliest, in the style of Chaucer, has more of vigor and individuality in its characters, as well as of smart irony, than anything which he has left.

But to Spenser, — high and venerable as we hold him, with all his charm for youth, and with all his power to charm back youth to the care-worn, — the highest poetic character cannot be ascribed. He has the poet's organization, and the poet's love of beauty. The finest senses; clear, quick perceptions; inexhaustible fancy; great natural command over form; power to do all he undertakes; a genial fondness for his work, and for

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finishing with a sculptor's exactness; the ardor of a young Apollo, forth starting on his career as God of Day, and his benignity too; the absence of everything morbid; hatred of all impurity and deformity; faith in innocence, whose triumph it is his chief delight to exhibit; and a religious reverence for his art; — these are his in a degree possessed by few poets. But there is wanting the poet's discontent; the deep yearning for more than actual life affords; the thirst for the Infinite; the prophetic sadness; the trembling mixed with joy, as of a soul fluttering on the brink of an untried, boundless ocean of immortality. He knows not how to be sad, except after classic fashion. He can mourn a loss, he can paint sorrow under a particular affliction. But the sadness from an invisible source, the home-sickness of the soul banished into these regions of mortality, does not pervade and make sublime his sense of nature, his adoration of beauty, his confessions of love. All that he has is good. But there are wants he does not satisfy; there are wants he has not felt. His depth of life, his aspirations, are all representable in thoughts and words; his poems tell his story, and suggest no depths below. Bard and prophet were once one character; and the soul of poetry is always prophetic. But not to such poets as Spenser will that apply. He has not that lyric fire which thrills the reader's soul. There is scarcely a verse of his which we read with emotion. He can impart the taste of pure pleasure, he can soothe to rest, he can transport the passive mind into a safe Elysium; but he cannot move or inspire; he can wake neither will nor longing in us. We feel that we have conversed with a gentle, chaste, industrious soul, whom we shall be glad to meet again; but our bosoms do not burn when he leaves us, nor does his presence haunt us, like a mystery, and make us serious wherever we go, as do the bards whose words pass into our inmost being, opening depths within our deepest consciousness.

Imagination, in the higher sense of the word, is not his. We mean, not the power of inventing images, of conceiving of things which never were, but that power, which perceives the unity of things, which regards all things as images, manifestations of the one all-pervading life; that consciousness of Being, to which all phenomena are of infinite interest. He gives us parts of Nature, paints each object truly, remembers faithfully many a tune which she has sung to him; but there is not the key-note of all nature and of all being ringing through his soul.

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Where this is felt, it matters not what theme the poet touches, — the same depth of life is implied in all he says, the same spirit moulds and colors all his expressions, and rounds the smallest trifle into an arc of the full orb of nature. The smallest and most careless acts of genius, like the smallest leaf or berry, show how all nature entered into their composition. They seem done not in a corner, but out under the open sky, in the midst of many witnesses, and with the sympathy of many, of all the viewless spirits of the cloud, the stars, the waters and the woods. But a picture-poet, like Spenser, copies or invents this or that, which is beautiful in itself, but conveys no consciousness of a whole, in which it has its being. If his topics chance to be common-place, then, he is. A Shakspeare, a Goethe, a Wordsworth, are never dull; for the thoughts and images, however common, are always steeped in the music of the man, which is also the music of nature.

Universality, such as Shakspeare's, was by no means an attribute of Spenser's mind. He never goes out of his own individual consciousness, and lives in another. He never identifies himself with his characters. They are seen from without by him, and not unfolded from within. So that we are never so lost in his story, as not to feel who the author is, and that he is standing by, pointing out the objects in his picture to us. Consequently, his characters all lack individuality. They are too much alike. We do not see what they are, but only what they do. Their actions seem invented first, and they are brought in to perform them. They do not seem to live; we should not recognise them in another age and another dress. They are cold, as figures on a phantasmagoria. This is partly owing to the allegorical character of the poem. Being designed, most of them, to represent certain moral qualities, they can hardly help being abstractions; were their individuality to act itself out, it would be all over with the allegory. But Spenser frequently forgets the moral, and becomes interested in the personal adventures of his knights and ladies; yet they remain as shadowy as before. Moreover, the secondary subaltern actors in the scene do not stamp their likenesses upon our memory; and that is the surest test of the power of giving individuality to characters. There is not a particle of humor in the poem, unless we take the ridiculous figure of the scapegrace, Braggadochio, for humor; and that "iron man," Talus, who attended the patron knight of Justice, and did such dreadful execution

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with his flail. His calm, relentless aspect, his dread impartiality, and his angular features remind us of a certain picture, which we have seen, of a cast-iron preacher, who operates by steam.

He is never sublime or grand, like Milton. Nor is he remarkable for depth of *thought.* He enlightens us with no ideas, beyond what were current with the wits and scholars of his age. How can "Christopher North" liken him to Wordsworth? Philosophy was not his forte; all that he has exhibited was merely learning. Milton calls him "our *sage* Spenser." A certain, proverbial, moralizing wisdom he had; and it is this which takes also from the naturalness of his characters, and gives his beautiful heroines an air of pedantry. Take, for instance, this parley between Una and Prince Arthur, when, like a true knight, he begs to be permitted to help her in her distress;

"'O! but,' quoth she, 'great griefe will not be tould,
And can more easily be thought than said.'
'Right so,' quoth he; 'but he, that never would,
Could never: will to might gives greatest aid.'
'But griefe,' quoth she, 'does greater grow displaid,
If then it find not helpe, and breeds despaire.'
'Despaire breeds not,' quoth he, 'where faith is staid.'
'No faith so fast,' quoth she, 'but flesh does paire.'
'Flesh may empaire,' quoth he, 'but reason can repaire.'"

B. I. C. VII. S. xli.

Though not one of the great poets, Spenser must always be admired as one of the most beautiful and pure. We cannot but regard it as a happy omen, if "The Faerie Queene" is becoming more generally read in our community. Certainly the beautiful edition, now presented to us, places it within the reach of most, and removes all the difficulties in point of style and allegorical or learned allusions, which have made it seem a sealed book to many. We have never read an old English poet with such comfort, as we now read Spenser in this convenient form. The notes are just enough, and never obtrusive. Would that all the treasures of our old poetry were brought nearer to us in the same way.

J. S. D.

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Art. VIII. — Scenes in Judea.

V.

"Fatigued by reason of our journey of the preceding day, the sun was far advanced into the heavens before the noise of the inn-yard woke us from our slumbers, and we were ready for the pleasing labor yet before us. Crowds of travellers, in not more haste than ourselves, surrounded the gate-ways with their camels, asses, and other beasts of burden; some quarrelling with Jael on account both of their entertainment, and the sum he had demanded of them; some with each other about some idle distinction of nation or tribe; while a large number pursued in quiet their own affairs, or looked on and laughed at those, who, because life did not present enough of necessary evils, were seeking to multiply them. Jael moved among them a sort of monarch, from the power he possessed, not over others, but over himself, therefore indeed, over others also. He was not to be ruffled by any of the reproaches, which, whether justly or not, were showered upon him. Those who had abused him most he did not fail to dismiss from his dominions with some wish of peace, while from the other party he received, perhaps, only curses in return.

"'Jael,' said Onias, as we stood beneath the shadow of a plane-tree, watching the scene, while Ziba was making the last preparations; 'Jael is a man who lives for himself alone. Though you behold him so pliant and so prompt to please and serve, and so patient under what seems undeserved reproach, he is yet as void of faith, both toward man and God, as this pomegranate-shell is of meat. His aim is but one, — his purse. And to fill this in the best manner he thinks, — and justly, — is to attract by his attentiveness and submissiveness to all, people of all names and nations, — Jew, Samaritan, Arab, or Roman, it is the same to Jael, and Jael is the same to them. He is just to one, as soon as to another; and will defraud one as soon as another. In what proportion he is knave, and in what honest, no one knows. When I am on this road, and weary with the way, my feeling is, and doubtless it is so with all, 'here now shall I be certain of such observances as hardly my best friend could lavish upon me;' and approach the roof of Jael as if it were another Beth-Harem. Behold there! how to that churl-

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ish Greek he returns smiles and parting salutations for railing.' He then approached us, as if for some further discourse, but we at the same moment mounting our beasts, he only wished us well on our way, and we sallied forth from the yard.

"'The sun shines not more constantly,' said Onias, as we plunged into some deep, thick shadows, beneath which the road here wound along, 'than the face of Jael; but while the sun shines for others, Jael shines but for himself. His smiles were frowns, unless each drew fish of some sort to his net, — birds of some sort to his snare. He perceives no difference between Roman, Greek, Jew, or Samaritan, but as they contribute more or less to his wealth, which grows and swells like Jordan in the early rains. Though the land now lie cursed and barren, and the enemies of the people of God rise up around her, and dwell within her very borders, carrying her not away into captivity, but binding her a captive on her own soil, not a finger would this man move for her deliverance. Nay, rather, I doubt not, would he league himself with the adversary, than that the base traffic should suffer damage, which fills his hands with gold. And many such there be here, and over the face of the whole land, so that were Messiah himself to come, I surely think they would deny him, except he came in Cæsar's name. Saw you not last night his manifest vexation at the reports brought from the Jordan?'

"'It was evident enough,' I replied, 'that he liked them not. They foreboded in his ear a new uproar as in Cæsarea. But in these rural districts there could be little danger.'

"'I know not that,' answered Onias; 'the people lie thickly sown among these deep shades; we see them not, but they are for multitude like the ripe seed of the mustard shaken by the winds from the tree. A great cause would call them up in hosts not easily numbered. And a slight cause rouses them. For if many be of Jael's nature, more are not. The ears of the people are wide open to any sound of liberty. The rulers, as is ever with those who enjoy power, are indeed of another mind. Change could do little for them in the best event, and might shake them from their seats. But the people do yearn, even as the hungry for food, for the approach of some power that shall raise them to their ancient place. They await its coming with impatience.'

"'They will then,' I said, 'flock around this prophet on

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the Jordan; if he be one in truth. Yet we perceive no signs of it.'

"'There are not a few,' rejoined my uncle, 'who, moved by what they deem a divine impulse, go forth to teach and declare in the streets and highways, in wild and desert places, what they might as well deliver within the walls of the synagogue. These now cease to stir the people. He, of whom Jael spoke, seems to be of this order. There will be other signs, — another approach, when He shall come. Time will unfold what it shall.'

"Onias here withdrew into himself, buried in thought, of which he seemed to desire no participator. So we then rode along in silence together on our way; but soon wearying of this, I left my uncle to his reflections, and turned back to where Ziba was slowly toiling along with his heavy-laden camel, that I might hold discourse with him. As I reached him he was singing at the top of his voice a song in praise of the wines of Judea; but soon as I joined him he broke off, saying, 'that by the song he was singing he was trying to lose the taste of the vile drink that had been served to him by the rogue Jael, which was more sour than the visage of Ben-Ezra of Cæsarea. Truly, those maids in the woods knew how to deal with a stranger, camel-driver though he was. They were no Samaritans after all, that was certain. Their wine was sweet as a dried grape, and it was poured out like water. Jael's, indeed, was in abundance enough, but what signifies an abundance of that which cannot be swallowed. Yet would he stand by and commend it as fit for kings, and sweeter than wines of Greece or Italy, with such oaths and smiles, too, that one was ready to give the lie to his own throat. Well, well, wait awhile, and the poorest of us will have better wine than the best of Jael's.'

"'How so? shall you all turn vine-dressers? or what is to happen?'

"'What is to happen? A Jew! and you know not that? You may hear it every day with your ears open. Things are not to remain as they are. Some new kingdom is to be set up, some say under Herod of Galilee. So the Herodians, most of them, think. As others judge, he who is to reign is yet, — and shortly too, — to make his appearance, but how or whence, no one knows. But why do I tell you this, when you are yourself, I doubt not, a scribe, at least. Yet, methinks, I heard you are from Rome?'

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"'I am from Rome,' I answered, 'but still I am a Jew.'

"'What sort of Jews,' he asked, 'are they in Rome? I do not know that I should think thee a Jew. Do they keep the law in Rome?'

"'Surely, or we were not Jews.'

"'I see not that,' answered Ziba. 'We keep not the law here in Judea, yet we are Jews.'

"'There are two ways,' said I, 'of keeping the law; one is, to keep the letter of the law only; the other, to observe the letter, but keep it in its spirit too.'

"'We only do the first here-abouts,' replied the camel-driver. 'There's that Jael; he is an elder of the synagogue hard by his inn. You would think, to see him there, as I have when on this road, that never a prophet loved God like him; yet the next day shall you pay him a full sum for sour wine, and your camels' food shall be half chaff, while he will at the same time so smile and affirm as to cheat you, before he has done, out of your own judgment. As I have heard the Prophets read and the Law, they command not only to say prayers, offer sacrifices, and go up to Jerusalem at the feasts, but to be an honest man besides. Is it not so?'

"'Surely, I should think it so.'

"'I warrant you it is, if it is anything. Well; that is what I mean by being a Jew without keeping the law. I, truly, do not keep it any way; I am a camel-driver. But this, that I have said, is the sort of keeping I see in Cæsarea and Jerusalem. Ah! what do I not know of some of those long-faced pharisees? Many is the time in Cæsarea I have tracked them from the very doors of the synagogues to their haunts. For me, I love an honest sinner like myself. None of your two-faced, smooth-tongued, rotten-hearted knaves, who, having cheated the world all the week, think on the Sabbath to cheat God as well, by their fastings and prayers. It is these, who choose the highest places in the synagogues, where we can all look on and see the game that is played, that teach us to despise not them only, but the law too. Such have more to answer for than their own wickedness in the judgment-day, who have not only not kept the law themselves, but hindered those who would. There's many a ruler of a synagogue I have known, who, if he were in the 'world to come' to keep company with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob for his reward, it would not be good company enough for Ziba, the camel-driver.'

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"'In the new kingdom you speak of under Herod, or some other, you will look, I suppose, to see all these things mended, shall you not?'

"'I know not as to that,' replied he; 'as I said, I shall then look to have plenty of wine, — sweet wine, too, not such as Jael's, — and other such things, for the reason which is plain enough, that the Romans will be driven away, and all that now is stolen from us and carried away beyond sea will remain here, and the poor will have their share of it. And, perhaps, vastly more than this, for the priests tell of great things. But I believe less than half of what a priest says. Some of them say the kingdom will last a thousand years, and some forever. Many good things might come to pass in that long time, or even if less than half as long.'

"'But do you not suppose, that under Messiah men will be honest, — honest and good?'

"'I know not how that is to be,' said Ziba; 'I hear not much about it, that is all I can say. They talk of great riches, great armies, and victories, and of having Rome under our feet; and Romans for slaves, — dogs as they are; — but they say little about keeping the law any better then than now. And, by my head, I think if there was much to be done about that, we should hear much less of the new kingdom, than we do. But come, let us prick on; there are travellers yonder about to meet us, from whom we may learn news; let us come up with thy companion, who lies in wait for them under the shade.'

"So saying, he urged his beast into a round pace, and we soon came up with those who were advancing from the region of the Jordan, but who, before we reached them, were pausing with Onias beneath the shadows of some spreading trees. They were a company of merchants from Philadelphia, beyond Jordan, bound to Cæsarea. After the tedious ceremonies of salutation were over, — which in these parts occupy as much space as in Rome the business itself would for which they are the preparation, — Onias first asked them of the prosperity of their city, and then of the country round about them, and if there were of late anything new concerning Arabia, which questions, when they had been diligently answered, and they had asked as many in their turn, and received the desired replies from Onias, my uncle then inquired of them concerning the rumor which had met him at the inn of Jael at Thebez, of a prophet, who had made his appearance in the neighborhood

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of the Jordan, and whether they had either seen him, or heard of him. He who seemed to be the principal person of the company replied, that they had crossed the Jordan at the ford just above Enon, and had slept in that village, where, indeed, they had heard of the person of whom Onias spoke, but he was not now in those parts.

"'What,' asked Onias, eagerly, 'think the people of him? and had he been at Enon?'

"'He had not been at Enon,' answered the other, 'but had passed by it on this side the river. But the people seemed to think, from what was reported of him on all sides, that he was surely a prophet. They could speak of nothing else at the inn where we lodged, but we were too weary with the heat and travel of the day to give much heed to what was said, — besides, that affairs of our own were to be transacted. If, as would seem, you are bound to the same ford at which we have crossed, you will learn there more than we can tell. It were better, I doubt not, for this wanderer, whosoever he may be, to stay at home and attend to affairs that concern himself alone. He who would mend the state does the most in that way, and most surely, when he keeps himself and his own affairs whole. The Lord will prosper the diligent. And when all are diligent, each in his own business, then riches are multiplied, and the whole land is a garden.'

"'The wisdom of what you say,' replied Onias, 'is past all doubt. But then when men are not diligent, when the wicked rule in the land, when it is because men are the subjects of vice that they will not mind their affairs and their households, what then shall be done? Before they will become diligent, they must be brought away from their wickedness; they must be made to know that it is their sin that stands between them and their own prosperity and the prosperity of their country, and that except they repent the vengeance of God, it may well be feared, shall be poured out upon them, as of old on these cities of the plain. But who shall do this great work? Where is the rabbi or the priest among us, who hath either wisdom or power to reach ears that are dull as adders', and hearts hard as the nether mill-stone? Verily, we may despair for Israel, except the Lord have compassion and send unto us whom he will.'

"'When the Lord sends or speaks,' rejoined the other, 'the signs of his presence will be such as the eye cannot be blind to,

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but will see and confess as it does the sun over our heads. I learn not of any such signs, in this case; but rather that he of whom we speak is some houseless traveller, sordid and poor in his attire, and likely to be in the keeping of some demon, rather than of his own wits. But you will hear and know what you wish as you travel further on. In the mean while the Lord keep you. Come, neighbors.'

"Saying which, and giving a blow to his ass, he started on his way, followed by his companions and their loaded camels; not concealing by their loud talk and laughter, as they drew off, that they held my uncle's earnestness in light esteem. After the civil encounter of the first meeting, which we had observed as we rode up, I had looked for a quite different interview; but Ziba's opinion was perhaps a just one, that they had hoped to drive some trade with us, and seeing no hope of that as the conversation was prolonged, but that we were quite another sort of travellers, they scrupled not to vent their vexation in the way they did.

"As they disappeared, Onias broke forth; 'A besotted and ignorant people! what hope is there of Judea? The one part are slaves to Rome, another part are slaves to riches, and another part are slaves to sin. Yet is the Lord as capable to turn the heart of this people, corrupt and stiff-necked as they are, as I the head of the beast I ride. One thing is not easy and another hard to him; one is not more easy than another; nor one more hard than another. He can take up all Rome in the palm of his hand, and blow it into air, even as fine dust, and this great plain of the earth itself can he crumble into atoms by a word of his mouth, and it shall vanish forever. What to him, then, is Judea, and the hearts of all her people? Can he not turn them whithersoever he will, and is there any to hinder? The end of time is come, even upon us; the days are fulfilled; and that, which all who yet have hearts desire, shall come. This broad land which to-day lies cursed and barren, delivered over to the hands of strangers, may even to-morrow, if the Lord so will, (and ere long the word shall go forth,) sit beneath the shadow of her own king, and blossom as a garden of roses. Shall Pilate longer sit where David did? Shall this Roman Nebuchadnezzar from the other side of the Great Sea forever hold us in this worse than Babylonian bondage?'

"These things, and more than these, did Onias pour forth, rather as if uttering what was passing through his mind, because

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it would come to the lips, than as addressing me. Ziba was in great astonishment, and doubted whether he, who was so caught away from earth, were not himself possessed of a spirit of prophecy. He said, 'that although he was but as one of the wicked, yet when he heard one speak, who seemed filled with a good spirit, he felt moved toward him, and could be easily turned about by him as he would.' 'The priests and elders,' said he, 'move me not, seeing that they read and speak as though their own hearts, gave not out what they said, but their lips only. So that if it appear that they themselves who know the law best, and are the priests of God, are not persuaded of that which they declare, that it is true and excellent, how can they persuade me? I have ever seen that when I take a traveller through steep and rocky passages, full of windings and dangers, and reported to be beset by robbers, they ever have the faith which they behold in me. But I cannot believe the priest, because he believes not himself.' I could not deny that he had reason on his side in some good measure, and that until the synagogue was reformed, he would find little motive to change his way of life; yet, I added, that surely all the synagogues were not alike,—nor all the rulers and priests; he ought not to make one stand for all; doubtless, there were those, who were as pure as the law they taught; I had known such in Cæsarea, and even in Rome. Ziba, however, never had. He believed there were none such, and that their hypocrisies had succeeded in blinding me. So have I found this poor man, even as I have found many in Rome, having much good in his heart, and many desires of what is better, yet in truth believing in nothing, and trusting none by reason of the deceits and vices which he had seen to be practised by those who have been the ministers of religion. Good men will ever make good men. And even in the precincts, my mother, of the idol temples of Rome, have I seen virtue to grow up and flourish, and all good habits and customs prevail among the worshippers, not, as I believe, because there was any force in the faith they had or thought they had in their gods, nor because they themselves thought there was, but only because they beheld sincerity, goodness, and simplicity in the lives of the priests, who urged such virtues upon them. If a priesthood is pure, the faith of the people will be stable; the reality which their own hearts tell them religion is, will not be contradicted by what they see in the characters of those who profess to know

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and believe more than themselves. But so soon as the worshipper suspects the sincerity or the virtue of the man, who makes it his business to teach virtue and the law of faith, then it seems to him the foundations on which he had been standing are taken away from under his feet, and all is shadows and darkness and doubt. What has it been, — why should I forbear to utter the truth, — but thy virtues, my mother, which have preserved some faint light of faith in my soul. Long before I could declare the reasons why it was so, I felt that the worship of our synagogue was day by day uprooting the early religion, which, by thy care, had been planted in my heart. I used to tell you of my thoughts, and how it was because of what I knew or believed to be true of that Priest Zadok, that I felt my youthful reverence for holy things to decline and die within me, and how it was because of what I saw and heard of the divine virtues of the venerable Saturninus, that I was almost persuaded to become a worshipper in the temple of Jupiter. They who gathered round that excellent old man, and listened to his maxims, but more than all, were daily witnesses of the manner of his life, felt that there was nothing so worthy and real as what they saw in him, and they strove to become like him. This was true faith. I heard and admired with them as often as I could elude thy watchful eye, and it was only thy image ever rising before me, that saved me from throwing myself into the arms of an abhorred idolatry. For, I said, if it is not what Saturninus believes of his Jupiter, that draws me toward his temple, and I scarce know what he believes — I am persuaded, moreover, that whatever it is, it is a miserable superstition — but simply the divine beauty of his spirit and life, why for that should I esteem his religion more than my own? Shall the virtues of Saturninus, the Pagan, weigh with me more than those of Naomi the Jewess? Are they either more in number, or more god-like? If the virtues of the Pagan bind the youth who hear him to his faith, shall not the virtues of Naomi bind her son to his? So that often as for reasons, which thou knowest well, I was tempted to renounce the religion of my father, and all belief, of every kind and name, it was still my unwavering faith in the reality of virtue, as seen embodied in my mother, that held me back, and taught me patience and humility. I waited; and distrusting my power, at so young an age, to determine questions so weighty and difficult, resolved to believe in virtue if in nothing else, because

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I saw in thee that it was a something as stable and real as the earth itself, and beautiful as the light.

"Our road, since we left the inn of Jael, had run through a country with a surface gently flowing like the summer waves of the sea, rising and falling, but never with abruptness, save that on our left at this point of our journey there rose a steep and lofty hill. Soon leaving that, the prospect before and around us was wholly that of an extensive plain, crowded with villages, covered with an abundant vegetation, and giving tokens in the richness of the soil, and universal verdure, of our approach to the Jordan. As occasionally we emerged from the deep and grateful shades, which were cast over our road by the heavy-leafed and lofty trees of these warmer regions, and gained a slight elevation, we could see the waters of the river here and there gleaming through the foliage. Next, Enon rose before us, standing not far from its banks, on the hither side, and Onias having affairs to despatch in that place, we made towards it, although, as you will perceive by the marks which I have set down of our journey, it lies far out of a direct course from the hills of Samaria to Beth-Harem. It was necessary that Onias should tarry there a space, and besides, as he assured me, although coming by the ford of Enon would extend the line of our travel, yet should we be abundantly repaid by the greater pleasantness of the road, especially by that part of it, which, between Enon and Beth-Harem, lay on the bank of the river, and on its eastern side.

"After parting from the three merchants of Philadelphia, the day being then far advanced, we had met abundance of travellers, both such as belonged to these regions and such as had come from different parts of Peræa and Arabia. Of many had we made the same inquiries as of the merchants, and from all obtained what established the truth of the rumor which had first met us at Thebez — that a stranger from the south country had appeared on the Jordan and in the districts on either side, about whom the people were greatly stirred, but concerning whom they did not seem to have learned anything from which much could be gleaned as to his real character and purpose. The expectations of the whole nation being toward the appearance of him whom they believe to have been promised, they readily behold in any remarkable qualities of an individual some of the features which they expect to distinguish that great personage, and so easily deceive themselves. What we desire to see, we are apt to think we

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see. So that although in this John from Hebron, there be in truth none of the signs which should announce the Messiah, all are wondering within themselves, and to one another, whether it may not be he. At Enon, while Onias was prosecuting his business with those whom he wished to see, we still continued to ask the same questions of all, as on the road, but without arriving at any knowledge that was much more distinct; and what we heard from one often was at variance with what we heard from another; and this notwithstanding John had already been on the Jordan near the place, accompanied by some who had joined him as followers; so difficult is it where the expectations are of a certain character, to make up our judgments according to the real appearances before us, rather than in agreement with what exists only in our own minds.

"When Onias had ended what he desired to accomplish in Enon, we set forth towards the Jordan which now lay but a few furlongs from the town. I approached with curiosity and delight this stream of which the name and history had been so long familiar. I well remembered how as the feet of the Priests who bore the ark touched its brim, the waters dried up, and after they had passed over, the multitudes of Israel followed in safety, notwithstanding it was the time of harvest and the Jordan overflowed all his banks — a miracle which for its greatness is like those wrought in Egypt, and which together show so evidently that God manifested himself in those days to such, and for such things, as he deemed worthy. At this time of the year we found the river deprived of more than half its waters by reason of the drought; and so, although it seemed broad, broader in truth than I had looked to find it, yet did it also appear much more shallow, seeing that I had overlooked the fact that, like all rivers which take their rise among mountains, and which are not remote, it is subject to great inequalities, being at one time swollen to twice its common size, when the snows melt and the early rains descend; and then during the great heats of summer being diminished in like proportion below its ordinary size. The banks were thickly grown over with every kind of shrub and tree, here and there overhanging the waters, then retreating and leaving an open space of clear grassy slope. The gaudy flowers too of this climate were everywhere glittering in the sunlight, or, as it were, themselves sending out rays of light as they grew in some of the deep shadows of the trees. Birds too — now indeed silent through the heat of the day — but of hues like

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flame glanced hither and thither amongst the branches of the willow or the broad terebinth. And up and down on either side of the stream were companies of the inhabitants of the neighboring cities and villages, reposing in the shade, or watching their children as they pursued the shining insects that darted through the air, or venturing into the Jordan sported in its swift running waters. The scene on either side of the stream and both up and down as it wound its way along, was very beautiful both to the eye and the mind; and as we slowly made our way to the water there where the ford was, we could not refuse, so inviting was all around and not least the cool waves running below, to linger and pause frequently as we went over, each confessing that if we sought to indulge our humor it would be to remain just there where we were through the heat of the day. But as such pleasures must have an end we presently reached the further side of the river and pursued our way on the Eastern bank down toward Beth-Harem.

"'Now,' exclaimed Onias as we left the waters of the river and ascended the opposite bank, 'are we within the Dominions of Herod, who is in part at least a Hebrew; but whether a Jew but in part or not, it is he who should now be king of Judea. Philip is not he. He is too much the lover of peace for such times as are to unfold. Herod was born for them.'

"'Yet even Herod,' said I, 'is subject to Rome. It matters little who is king of the Jews so long as he holds of the Romans, not of us, or of God.'

"'As the eye judges, Herod is truly subject to Rome,' replied Onias. 'But there are those who serve and yet govern. Is Tiberius, or Sejanus truly Emperor? There are those who appear indeed to be among the low and humble, who yet, by reason of the soul that reigns within, are higher than monarchs. Some though there be a crown of universal dominion on their heads, are yet as nothing — nay as dirt — in comparison of him on whom the glory of the Lord rests. Tiberius is to-day the absolute lord of the universe, but another may be more than that to-morrow, and before whom that great Emperor shall humble himself as a slave. Hast thou faith, Julian, in the prophets?'

"I said that I had been duly instructed in them by the piety of my mother, and that I doubted not they were moved of God.

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"'Of whose kingdom then speaks the prophet when he says that his kingdom shall be everlasting — without end?'

"'I suppose I should answer, of the Messiah; but I pretend not to know with exactness the sense of the prophets. I am but a learner in my own religion.'

"'Nevertheless,' said my uncle, 'thou hast answered well. Doubtless it is said of the Messiah. His kingdom shall be from sea to sea. Now, even now, is the time it were come. But if God's Kingdom come now and be universal, that of Rome shall be swallowed up and lost as a drop of water in the sea. May this thy kingdom speedily come, O Lord, and thy servant behold its glory.'

"My uncle as he uttered this ejaculation fell into his musing frame from which it was a long time ere he showed any disposition to return and resume his discourse with me, which indeed gives me not much light from his refraining, as it were, to say all that is in his thought. He does little more at any time than approach the borders of somewhat that lies in his mind, never fairly laying open the regions about which he excites your curiosity. I presently, however, asked him of Herod of whom we had just spoken and of whom I knew little, and of a brother of his who held some small government under Rome in the Eastern part of Judea.' 'Herod,' he replied, 'about whom you inquire is the oldest living son of the great Herod, and often known under the name of Antipas, is one well able to reign over a larger dominion than that which he possesses, which is indeed but a pitiful rood of earth, if one compares the territory with Rome or with what he is fit to govern. He is of all the sons of Herod the Great of the nearest approach to his father, in respect to the vigor of his mind and all qualities that go to make a monarch worthy of his name and empire. Especially does he possess that far and deep seeing eye that penetrates the purposes and minds of other men, and knows how to lead them, and cause them to work his will, whether or not they themselves would choose to do so. He amazes by the sagacity and subtlety of his devices. For while you have deemed him to have been engaged in one enterprise, or compassing one object, suddenly it appears that he had a quite different end in view, and those who look on can only admire at a power which they cannot comprehend or measure. A great destiny awaits him. The central sun of Rome may yet grow dim before what is now the feeble glimmering star of Gallilee. More surely and

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sooner might we look for such issue, could he work according to his will with his brother who governs as tetrach in Trachonitis — Philip. But in him we find none of the signs of true greatness. He is a Jew indeed; but a Jew with none of the ambition of the Jew. It is enough for him to govern his little kingdom in peace, administering justice among his subjects, enlarging the borders of their prosperity, and paying duly and without any signs of discontent his subsidies to Rome — the proof and the badge of slavery. Though mild and gentle among his people, he is yet obstinate, and intractable to the will of his brother, who hath hitherto failed, with all his skill, to pour into him a portion of his own spirit, and wake to life a soul dead to his own honor and the greatness of his country. Were another Antipas in the seat of Philip, another day would soon arise upon unhappy Israel. Yet though to the eye of man mountains of destruction intervene, all is easy and the way smooth to the power of the God of Abraham. A reed from the banks of Jordan in his hand shall break in pieces the earth. And by one as well as by two, or a multitude, can he confound the counsels of princes, and bring them and all their greatness to nought. What was the rosy-cheeked David, the little son of Jesse, with his sling and stones, to the giant of the Philistines with his sword like a weaver's beam? Truly in himself he was as a lamb before a lion lean with hunger. But seeing Jehovah was in the arm and sling of the boy, of what avail were the sword and strong armor of Goliath? It matters not neither how nor where Philip bestows himself, nor whether he gives or withholds. Himself, not Judea, will be the loser. So too touching him who dwells in Jerusalem, Herod-Philip, the affairs of the world can proceed without him, even though he should refuse to his brother the little power, which, by reason of his descent alone, he holds over the populace of the capital. Nevertheless, what he might refuse, might be won through another.'

"'You mean,' I said, 'his wife.' For I had heard of her through Philip and Anna in Cæsarea.

"'Yes,' replied Onias. 'I speak of her, the daughter of Aristobulus, in whom lives all the greatness of the great Herod. Had the providence of God made her a son instead of a daughter, the world had now been full of her fame. Even as a woman much might be achieved, but what can a lioness do yoked to a mule? She must first break away from the unequal bonds that yet hold her. Thou hast not seen Herodias, Julian?'

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"'I have never been in Jerusalem,' I replied.

"'But she is often in Cæsarea, and was there, as I have heard, at the games of Herod; was it not so?'

"'She was looked for, as was also her daughter, with great expectation,' I replied, 'but they came not.'

"'Doubtless,' answered Onias, 'her husband had intelligence of the expected tumult, and so forbore to put himself where his presence might have been taken amiss by Pilate. Yet I marvel why Herodias went not; since it is no less than the very life of her life to oppose her proud and lofty beauty to the milder charms of Procla, and so divide, at least, if not bear away with triumph, the praises of the theatre. Mayhap, however, Antipas was in Jerusalem.'

"These things I set down, my mother, as answering the questions you have asked concerning this family. As I learn more from thy close and reluctant brother, more will I deliver.

"We were now far on our way to Beth-Harem, and ere the sun should leave us, we should easily reach it. I was truly desirous to arrive, as with my common impatience I had become weary of my long communion with Onias, relieved only at times by a little jesting with Ziba, and not less with the sameness of verdant beauty, which stretched all along on either bank of the Jordan. Yet was it I believe still more than these, a desire to behold the residence of Onias, and the fair Judith, that occasioned my dissatisfaction, and some complaints, I fear, of the slow progress we made. Much had been told me of the estates of Onias by Philip; but more by Anna of Judith, his daughter, 'who,' she would say, 'is the bright star of Beth-Harem, and of all that region, and in her light you, Julian, will forget this little dark shadow in Cæsarea; but then, what is that to me? I am content it should be so, while I can have the love and friendship of Philip.' Alas! my mother, that a light like that of Anna should have been so early quenched! To her, and her brother, do my thoughts continually turn back, whenever the novelty or beauty of some present object does not take me away from myself. If Philip was rash and over-confident, he was, nevertheless, brave, and a willing sacrifice for the freedom of his country. No thought of his own glory, I believe, ever had a moment's existence in his mind; it was rage at the oppression of Judea, and a thirst of revenge that drove him on, and which swayed him so as to blind him to the obstructions, which, moun-

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tain-high, lay between him and the attainment of his end, nor only that, but which made his ruin and death as certain as his attempt. Though I could never approve as wise the measures which he pursued, and think it was only passion and the spirit of revenge, that could justify them, — which truly justified all that he did, and would have justified all he could have done, or devised; yet do I abhor the wanton tyranny, which drove him to his rebellion, and wait with impatience for the day that shall witness a just retaliation. And this the more, as the form of Anna rises before me as at the moment I last beheld her, transfixed by a Roman javelin, — that child of truth and nature, who loved her country and her faith as Roman never did, but who loved her brother more, and concealed it not, but would confess that though her reason sometimes doubted him, or rebelled, her heart was ever stronger than her reason, and made her the very counterpart of himself. Certain I am, so do I now think, that no other will ever again so possess my soul as Anna; yet had she lived, who could have so much as shared a portion of that love, which was no longer hers to give, but was all her brother's? Anna dead, is to me, perhaps, as much as Anna living, ever could have been.

"As thoughts and remembrances like these arose in my mind on the way, I hardly wished to see Beth-Harem. I would rather dwell among the dead than the living. I cared neither for Onias, nor Judith. But they quickly gave way again to others, and I was ready to press my uncle to make more speed. At a moment when I was in this latter mood, thy brother said; 'Behold, there are the walls of Beth-Harem! We must now for a space part from the river and turn our faces toward the hills.'

"The sun was not far from his setting, and was pouring over the land a whole flood of yellow light, as we thus left the river and moved on among the more broken and uneven lands which lay toward the East. When we had continued not long in the midst of such scenes, passing among the rich fields of the husbandman with their simple dwellings half-hidden by overhanging vines, or buried beneath fruit-trees, we at length entered upon lands, which, by the manner in which they were cultivated, and their great extent, showed that we were approaching the dwellings of some of the richer proprietors of the soil. Soon, upon emerging from a grove, through which our way had wound along, we came upon open, level grounds, covered with vineyards, olive-orchards, fields of grain, and wide-spreading pas-

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tures, in the centre of which upon a gentle elevation stood ranges of low but extensive buildings, which I needed not my uncle's exclamations to assure me were the dwelling of Onias. A few lofty palms, and a single terebinth of a great size were the only trees immediately near it, as, except that for a considerable space in every direction there stretched out a smooth and verdant floor of turf, the grounds on all sides were usefully devoted to gardens and vineyards. Over and beyond the fields and buildings of the 'prince of these regions,' were visible the walls and towers of Beth-Harem, giving me to see that while it was not a place of the largest size, neither was it insignificant either for its extent, or the structures, whose outlines could be distinctly discerned, gilded as they now were with the last warm rays of the declining sun. Quickening our pace, we soon threaded the winding way which led from the public road to the house. As we rapidly approached, Judith, followed by her maids, hastened to meet us. Onias, springing from his horse, tenderly embraced and kissed her, asking a thousand questions of her welfare, and of that of all the household. Then, turning to me, he said, 'and here is thy half-gentile cousin of Rome, with his gentile name, Julian, the son of Naomi; he is now thy charge. Let him have no reason to say, that the barns and store-houses of Onias refused to open for him their best treasures.' 'For his mother's sake, and his own,' replied the daughter, 'he is welcome; his Roman name shall not deprive him of Jewish hospitality.' Onias then leading the way, we entered the house.

"The refreshment of the bath, in which, and in other forms of washing, the Jews of Palestine indulge yet more than we of Rome, soon restored me to myself after the heat and fatigue of our long journey. The household of Onias I soon found to be numerous; composed, however, not of his own descendants, — as Judith is his only child, — but of members of our large family from every part of the world, where he gathers round him, even as a patriarch of old, exercising over them a sort of lower providence. When we had eaten, we ascended to the spacious roof, to pass the evening hours. A broad tent was here spread to defend from the dews which at this time of the year begin to fall, and from the cool breezes which sometimes spring up in the night, even after the day has been oppressive through its heat. Here we either sat and conversed, or else walking about, I learned from the mouth of Judith the names and di-

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rections of the principal objects in the scene, being lighted up by a brighter moon than it is ever our fortune to behold in Rome.

"Onias seemed little disposed to join our discourse, yet, whatever was his preference for a close communion with himself alone, he never refused to lend his ear when Judith spoke. We had been talking of Rome, Cæsarea, Philip and Anna, of Pilate and Herod, to all which Onias had given but little attention, when Judith turned to him, and said;

"'I hope, father, that now these long expeditions will cease; or if they must still be undertaken, that you will be persuaded to send our new cousin in thy stead, who has not as yet seen that region. But what of so great moment can a vine-dresser, here on the banks of the Jordan, have to do with princes?'

"'My daughter,' replied Onias, 'seek not to know what may not be revealed; at least, not as yet, nor to woman's ears. Let this suffice thee, — that the vine-dresser of Beth-Harem is not leagued with princes for any end which his daughter could not approve, or Jehovah smile upon.'

"Judith, who had evidently spoken in a sportful manner, seemed grieved by the grave reply of her father, and hastened to say, that she doubted not her father; yet, could she not but apprehend possible evil, when he was departing so far from his wonted manner of life, and binding himself to associates so different from his former ones, as Herod of Galilee.

"Onias rose and walked to and fro upon the roof.

"Presently he asked if any had been impatient to see him while absent. Judith replied, none, save a messenger from Machærus. Had he brought letters? asked Onias. No; his communication must be with Onias himself.

"He, then, kissing his daughter, and commending her to her bed, and me to early repose after the toil of our journey, descended to his apartment; we following him, and resorting also to ours."

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ART. IX. — *Voices of The Night.* By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Cambridge: 1839.

THERE is a period in the life of most men, when they are addicted, with more or less earnestness, to what is called wooing the muse. In our condition of society, this task is commonly begun and ended in about the same space of time, that is alloted to wooing of a less ethereal kind; or, in general, between the age of sixteen and the important period of twenty-one. Then, it is admitted to be necessary for the temporary bard to lay aside such vanities, and stretch to his oar on the perilous voyage before him. Strange thoughts, we imagine, must occasionally spring up in the mind of the veteran lawyer or the prosperous merchant of threescore, when either, in a moment of leisure from the importunate claims of invoices or briefs, accidentally lays his hand on one of the desperately ardent outpourings of his youthful inspiration; into the feelings of which neither could now more easily enter, than he could interpret the characters on the Dighton Rock. Poetry has as little chance to be heard amidst these stern realities of life, as a whisper in the din of a cotton factory. But there is, nevertheless, here and there an individual, very happily born or circumstanced, in whom the fire continues to burn, after its first wild blaze has gone down; and of this fortunate class, and high in its scale, is Mr. Longfellow. He has been for some years very favorably known to the public, not by any poetical work of great extent or labor; but by productions of taste and talent, indicating little ambition for display, but rich with all the promise which a delicate observation of nature, polished versification, and pure and elevated thought can give.

Apart from the merits which most commonly attract attention, one of the characteristics of the poetry of Mr. Longfellow, is its tone of sincerity and manliness. Some may regard this as faint praise; but if the end of the art be to improve and elevate as well as please, it should surely be regarded as the greatest praise of all. When it was said of old, that only a good man could be an orator, it was doubtless meant, that as the mouth speaketh out of the abundance of the heart, all noble sentiments must fall powerless from the lips of the unprincipled and base; not simply because the audience would be struck with the difference between an elevated thought and the character of him

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who uttered it, but because he could not utter it with the warm, glowing, manly confidence of truth. Let any one reflect to what extent the opposite quality has prevailed of late, and he will be satisfied that we do not overvalue this sincerity, in calling it one of the brightest jewels in the diadem of a distinguished writer. Young men, whose knowledge of life is scarcely equal to that which an India merchant has of the interior of China, put on the beautiful garments of rhyme, and harangue with the majesty of King Solomon, on the vanity of earthly things; there is a desperate calmness on their brow, but all within is weariness and sorrow; their young affections have all run to waste; they have no longer any sympathies with the living herd around them, and are doomed to wander during the remainder of their pilgrimage, in solitary sadness. Young ladies are struck with awe at this dark and alarming experience of nineteen, and wonder at the genius that sets it forth so solemnly and so well. They, too, have their no less sad experiences; their literary effusions are very apt to be tinctured by a deep and tender melancholy, which might befit an anchorite, "wearing out life's evening gray" in pensive solitude. Presently, however, the despised world summons them to the discharge of its stern duties, and the voice of poetic wailing is soon as still as the notes of the piano-forte a few years after marriage. Like the accomplishments of modern education, the poetical garment is thrown aside as a parade dress, by no means suited to the fatigue duty of life. The error of all this is, that it is wholly unnatural; it is as if Aladdin, on entering the cavern of gold and jewels, should lament its want of brilliancy, or the traveller complain of barrenness in the rich and bending harvests between Beersheba and Dan. But it is not without the authority and example of one, whose genius was of a cast, that required no such aid to make it shine gloriously among the lights of the world. Lord Byron was, like Hamlet, the glass of fashion and the mould of form; but, in his poetical character, the want of sincerity and manliness was his too easily besetting sin; and while the fancy painted him as a man of deep and awful mystery, he was, peradventure, boxing, or drinking from a skull with his riotous companions at Newstead, idling with Captain Medwin, or playing with the tangles of Neæra's hair in Italy. To the *valet de chambre*, it is nearly as hard to be a poet as a hero. We now see that this man of melancholy, filled with utter contempt of the world and all that is therein, was nearly

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as anxious as the well known African potentate to learn what was said of him in England. Very different were the feelings with which he, and another, whose sufferings were never meant for show, looked at the great Babel through the loop-hole of retreat. From the one, the young can learn no generous purpose, no spirit for the stern battle with evil, nothing of that high and holy enthusiasm, which forgets self, and lifts the soul above all low ambition, and all sordid things; but is rather filled with shame and sorrow, that a being, with powers like those of angels, should employ them for any purpose but that for which they were given by their author. Cowper's poetry, on the other hand, was the living portrait of his own heart; as lofty and inspiring, as it was earnest and sincere; its elevation was the consequence of its unaffected truth. We trust that this quality will become more fashionable than it has been; poets will certainly do well to cultivate it, if it can animate them with the same spirit that breathes through these lines of Mr. Longfellow.

"A PSALM OF LIFE.

"*What the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist.*

"Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

"Life is real! life is earnest;
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

"Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,

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Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife.

"Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act, act in the living Present!
Heart within and God o'erhead!

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time;

"Footsteps, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

It would not be easy to find a "strain in a higher mood" than this; it is equally admirable for its simplicity, manly fervor, dignity, and truth. The young man can ask no nobler hymn of battle, with which to march, like the soldier of antiquity, into the momentous conflict which awaits him, when the calm enjoyments of early life are over, and his years of labor, anxiety, suffering, perhaps of victory, begin.

The same spirit reigns throughout the work; not only is there nothing in it at variance with true sentiments, but, in the later pieces particularly, those sentiments are expressed with a force and beauty, which go directly to the heart. Even the negative praise of being harmless is not in our day so common, as to make it wholly without value; but the author evidently feels, and without this feeling there is no real inspiration, that the son of the morning, fallen from heaven, is no unmeet emblem of poetry, when she condescends to mingle with what is low and sensual; to "set her odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds" on the icy crown of winter; to sing the songs of the Temple in a strange land. He feels, moreover, that even the neutral ground is no soil for her; that her trumpet is to send forth no uncertain sound; and that, the instant she sepa-

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rates herself from an alliance with virtue, she becomes unfaithful to the most momentous trust, which has been confided by Providence to the sons of men.

The remarks we have already made are certainly not designed to indicate surprise, that a writer of taste and feeling should be free from faults like these; but when it is remembered to what extent they have been sanctioned of late by the public approbation, or at least, by the absence of public censure, we may be pardoned if we dwell with gratification on such works, as present an example of very opposite qualities.

The larger portion of this volume is occupied by the author's earlier writings, now for the first time collected, and by translations, principally from the Spanish. His version of the "Coplas di Manrique" has been often noticed with high and merited praise; but there are others, which we regard as equally happy, and which remind us strongly of Bryant's "Blessed, yet sinful one, and broken-hearted"; one of the most beautiful it has been our fortune to meet. This power of transfusing the spirit of another language into ours, though, even when most successfully displayed, inferior to that of original creation, requires some higher qualities than the mere art of reproducing the same thoughts in graceful rhyme; yet the highest glory of the translator falls very far short of that which is due to him, in whom the fire of inspiration is not borrowed from another's altar. We have already observed of the other earlier poems, that they were full of promise; but the opening of the spring gave no assurance of so fortunate a summer. The later pieces, entitled "Voices of the Night," of which the lines already quoted are one, abound in elevated thoughts, and true poetical feeling; the expression is in general glowing and felicitous, though occasionally liable to the charge of quaintness; nor are we quite certain, that the allusions to the death-scene of Lear, in the "Midnight Mass for the Dying Year," however striking and ingenious, are consistent with perfect taste. It is, nevertheless, a proud testimony of Shakspeare's genius, that the comparison of one of the mighty changes in the aspect of nature, with that of the infirm, wronged old king, when his accumulated sorrows are closing in the welcome relief of death, betrays no want of nature or of dignity.

We are reluctant to take leave of this work, without offering our readers another example, to confirm the opinion we have undertaken to express.

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"FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

"When the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

"Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like shadows grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlour wall;

"Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more;

"He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,—
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

"They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,—
Folded their pale hands so meekly,—
Spake with us on earth no more!

"And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

"With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

"And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

"Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

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" O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died! "

P.

B. B. Thatcher.

ART. X. — *Crania Americana; or, a Comparative View of the Skulls of Various Aboriginal Nations of North and South America.* To which is prefixed an Essay on the Varieties of the Human Species. Illustrated by seventy-eight Plates and a colored Map. By SAMUEL GEORGE MORTON, M. D., Professor of Anatomy in the Medical Department of Pennsylvania College, at Philadelphia; Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences at Philadelphia; of the American Philosophical Society; of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania; of the Boston Society of Natural History, &c. &c. Philadelphia: J. Dobson, Chesnut-Street. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1839.

THE title of this book is rather too long for our taste; but we have thought it should be all copied out. It is, perhaps, sufficiently explanatory of the object of the author. This, according to his own exposition, has been to give accurate delineations of the crania of more than forty Indian nations. Peruvian, Brazilian, and Mexican, particularly, an extended series of North American, from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic, and from Florida to the region of the Polar tribes. Especial attention has also been given to the singular distortions of the skull, caused by mechanical contrivances in use among various nations, Peruvians, Charibs, Natchez, and the tribes inhabiting the Oregon territory. The author states that his materials in this department are ample, and have enabled him to give a full exposition of a subject which was long involved in doubt and controversy. Particular attention has been bestowed on the crania from the mounds of this country, which have been compared with similar relics derived both from ancient and modern tribes, in order to examine, by the evidence of osteological facts, whether the American aborigines of all epochs have belonged to one race, or to a plurality of races. We cannot enter

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into Mr. Morton's details. We can do no more than to state summarily the leading propositions which it is thought the facts contained in the volume tend to sustain. The author maintains, then, 1st. That the American race differs essentially from all others, not excepting the Mongolian; nor, he says, do the feeble analogies of language, and the more obvious ones in civil and religious institutions and the arts, denote anything beyond casual or colonial communication with the Asiatic nations; and even these analogies may, perhaps, be accounted for, as Humboldt has suggested, in the mere coincidence arising from similar wants and impulses in nations inhabiting similar latitudes; 2d. That the American nations, excepting the Polar tribes, are of one race and one species, but of two great families, which resemble each other in physical, but differ in intellectual character; 3d. That the cranial remains discovered in the mounds, from Peru to Wisconsin, belong to the same race, and probably to the Toltecan family. Thus much for a brief outline of the work, which, it will be seen, is eminently spirited and liberal. In the filling up, too, we find rich masses of scholar-like, philosophical, and scientific matter, as well as of what belongs rather to the *curious*. This last word lacks authentication; we must borrow from Mr. Morton enough at least to show what we mean by it. And here is his account, for example, of the internal capacity and measurement of the skulls in his own collection, and of the results of that investigation. The skulls of idiots and of persons under age were of course rejected.

RACES.	No. of Skulls.	Mean internal capacity in cubic inches.	Largest in the series.	Smallest in the series.
Caucasian	52	87	109	75
Mongolian	10	83	93	69
Malay	18	18	89	64
American	147	82	100	60
Ethiopian	29	78	94	65

Of these anatomical measurements, we are told that, 1st. The *Caucasians* were, with a single exception, derived from the lowest and least educated class of society. As to the Hindoos, only three of them are admitted in the whole number, because, it is said, the skulls of these people are probably

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smaller than those of any other existing nation. Seventeen Hindoo heads, for example, giving a mean of but seventy-five cubic inches. The three received into the table are taken at that average. Becoming a little more specific, the number of individuals of each nation, as far as ascertained, stands thus;

Anglo-Americans	6
Germans, Swiss, and Dutch	7
Celtic, Irish, and Scots	7
English	4
Geranché (Lybian)	1
Spanish	1
Hindoo	3
Europeans, nations not ascertained	23
	52

2d. The *Mongolians* measured consist of Chinese and Esquimaux; and the author considers it worthy of remark, that three of the latter give a mean of eighty-six cubic inches, while seven Chinese give but eighty-two.

3d. The *Malays* embrace Malays proper and Polynesians, thirteen of the former, and five of the latter; and the mean of each presents but a fractional difference from the mean of all.

4th. The *Ethiopians* were all unmixed negroes, and nine of them native Africans. For these Mr. Morton makes his acknowledgments to Dr. McDowell, a gentleman whom our readers may remember as formerly attached to the colony of Liberia.

5th. Respecting the American race, the Doctor says he has nothing to add, excepting the "striking fact," that of all the American nations the Peruvians had the smallest heads, while those of the Mexicans were something larger, and those of the barbarous tribes the largest of all.

The description we have given of this volume, comparatively meagre as it is, goes far, we think, to sustain the praise we have bestowed on it. In its scientific and literary character, indeed, as we hinted before, nothing like adequate justice can be rendered it here; but a word may well be added regarding the character it discloses in the author himself. In this respect, it may be remembered among the "Curiosities of Literature;" and if an American counterpart to that *curious* composition could ever be "got up" by an American, — as we hope one

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may in due time, — surely Dr. Morton, independently of his claims and fame as a general savan, or a writer, will deserve to have his volume placed among the foremost of the list, for the *morale* it discovers. This book, the reader should understand, is, typographically speaking, one of the most magnificent the country has produced. It stands in the same class (as not a great many works south of New-England, in our opinion, do) with the beautiful *London* editions of Homer, and Shakspeare, and Spenser, and Burke, (all by one firm,) and many other issues, American and foreign, sent forth to the world by the publishers of this city, by the aid of a fine establishment at Cambridge, — the "American Aldine," it has been called — and of other presses and persons, who need not be specified here.* Such a production of art is Mr. Morton's; and while its pages are the richest imperial folio, there are something near a thousand of them in number, including about eighty of the most splendidly finished colored lithographs of skulls and busts, and other matters of the kind, which American art has yet had occasion to boast of.

Mr. Morton's work, we say emphatically, for we understand he has prepared and published it wholly on his private account, though not at all distinguished in society, so far as we know, as an affluent man. Of course, he has had all sorts of difficulty to encounter. We need not allude now to the trials, implied in the Doctor's personal situation, for the mere scholarship and study which the treatise displays. Every scholar, every student at least, will at once appreciate these. Indeed, the most

* We cannot forbear paying a passing compliment, however, to a work which has fallen under our eye since writing the above, and now, we rejoice to say, happily completed, for it is one of national value. We mean Mr. Sparks's edition of Franklin, published by Hilliard, Gray & Co. Hereafter we must endeavor to treat it at large, as it merits. We agree with a cotemporary in considering the circumstance of such a work being at length *achieved*, and making its *appearance*, in palpable evidence of the fact, as too signal an event in *our* little world of letters to pass wholly unobserved. Considering his subject, the range which the author and editor has taken, the material he drew from and wrought up, and finally the ability and fidelity with his long established character, is a guaranty that it must have been executed, we may safely say, that a monument has been here raised, not to the fame of a Boston man only, but of Boston herself, and the whole republic. *We*, too, "cannot do less than congratulate the public accordingly, as we do the indefatigable biographer and historian himself, on the completion of this important portion of his labors."

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general reader, who chooses but to amuse himself by skimming over the surface of this work, to pick up its "Curiosities," its *flies*, can scarcely fail to do so. But difficulties, and great ones, of another kind, there must have been. The author tells us that he began to meditate this publication (several years since) with less than a score of subscribers; — the publication of a work now hardly afforded in the market, we believe, for twenty dollars.

Much more might be added on this score, but our limits restrain us. Thus much we have said, not merely in justice to an individual, but for more general reasons, touching somewhat the national character and the public weal. We say it on Shakspeare's principle, that

> "One good deed dying tongueless
> Slaughters a thousand hanging upon that."

We should not forget to mention that the Appendix, which we are told may be considered as the application and completion of the inquiries and observations contained in the body of the work, is furnished by Mr. George Combe, at the request of the author, under the title of "*Phrenological Remarks on the Relation between the Natural Talents and Dispositions of Nations and the Development of their Brains.*" Dr. Morton remarks, in his preface, "that, by means of this Essay, which is accompanied by two illustrative plates, the reader will be able to apply phrenological rules to every skull in the series here refigured." As to the skulls referred to here and elsewhere, the Doctor shows, by the numerous acknowledgments of aid he feels bound to make, the extraordinary perseverance and energy he has himself exercised. His collection must be, by this time, a greater curiosity, if possible, than his book; and undoubtedly it is much the most valuable on this side the Atlantic. The old world and the new, alike, — Ireland, and Egypt, and Mexico, and the "Great West," — all have been ransacked to supply it.

B. B. T.

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CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. *Abstract of Massachusetts School Returns, for* 1838 – 9. Boston: Dutton & Wentworth, Printers to the State, 1839. — 2. *Third Annual Report of the Board of Education, together with the Third Annual Report of the Secretary of the Board.* Boston, 1840. — 3. *Report of the Committee on Education upon the expediency of abolishing the Board of Education and the Normal Schools.* House of Representatives, March 7th, 1840. — 4. *Minority Report of the Committee on Education.* House of Representatives, March 11, 1840. — Much as the friends of Education have been indebted, the two previous years, to the labors of the Massachusetts Board, the debt the present year is still greater. So much exact and useful information regarding Common Schools has probably never before been given to the public, as is contained in the volume of School Returns on our table. *Returns* were received from 298 towns, and reports from 170 towns. The Secretary of the board must have given a vast amount of labor to the preparation of the Abstract. He has read the reports once and again, and often a third time, and furnished for the press such selections, as promised to be of general utility. Laying aside everything of merely local interest, he has sought to present to the public all, that illustrates the general condition of the schools throughout the state — the mature views of school committees, respecting the causes, that have conspired to produce the present condition of our schools, their evils, dangers, and the means of their reform: — every testimony to the inestimable worth of our Common Schools and to the high rank assigned them among our free institutions, by the most enlightened portion of our community.

The Report of the Board of Education gives an encouraging statement of the progress of its labors thus far, in exciting interest by local conventions, in establishing Normal Schools, two of which are in successful operation, in providing appropriate books for the School Libraries, and by various means advancing the great cause, to which their office is devoted. The Secretary's Report is, as must be expected, able, interesting, and valuable. It is written with that freshness, which always marks the productions of a man, whose soul is in his work. Far from being a repetition of previous communications, the present report is as original, as if the subject had been treated now for the first time. The author writes in a cheerful, hopeful spirit, while none is better informed than himself of the ob-

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stacles in the way of his labors. He begins by stating some encouraging symptoms of interest in Common School Education throughout the State, especially the disposition to furnish ample and suitable School Houses, and provide for the accommodation of all youth of suitable ages. He goes on to give some very valuable information as to the observance or non-observance of the law "for the better instruction of youth, employed in manufacturing establishments." He states, that in most cases the law has been regarded, and children under fifteen years of age have received at least three months' yearly schooling. Yet in some cases the law has been utterly disregarded, and young persons have been made to plod on from year to year at their task, without any means of education to redeem them from brutal drudgery and slavish ignorance.

A large part of the Secretary's Report is given to the subject of Reading. What shall the rising generation read? A very valuable account is given of the general reading of our population, the number of libraries in the several counties of the State, and also of the various means of information, such as Lyceums, Debating Societies, &c. The character of the books most frequently found in the hands of the young is given, and the want of suitable juvenile books is exhibited, and the healthful kinds of reading are very fully indicated. The Secretary states and vindicates the scheme of the Board of Education for providing suitable School Libraries. He warmly repels the charge of an attempt on the part of the Board to control arbitrarily the choice of Books for the schools of the State, and asserts the entire freedom of all School Committees to provide such books, as they may choose for themselves. The great aim of the Board is to put suitable books within reach of the School Committees, not to force them into circulation. Mr. Mann's Remarks upon Reading would make an admirable tract for popular use.

We now turn from the first two productions at the head of this article, and will speak briefly of the last two. Strange indeed, that any man, who had seen the two first documents, could have had any hand in such a narrow and illiberal Report, as that of the Majority of the Committee on Education, recommending, that the Board of Education be abolished, the Normal Schools be given up, and the generous gift of their public spirited founder be returned. But so it is. The author of the Majority Report finds all manner of fault with the Board of Education and their plans of School Libraries and Normal Schools. If the Board has any power, the Report argues it is a dangerous one, and is giving to a central tribunal the authority

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that rightfully belongs to the several towns of the Commonwealth; if the Board has no power, it is of no use. It interferes with the voluntary efforts of friends of Education, and seeks to control by law, what is best left to individual enterprise. It seeks to prescribe reading to the schools, and must either countenance partisan or sectarian books, or else recommend works so devoid of all reference to politics and religion, as to be utterly vague and useless. The objection brought against the Normal Schools is, that there is no need of Schools for the Education of Teachers, since every good Academy or High School is a Seminary for Teachers, and every good scholar will be a good Teacher. It is moreover argued, that the State now pays for the Education of Teachers without any assurance, that the Teachers thus educated will remain in the State, and will not give their services to other parts of the Union.

The Minority Report ably meets the objections to the Board of Education and its plans. It either denies the truth of the pretended facts alleged by the objectors, or triumphantly refutes their pretended arguments. No man, however, who reads the first Report can believe, that the whole ground of objection is stated. The true causes of opposition lie far deeper, else we value too highly the wisdom of the majority of the Committee. We sincerely hope, that no groundless sectarian prejudices, no authors' jealousies, no instructors' piques, no political ranor will be allowed to stop one of the noblest enterprises ever started in the noblest of our enterprising States.

However, should the enterprise be now stopped, the good already done would not be wholly destroyed. The Proceedings of the Board of Education must make the most valuable treasury within reach of the friends of education throughout our land. The Secretary has already had much of his reward in the motive that has prompted him to his work; he cannot be defrauded of the rich fruits that must follow his efforts in the cause nearest his heart.

We are very happy to know, that the sentiments of the Majority Report have been emphatically rejected by the majority of the House of Representatives.

The Religion of Jesus Christ defended from the assaults of Owenism. In nine Lectures, by J. R. Beard. Manchester. London: 1839. 12mo. pp. 240.—Did our space allow it, we should gladly devote several pages to these able Lectures of Mr. Beard. They are particularly adapted to a state of things existing rather in England than in this country, but are not without application here. There is in every community an element of

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irreligious dissatisfaction, which more or less openly and coarsely sets itself against the order and faith of society, and imagines that it has only to overturn everything established, in order to secure a paradise for men. In Great Britain this spirit is goaded to a mad activity by the inequalities and privations produced by the artificial state of society and the operation of antiquated institutions. Every one fancies that he knows how to mend the Commonwealth, and is ready to put his hand to the work; one imagining all the evil to lie in the aristocracy of the government, another in the distribution of wealth, another in the system of education, and another in the church; and so all together ready to overthrow all and burn up the whole, not doubting that a Phœnix will rise spontaneously from the ashes.

In this state of things comes forward Owen, with the plausible talk of philanthropy and demonstrations of much disinterested benevolence. He proposes to remodel the whole social state. He offers his plan, not only, like others, for pulling down, but for building up. He exhibits his whole plan, lays down the form and style and architecture and arrangements of the entire future building, and like some of our schemers of magnificent metropolises in the western wilderness, which look so fine on paper that half the farms in a county are mortgaged for the promise of a building lot in streets that are never to be built, he deludes not a few to put their trust in his "New Moral World," and fling away their hope of a Christian heaven, that they may secure possession of the heaven of New Harmony.

The delusion is sufficiently threatening to warrant the notice of those who are set for the defence of the Gospel, and with it of all that is solid in the prospects of humanity. Accordingly Mr. Beard addresses himself to the work, and repels the pretensions of the new and boastful infidelity. He does this by first vindicating Christianity from the charges of imposition and persecution, which these new friends of man bring against it, and by strong argument and fair distinctions confutes their unworthy cavils. He then, laying aside the defensive, turns the assault against the novel scheme; shows it to be based in barren Atheism and an ignorant and puerile philosophy; and to aim with direct and inevitable tendency to the destruction of whatever is most beautiful, desirable, and pure in the natural condition of man and the affections which constitute his happiness. For a complete analysis of this seasonable and useful book we have no room. If we had we should gladly impart to our readers something of the satisfaction with which we have ourselves perused its fair and well reasoned and sometimes eloquent pages.

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Ancient Christianity and the Doctrines of the Oxford Tracts. By Isaac Taylor, author of "Spiritual Despotism," &c. London: 1839. — This is one of the most valuable and pertinent of numberless publications which the Oxford "Tracts for the Times" have called forth. After the full exposition, which we have given in a former number, of the design and contents of those Tracts, not many words will be required to define the place which this publication has in the great controversy. Its author is well known to us by his five former works, all of which have been reprinted in this country. Their style is peculiar and in some instances objectionable, from apparent inflation and turgidity. Their sentiments exhibit a fervent and speculative religious spirit, making the most of facts and illustrations. The author, educated as a Dissenter, became by conviction and inquiry a moderate Churchman of the school which abhors the novel enterprise of the Oxford divines. We have already represented their fundamental theory to be as follows, proceeding upon a broad but wholly unwarrantable predicate. Previous to the inventions and corruptions with which Rome sealed her apostacy, they say, that the pristine church, under the nurture of apostolic men, was altogether fair and lovely. Its purity and devotion, its reverence for the written record and the hallowed tradition, its martyr endurance and its unquestioning obedience of order and discipline, were wholly unmarred and complete. It presented a spectacle on which angels could look down with joy. Popery defiled this primitive beauty of the Church. Though it did not repudiate the truth, it mingled the truth with noxious error. It gathered to itself abominations, but still it lost not the divine treasure which was committed to its charge. When the mystery of iniquity was completely unveiled, and God and men could no longer bear to behold the corruptions of heavenly truth, Reformers and Martyrs were raised up. With the zeal of their cause they were in a measure blinded. They were holy men, but not without error. Their leading idea was the reformation of abuses, instead of the restoration of primitive Christianity. Consequently they lopped off as Papistical branches, some of the original and still green boughs of the tree of life. The reformation went too far — we must turn back. We must restore to the Church its original purity, by recalling the usages and the subordination of apostolic times. This is the theory which has so alarmed the whole of the Evangelical and of the moderate parties of the Church of England. Mr. Taylor alone has pointed his argument against the only vulnerable point in this fair show of theory. He denies utterly this fancied completeness and purity of the

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ante-Papal Church. He dates the origin of Popery even in apostolic times, and incontestably proves that if the Nicene Church could be set up in England in its completeness, we should have, if not an entire restoration of Popery, at least a vigorous action of all the elements which would rapidly work out Popery. Mr. Taylor says he possesses all the Greek and Latin Fathers, and what is more, he says he has read them. He thinks the Oxford theory alarming and dangerous, and from his retirement he has blown a blast which will scatter all the airy phantoms "of the monks of Oxford." If the theory under which they promulgate their doctrines be true, if the primitive Church was pure and complete in its doctrine and discipline, then there is a standard to which all Christians may appeal, and by which they may measure their deficiencies and excrescences. But if it can be proved that even before the apostles died, dissensions and inventions had both disturbed the harmony and corrupted the faith of Christians, then we are left with no other standard than the New Testament, and can deny all argument and authority which is not based upon it.

As Unitarians we have been satisfied with the latter conclusion. We find in the apostolic Epistles the proof, that the elements of discord began to work upon the day of the gift of tongues, and have discovered in the prevailing sects of Christendom the influence of heathen philosophy, oriental asceticism, and of Papal dogmatism. Mr. Taylor would not agree with us in our conclusions, but he starts from the point whence we derive them.

The argument of the work before us may be expressed in two of its sentences, — "There is absolutely nothing in the ripe Popery of St. Dominic (certain elaborate modes of proceeding excepted) which is not to be found in the Christianity of the times of Cyprian or of Tertullian." — "I boldly say that Popery, foul as it is, and has ever been, in the mass, might yet fairly represent itself as a *reform upon early Christianity*."

These positions Mr. Taylor fairly substantiates. He begins by appealing to the prophecies of the Saviour and his apostles, that dissension and corruption should be among the earliest fruits of the preaching of Christianity. He takes the melancholy history of the early Church as the commentary and the proof of these predictions, while he cogently asserts that the Oxford divines, by insisting upon the purity of primitive times, flatly dispute the prophetic truth of the New Testament warnings. A large body in the establishment profess to despise all use of Ecclesiastical History, denying appeals to it, and lightly estimating the study of it. With this party Mr. Taylor is far from

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consenting. He largely expatiates upon the benefits of a thorough knowledge of all ancient Christian lore, and upon the obligations of the clergy to master it, though he freely characterizes its often repulsive details. He then discusses the degree and the conditions on which the modern Church depends upon the ancient, and finds that, as far as testimony is concerned, our obligations are complete, but as to authority and example, we are free to improve upon it.

By a line of rigid and irresistible demonstration he undertakes to prove that Popery, so far from being a corruption of Nicene Christianity, was but a development of principles and tenets which, for at least two centuries, had been recognised as of equal authority with any apostolic precepts. To follow out this argument in all its bearings, and to illustrate it by extracts for the mass of readers, would require at least one folio. He therefore selects one topic, not of an incidental, but of an intrinsically important nature — one which is peculiarly associated with the entire history and system of primitive Christianity, and which must therefore bring into view the prominent traits of that boasted golden age of faith. To this end Mr. Taylor chooses the subject of "celibacy" — the glorified virtue of monks and nuns. With admirable surprise, he asks the authors of the Oxford Tracts why they have so scrupulously avoided all mention of this prime element of ancient Christianity. They must be aware that the celestial, or angelic excellence of virginity was the most luminous point in the piety of the ancient Church. He then vindicates his general position by proving on this particular point — that the progress of eight hundred or a thousand years exhibits but little if any progression in the ideas which sanctioned, or in the abuses which attended the practices of religious celibacy — that in the earliest accredited mention of them we find they were no novelties, but had come from an earlier date — that they prevailed over and affected the Church universal — that they were solemnly authenticated and sanctioned by *all* the great writers and doctors of the ancient Church — that they were the causes and the effects of errors in theology, of perverted moral sentiments, of superstitious uses, of hierarchical usurpations; and that they furnish us with a criterion for estimating the General Value of Ancient Christianity.

The Teacher Taught; or the Principles and Modes of Teaching. By Emerson Davis. Boston: Marsh, Capen, Lyon, & Webb. 1839. — The most difficult of all treatises on education are those, which attempt not only to give principles, but to make

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applications, and show the "modes of teaching." This Mr. Davis has done; and if we may judge, he has done it as well as it can be done. He is one of the "Board of Education" in this State, and has taken a deep interest in the whole subject. His "Teacher's Manual," published a few years ago, has now been merged into this large book. "It has been my purpose," he says in the Preface, "to come directly to the aid of the Common School teacher, to lay out his work, and to tell him how it is to be done." The chief doubt that we have, as to the efficacy of any such attempt, arises from that peculiar characteristic of teachers, that they *won't be taught.* The true "rara avis" is the teacher who does not know more about teaching than anybody can tell him. Of course, we speak of the profession, and we speak of them in their separate capacity. Bring them together, make a class or convention of teachers, they are willing to hear and glad to learn. But take one of them apart, especially one who has seen much service, and go with him into his own school, as Mr. Davis proposes to do — if he not only hears but actually follows any advice that goes against his own rules and practice, he is one of a thousand. There has been a great improvement in this respect of late, but we imagine it is still true, and will continue to be for some time to come, that teachers do not love to be taught. This, however, only shows the more, that they need it. Greatly do they need to be taught in most common schools — deplorably, yea laughably in some, as we could illustrate from our own little experience; particularly in the process of examining candidates. But we should despair of finding so good a case as that of the young lady mentioned in this book, who said she had studied the dictionary "considerable," and on being asked the meaning of *wedlock* she replied — "It is a thing to fasten barn-doors with."

The general good sense of this book has pleased us. As a manual, or special guide, there could be doubts about it; but as a book of hints and illustrations, or as supplying principles, it is valuable. No one can read it without getting some benefit, and there are those who might derive a vast deal from it. It is reasonable and judicious. It takes generous views of the minds of children, and of the discipline to which they are to be subjected. "I advise every teacher to have as few laws as possible, and those of the most reasonable kind." — "Children are full of life and animation, and do many things contrary to a very rigid code of laws, when in fact they were only acting out the language of feeling, without any criminal intention. In such cases they deserve no punishment, unless childish heed-

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lessness is a crime." The subject of punishment in schools is yet to be understood. Heretofore it has gone to one extreme. It may now be tending to the other. We hear of some whose *peace* principles are arraying themselves against all discipline. We suppose the true way is to treat children as children, and neither as slaves and devils, nor men and angels. — Another question now agitated concerns the use of the Bible in schools. On this too Mr. Davis is sensible. He would by all means retain the Bible in schools, but rather as the Bible than as a school book, if we understand him. "I think it should not be considered as a book in which the child is to be drilled in emphasis, cadence, inflection, and pauses." Against such use we should be disposed to speak yet more strongly. We believe it not only tends to "destroy, or rather prevent, the formation of those sacred associations that ought to cluster around the Bible," but that it is a sort of sacrilege to turn this volume into a mere spelling-book, and cause it, as we have known it, to be stammered and hammered over by those who can neither read nor understand.

As a whole we recommend this book both to teachers and parents. E. B. Hall

The Obligations of the World to the Bible; a Series of Lectures to Young Men. By GARDINER SPRING, Pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York. 1839. 12mo. pp. 404. — There are very good things in this volume, but not in proportion to its extent, or to the importance and fruitfulness of its themes. It contains fourteen long discourses, setting forth the character and influence of the Bible, in the different views of Language, Literature, Legislative Science, Civil Liberty, Religious Liberty, Morality, Social Institutions, Slavery, Moral Science, Holiness, Spiritual Influences, the Sabbath, and Human Happiness. An immense range is this, and it is not to be wondered at, if no man can compass it satisfactorily within a single volume, or several. We are not sure that any one would have done it better than Dr. Spring has, on the ground and with the fetters in which he works. His theology colors and cramps many views with which it ought to have nothing to do. There is too much space given throughout to the depreciation and condemnation of other systems, heathen, classic, intellectual, and moral, differing from *his* view of the Bible system. The wisdom of such an assertion as the following, true as it is when explained, may well be doubted. "An intelligent child of six years of age, educated in the bosom of a Christian family, knows more on moral and religious subjects than Socrates or Plato." Indeed

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the view taken by the writer of Literature and Philosophy in general, is the least satisfactory of all the views. It lacks that discrimination, without which truth is hardly truth.

We are not conscious of judging this book through any influence of sect or system. We find less to object to in that connexion than in others. As a denomination, we of course get an occasional thrust, but not very severe or direct, with the exception of the following, which is too pretty to hurt. "I look upon no small portion of the biblical criticism of the present age as a curse to the Church. Such is all the Rationalism of Germany, such is the modern Unitarianism of our own land. It is a cheerless religion, where the rose of Sharon never blooms; a black and wintry sky, where no ray from the sun of righteousness visits the sterile soil." Alas! — as a relief to this, the Lecture on *Religious Liberty and the Rights of Conscience* is full of good thoughts and truly liberal views. It is something to find in such a connexion the unqualified declaration, that — "A man's opinions do not admit of coercion;" and more than that is allowed and urged here. The Lecture on *Slavery* is one of the most important. The author confines himself wisely to the testimony and influence of the Bible on the subject, and gives these decidedly and thoroughly as he views them. He thinks that the slavery recognised, and not condemned in the Bible, was yet a system widely different from, and far more lenient than the slavery of the heathen nations then, or of some Christian nations now. He thinks it the design and influence of the Bible to ameliorate slavery wherever it finds it, and ultimately exterminate it, but only by gradual and moral means — and he cautions young men against using or trusting any other means. With these views we accord only in part. We do not share his fears as to the ultimate effect of present exertions. But it is not the place to go into the matter, and we have only to say — that while it is vain, and worse than vain, to look to the Bible for a simple justification of slavery as it now is, or for its perpetuation, it is equally vain and hurtful, to pretend that the Scriptures of the Old or New Covenants positively condemn slavery *per se*, or attempt directly to annihilate it.

We commend this book most for its collection of facts and amount of information, on all the subjects which it treats. If young men, and we should emphatically add, young women, of vague, theoretical, superficial, and proportionably confident minds, would study such books in a proper temper, they could hardly fail of being profited. This is not the best work for all; for some it might not be good; but there is a class who would probably be more influenced by it than by many better.

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The Philosophy of Human Life. Being an Investigation of the great Elements of Life: The Power that acts, the Will that directs the Action, and the Accountability or Sanctions that influence the Formation of Volitions, etc. By Amos Dean, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the Albany Medical College. Boston: 1839. — The work before us bears evidence of unquestionable power and talent. The latter part of the volume we have read with great interest and pleasure. The author is unfortunate, however, in being the advocate of a system which has by no means been rendered consistent or probable, notwithstanding all the talent and ingenuity that have been bestowed upon it. To reconcile Phrenology with Philosophy is a more than Herculean task.

Professor Dean resolves all the phenomena of human life into the three great elements, Power, Will, and Accountability. The sources of Power are founded in the "Affective Faculties," that is to say, in the propensities and emotions. These, with the intellectual faculties, to wit, perception, memory, conception, and judgment, constitute the mind.

Will is "the decision of the whole mind upon the whole matter." To produce volition therefore, rather a complicated process is necessary. The intellectual faculties convey the appeals made by motives to the propensities and sentiments. A conflict immediately takes place between those opposing "affective faculties," which are thus excited to action, and the result of the combat is decision; the weaker sentiment or propensity being vanquished by the more powerful. According to the force, therefore, which a higher sentiment or a lower propensity possesses in the mind of an individual, his action will be good or bad. Conflict our author considers as the grand law, both of the physical and the mental world. He makes volition a much more complicated process than we had supposed it. We have been accustomed to consider that for the slightest action, the motion of the smallest muscle, a distinct volition was necessary; but we find that so far from this being the case, volition is hardly required except upon occasions of great moment. People are generally guided by habit or imitation, and some, in whom the sentiment of cautiousness is very strong, pass through life almost without a single volition.

The third part of the work, upon Accountability, if separated from the two former, with which we think it is in many respects inconsistent, would be highly valuable. If the consequences of his actions could be placed clearly before the eye of every individual; if he could be made to realize that a certain result necessarily attended a certain action; he would undoubt-

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edly abstain from that, the result of which was evil, and choose the opposite. No man in his senses would leap over a mound, if he knew there was a precipice directly beyond it; nor would he eat of a morsel, however tempting to the sight or delicious to the taste, if he knew that it was poisonous. On the other hand, he will take a draught however bitter, if certain that its effects will be beneficial. Now, if there are certain laws which preside over and regulate our physical and moral natures, and affect us as human, social, moral, and created beings; and if the obedience to and the violation of each of these laws are attended with its appropriate and inevitable pleasures and pains, a great service is certainly rendered by setting clearly forth this necessary connexion, which is by most men little understood, or considered remote and uncertain.

The pleasures and pains which attend the obedience or violation of these laws are called by our author their sanctions. Of these there are five, the Physical, Political, Popular, Moral, and Religious; beginning at the lowest and rising in regular gradation. The physical sanction superintends the province of bodily health by the means of eight organic laws, every violation of each of which is attended with its appropriate penalty, and if repeated or habitual, produces severe effects, which may not be early perceived, but which are not the less certain; and may extend to the posterity of the individual. The political sanction consists in the penalties attached to crime by the laws of the land. The popular sanction is higher than the preceding, for public opinion regulates the laws. It appeals to the love of approbation. The law of honor and the laws of fashion are elements of this sanction.

The moral sanction is more elevated. It is formed by conscience or the moral sense. Mr. Dean believes in the existence of an eternal rule of right, and to this, the moral sense, however uneducated, is the sure index. In every situation in life it will point to virtue. Hence, if we do not misunderstand him, it is stronger and clearer in the unsophisticated savage, than in the most civilized man. Education, by increasing our wants, and rendering the propensities stronger, weakens and obscures the moral sense. We are glad to find the existence of the moral sense allowed, but we think the author goes a step too far. We have an instinct within us which teaches us to love the perfect, — the beautiful of every kind. Virtue is moral beauty. But it is reason, not conscience, which teaches us what virtue is. Conscience impels us to do what we know to be right, and punishes the violation of such a course of conduct. Reason teaches what is right; the moral sense impels us to act in accordance with the dictates of reason.

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In speaking of the religious sanction, the writer considers the Mosaic and Christian revelations. The former, he tells us, was adapted to the time for which it was intended, though in advance of that in which it was given. The Christian revelation was in advance of the time, and was adapted to all future ages. He suggests the possibility of another revelation at some far distant period.

In conclusion, our author tells us, that happiness is to be procured by a proper attention to all the sanctions. All the affective faculties, he says, should be cultivated; every day should have its task. One day may be assigned for the cultivation of one propensity; and the next day for another. We hope that his readers will take his advice rather according to the spirit than the letter. We should not like to find them upon one day sallying forth for a pugilistic encounter with whomsoever they should meet; and upon the next sacrificing hetacombs of animals in order to steel their sensibilities for the necessary performance of the duties of life. Yet the inference unquestionably is, that combativeness and destructiveness, which were implanted for wise purposes, must be cultivated equally with the other faculties to secure a balance of power. Another inference of bad tendency from what is said of combativeness is, that all men were born in a state of natural hostility. The first motions of the infant he considers as indications of this *propensity*. To us, they appear to be produced, in the first instance, by the stimulus of an element to which they have been unaccustomed, and subsequently by the pleasurable sensation which is found in motion itself.

We have briefly noticed what we believe to be erroneous and unphilosophical in this volume. We would not have those who peruse it drawn into the adoption of a false theory unawares, because there is much that is excellent connected with it, nor would we have what there is valuable neglected, on account of its connexion with an unpopular doctrine.

Pebbles from Castalia. By Isaac Fitzgerald Shepard. Boston: Whipple & Damrell. 1840. — We quite agree with the favorable opinion which has been expressed in every quarter, we believe, of these poems. They show much talent. There is poetry in the volume, as well as lines that end with similar sounds. The writer, we should judge, possesses great facility in throwing his ideas into a metrical form; we hope he will not be betrayed by the ease with which he composes to write too much. Quantity is the lowest mark at which an author can aim. Except that it shows how well he employs his leisure hours, we

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should almost regret that Mr. Shepard had, at his early age, built so many rhymes. All that he has written, however, is full of an excellent spirit, and will serve a better cause than that of merely gratifying a poetic taste. We like best his descriptions of natural objects, and his expressions of religious sentiment. We quote an example of each; the first, entitled "Description from Nature," the last a sonnet on "Sabbath Evening."

"DESCRIPTION FROM NATURE.

"Rock towers on rock, in native grandeur wild,
Forming one mighty fane, with pillar, shaft,
And architrave, cornice and frieze, firm set,
As when from chaos-night thick darkness fled.

* * * * *

"From out their fissures deep, gnarled oaks have thrust
Their wayward forms, upon the rugged stone
Seeming to vegetate, whose twisted roots
The ragged cliff firm hold, shooting their trunks
In shapeless strength, or up or down, transverse,
Oblique. Some rifted by the lightning's shaft
Hang poising in mid-air, and break ofttimes
Their shattered hold, leaping from crag to crag,
Thundering adown the mount, new impetus
Impelling as along they sweep. Strange sounds
Rise echoing from the abyss beneath,
Faint and more faint, till the last rumbling tells
The resting-place they find at length below;
While 'neath a cliff that juts its beetling form
Far o'er the dark abyss, the eagle's ear,
From out her eyry nest, catches the sound,
As blend her piercing screams in unison.

"From hidden springs, the cooling cascades gush,
Like streams of crystal, sparkling in the light
That steals at intervals the forest through;
And as they dash their rocky pathway o'er,
Unnumbered tribute rills the torrent swell,
Till in one mighty sheeted wave, it leaps
The towering cliff, and plunges in the pool
Foaming below; then upward sends a roar,
That thousand tongues reverberate afar,
The listening mountain through, hymning a song
Of melody sublime, as 't were a choir
Of thunder-spirits, chanting anthems loud
To Nature's Architect, JEHOVAH, GOD,
In one stupendous, changeless symphony!"

"SABBATH EVENING.

"How beautiful! The fading light of day
Is lingering yet on forest, field, and sea;

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And now the temple's spire shines dazzlingly,
While parting sunbeams round its summit play,
As 't were a shaft of burnished gold! The lay
Of evening zephyrs comes upon the ear
So delicately soft, I think I hear
Some seraph tones symphonious die away,
While nature chants her Sabbath vesper-hymn!
And now the red light passes; and the skies are dim
Above the west; night's sable veils unroll,
And new-born stars the sleeping waters kiss!
Oh, be like this my closing day! like this
My final rest — the Sabbath of the soul!

Gammer Grethel; or, German Fairy Tales and Popular Stories, from the Collection of MM. Grim, and other Sources. Edited by Mrs. FOLLEN. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1840. — The little volume whose title is here given makes no claims to an original work, even as a translation. It is a selection from an English volume, which received a hearty welcome from Sir Walter Scott on its first appearance, and a beautiful recommendation in a letter, which we thank Mrs. Follen for giving us entire in her preface. The true-hearted man was a genuine lover of fairy tales, and the way in which he speaks of them is the best of all answers to the fidgetty scruples which some good people have about them. "Truth is," writes Sir Walter, "I would not give one tear shed over Little Red Riding Hood, for all the benefit to be derived from a hundred histories of Jemmy Goodchild." This is rather sweeping, but as it strikes at a large portion of the Goodchild family, we care not to qualify it. It reminds one of Mrs. Hemans's account of her interview with the poet Montgomery, in which they joined heartily in complaining "of the fancy which wise people have in the present times for *setting one right;* cheating one, that is, out of all the pretty old legends and stories, in the place of which they want to establish dull facts." She speaks with delight, too, of the similar taste which she discovered in Bishop Heber; and alludes to these same "German Popular Stories," as being as familiar to her own young auditors at the fireside readings, as to those of Mr. Crabbe.

These are high authorities, if any are in want of authorities, for reading and allowing Fairy Tales. We cannot say that we have a very extravagant estimate of the actual benefit, the utilitarian value of this reading. But for harmless if not healthy occupation, for an occasional good moral, which may stay the longer in a child's mind for the sly manner in which it is tucked in by some "little elf," and above all, for continually fresh,

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child-like, *real* enjoyment, we do value the fairy tales, and mean to read and recommend them, till we see some reason to stop. This collection is admirable of its kind. There is no mistaking its object. You will not have to tell your children that these stories are "not true." Gammer Grethel takes care of that. She is said to have been a real person, and though not with the same name, yet with the identical delightful face given in a portrait here. Some of the stories she tells we have all heard, but most of them are new; some as silly as you can desire; some with an evident object, many with a small appearance of one, and others too simple for all living things, but fairies.

NEW AND RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

An Historical Discourse, delivered at the Celebration of the Second Centennial Anniversary of the First Baptist Church in Providence, Nov. 7, 1839. By William Hague, Pastor of the Church. 12mo. pp. 192. Providence: B. Cranston & Co. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1839.

The Authenticity of the New Testament. Translated from the French of J. E. Cellerier, jr. With Notes and References, by a Sunday School Teacher. Second Edition. Boston: Weeks, Jordan & Co. 1840.

We have already noticed and commended this work of the younger Cellerier. It is a good sign that a second edition is so soon demanded. But we cannot avoid expressing our regret, that as the translator has seen fit to annex a recommendation of his work, drawn from our former notice of it, he has not also availed himself of our criticisms to make his second edition more correct.

The Star of Bethlehem. A Discourse, delivered in Nashua, Christmas Eve, December 24, 1839. By Samuel Osgood. Cambridge Press. Metcalf, Torry & Co.

A Discourse on the Death of Hon. William Sullivan, delivered in King's Chapel, Boston, September 15, 1839. By John T. Sargent, Minister of Suffolk Street Chapel. Printed by request. Boston: James B. Dow. 1839.

An Address, delivered at the Centennial Celebration in Peterborough, N. H., October 24, 1839. By John Hopkins Morison. Boston: Isaac R. Butts. 1839. 8vo. pp. 99.

An Address at the Centennial Celebration in Wilton, N. H., September 25, 1839. By Ephraim Peabody. With an Appendix. Boston: B. H. Greene. 8vo. pp. 103. 1839.

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Inaugural Address, delivered August 21, 1838, by Elias Loomis, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Western Reserve College. New York. 1838.

White Slavery; a New Emancipation Cause, presented to the people of the United States. By the Author of the District School as it Was. Worcester: M. D. Phillips. Boston: C. C. Little and Co., and B. B. Mussey. 1839.

We confess ourselves more interested in black than white Slavery. The whites can take care of themselves. But we do not doubt the existence of the slavery of which the author treats, and hope his little book may do something in the way of emancipation. The style is not at all to our taste, and we should judge its exceeding quaintness would be a hindrance with all readers. It hardly seems as if a man were in earnest who writes so. Yet we know the author to be an earnest man.

The Annals of Chicago, a Lecture, delivered before the Chicago Lyceum, January 21, 1840. By J. N. Balestier. Chicago. Ed. H. Rudd Printer. 1840.

A very interesting and well written historical sketch of this remarkable place. Very minute, too, in its researches, and in the true spirit of an antiquarian; for even Chicago has its antiquities. The site of Chicago was originally occupied by an Indian village. The French were there in 1572, and appear at one time to have made it a military trading post. In 1795 it was ceded by the Indians to the United States. In 1823, when visited by Major Long, it contained but some half dozen families, who lodged in log, not bark houses, as was calumniously reported by the Major. The events of the year 1836, the memorable year of speculation, are feelingly recounted by the author. In the winter of 1836-7, Chicago was incorporated as a city. It can now boast its six churches, namely; Catholic, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Unitarian; its banks, its schools, and its lyceum. "In accommodations for the travelling public," says Mr. Balestier, "Chicago has made remarkable progress. In 1835 the taverns were miserable in the extreme. The Sauganash was esteemed the best; but the crowds of strangers, and the scarcity of provisions, rendered every tavern in the place an abode of misery. The luxury of a single bed was almost unknown, and the table had no charms for the epicure. But now, a man may take his ease in his inn, and indulge in all the luxuries of the east." The increase of population has been from 100 in 1832, to over 5000 at the close of 1839. In 1833, there were four arrivals of vessels, whose burthen amounted to 700 tons. In 1836, there were 456 arrivals, whose aggregate tonnage was 60,000. The address is none the worse for a sly humor running through it.

A Review of the late Temperance Movements in Massachusetts. By Leonard Withington, Pastor of the First Church in Newbury, Mass. Boston: Munroe & Co. 2d edition.

There is a good deal of truth in Mr. Withington's pamphlet, stated in his own way, which will be seen and acknowledged when the temperance community is a little cooler. At present, it is our belief that

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the false heat of the friends of this cause has, for a time at least, brought it to a "stand point." There it will remain, if it do not go backwards, until temperance men retrace some of their steps, and so restore union where they have brought in division. They have assumed false positions, which they must abandon. The first, is that of placing all drinks that *can* intoxicate in the same condemnation with ardent spirits; as if the same reasons which operate against rum were of equal force against other drinks — which is false; and a cause based on a palpable falsehood can have no other than a momentary success. There is no more resemblance between small beer or wine, and rum and brandy, than there is between the plague and the chicken pock. Both these drinks *will* intoxicate, and both these diseases *will* kill; but there the analogy ends. A quarantine against chicken pock because some may die of it were as wise as laws of opinion, or of legislatures against small beer and wine. To attempt, all at once, to make men abstemious to the extent of renouncing every drink but water is in the present state of the world the merest Quixotism that ever possessed a community. Such a project may be reasonable a hundred years hence. Pushing the cause to such an extreme now has had the effect to leave behind some of as good friends as the *temperance* cause ever has had; although now-a-days if a writer or speaker dare to discriminate or modify, he is met with sneers or insult, as any one might have seen at the late Temperance Convention. The extreme side must be taken or one's standing with the temperance party is gone; though not, we hope, with temperance men. Division has been introduced by the new measures, and the moral power of the great cause in proportion diminished. The other false step — in our judgment — is the resort to legislation and political action. Not but what we have a *right* to enact what laws we please, or can. But that force in a moral cause is not wise or expedient; and nothing but the failure of all other means can justify it. And this cause of temperance is purely a moral cause, inasmuch as the act or habit we war against is not wrong, or criminal in itself, but only in its excess. Persuasion, not force, should therefore be our only weapon. Force in such case irritates, and arms against you with bitter hostility a large portion of the community. Use persuasion, and every man is kindly disposed toward you, at least; all but a few your warm friends and coöperators. They are easily made to see the reasonableness of relinquishing altogether the use of an article which it is so certain cannot be used at all without being carried to excess. Besides, how much less to be trusted is a reformation founded on coercion. Take away the restraint, and where is the virtue that made so fair a show? But what "moral suasion" gains, though it gains more slowly, is gained forever. Still, when legislation comes in by acclamation, as the effect, and not made to be the cause of temperance, and is resorted to merely to put a bridle upon a few unprincipled men, who will persist, by their measures, to do violence to the practices and opinions of an otherwise unanimous community, then it may be wise and needful. We would say to temperance men, abandon these false principles of action, and you will again succeed, as you did, before in an evil hour you took them up. Go into the field with the gospel in your hand, and the love of man in your heart, and all the world is with you. But take instead the scourge of the law, and fill your mouths with threats, and half the world at least, are open, irreconcilable enemies, or cold and distant friends.

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Rejected Addresses, or The New Theatrum Poetarum. From the 19th London Edition, carefully revised, with an original Preface and notes. Boston: W. D. Ticknor. 1840.

We are glad to meet this litte classic in the library of wit in so neat a form. The publisher has well supplied a want that has been long felt.

Essays, in a series of Letters on the following subjects; On a Man's writing Memoirs of Himself; On Decison of Character; On the Application of the epithet, Romantic; On some of the Causes, by which Evangelical Religion has been rendered less acceptable to persons of cultivated taste. By John Foster, author of Glory of the Age, &c. Sixth American Edition, from the eighth London Edition, with Additions and Improvements, by the author. Boston. By James Loring. 1839.

A neat and cheap edition of this valuable book.

A Discourse, preached at the Ordinatlon of Mr. Robert C. Waterston as Minister at Large, November 24th, 1839. By Henry Ware, Jr., Professor in Harvard University. Boston. 1840.

The Church, the Pulpit, and the Gospel; a Discourse, delivered at the Ordination of the Rev. George Edward Ellis, as Pastor of the Harvard Church, in Charlestown, March 11, 1840. By Alexander Young, Minister of the Church at Church Green, Boston. Together with the Charge, by Rev. E. S. Gannett; the Right Hand of Fellowship by Rev. Samuel Osgood, and the Address to the People by the Rev. Dr. Walker.

Despotism in America; or an Inquiry into the Nature and Results of the Slaveholding System in the United States. By the author of Archy Moore. Boston: Whipple & Damrell. 1840.

In these pages, by the lively author of Archy Moore, an account is given of Despotism as it exists in the Southern states of our Union: showing it to be as real a dospotism as the history of the world records. In the words of the author, it is his purpose "to exhibit the system of social polity established in the Southern states, such as it is in its operation and effects; not in particular and accidental instances, but generally, and by virtue of those laws of human nature, upon which the working of social and political institutions must depend." He will be found, we think, to have accomplished his object in a fair, calm, well-ordered discussion. He has given strongly colored, but we believe truly colored pictures of the social condition and character of the South. No other character could grow up under such an institution as slavery, than the one the author describes as that of the slaveholder. Yet this character is the one which English travellers through our country, though professedly the enemies of slavery, exalt and commend at the expense of that of the North. We do not remember an instance, in which the general impression left upon the mind of a reader would not

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be in favor of the slavery-formed character and manner. Of course none have offered, — however undesignedly, — half so effectual defences of slavery.

Moral Views of Commerce, Society, Politics; in twelve Discourses. By Orville Dewey. Second Edition. D. Felt: New York.

In the number of the London Eclectic for March last, there is a highly commendatory review of this volume of Mr. Dewey's Discourses, from which we subjoin a few extracts. "We regard," say the reviewers, "the views (of the author) as eminently just and wise, worthy of the attention of civilized nations, and of our own country, in particular. The perusal of them at the present time, both by our citizens and legislators, would tend greatly to restrain that violence and dishonesty, which are the disgrace of political proceedings, both in the forum and out of it. * * * We should rejoice to be able, for once, to exercise a little arbitrary power, and shut up every political scribe from the mighty thunderer of Printing-House Square, to the little dirty squibber of the Ten-Towns Messenger in their back-parlors, or suburban villas, or smoky garrets, till they had carefully read through the whole of these admirable discourses; and if many of them, when the task was over, did not come forth with a blush of crimson upon their cheeks, the world would have a just right to say it was because they had long since sold their consciences for filthy lucre. * * * There is a tone of manly dignity, of calmness and discrimination preserved throughout the discussions. There are a few expressions, and but a few, that would induce us to suspect that the author is not of our own views in Theology. But while the difference is scarcely discernible in his pages, the suspicion of it has made us the more anxious to read candidly and commend warmly and honestly. * * * We heartily wish his work as extensive a circulation as himself can expect, or his English publisher in his stead."

Society, Manners and Politics in the United States; being a series of Letters on North America. By Michael Chevalier. 8vo. pp. 467. Boston: Weeks, Jordan and Co. 1839.

The translator and publishers of this volume have together performed a useful service for the country. It is a volume which every American would be the better for reading; and the only objection we have to the size and style of the book is, that they may interfere with its sale.

Thoughts on the Laws, Government, and Morals. By a Citizen of Boston. 1840.

Oration, delivered before the Biennial Convention of the Alpha Delta Phi Society, on the Law and Means of Social Advancement. By Samuel Eells, President of the Convention. Cincinnati. 1839.

Count Julian; a Tragedy. By George H. Calvert, Translator of Schiller's Don Carlos. Baltimore. 1840.

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THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

JULY, 1840.

T. Parker.

ART. I. — *Das Leben Jesu, Kritisch bearbeitet von Dr.* DAVID FRIEDERICH STRAUSS. Tubingen: 1837 2 voll. 8vo. *The Life of Jesus, critically treated, &c.* Second improved edition. (1st edition, 1835, 3d, 1839.)

THE celebrity of this work of Mr. Strauss abroad induces us to offer some account of it. Our analysis of its contents, — which is nearly all we propose to ourselves, — may, to most of those who are in the good habit of reading our pages, possess little interest or value. To such we say, pass it by; little will be lost by its neglect. We write not so much for the general reader as the theological, who, we think, will be gratified to see such a sketch as will enable him to form an intelligent judgment of a book, concerning which he has heard much, and which has made itself so famous among "the minute" philosophers and theologians of Germany. We set forth in our pages these new forms of objection to the Christian History, with the less hesitation as to any possible ill effect upon any mind, inasmuch as, in our opinion, no attack upon our religion, in either ancient or modern times, ever so carried along with it, in every step of its progress, its own abundant refutation. But, without more waste of words and time by prefatory remark, we address ourselves to the task before us.

It is not our design, in the small space we can command in a periodical, to attempt any defence of the doctrines assailed by the author of the "Life of Jesus;" since that would demand great erudition and skill, and would require large volumes. We shall reserve our brief remarks for the end of the paper.

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It is our aim, merely to "define his position," as the politicians are wont to say. The work in question comprises, *first*, an Introduction, relating to the formation of "the Mythical standpoint," from which the Evangelical history is to be contemplated; *second*, the main work itself, which is divided into three books, relating respectively to the History of the Birth and Childhood of Jesus; his Public Life; his Sufferings, Death, and Resurrection; *third*, a conclusion of the whole book, on the doctrinal significance of the life of Jesus. The work forms two closely printed volumes, and comprises about sixteen hundred pages, thus making a work nearly as large as Mr. Hallam's History of Literature. It is not properly called a *Life of Jesus;* but a better, a more descriptive title would be, A Fundamental Criticism on the Four Gospels. In regard to learning, acuteness, and sagacious conjectures, the work resembles Niebuhr's History of Rome. Like that, it is not a history, but a criticism and collection of materials, out of which a conjectural history may be constructed. Mr. Strauss, however, is not so original as Niebuhr, (who yet had numerous predecessors, though they are rarely noticed,) but is much more orderly and methodical. The general manner of treating the subject, and arranging the chapters, sections, and parts of the argument, indicates consummate dialectical skill; while the style is clear, the expression direct, and the author's openness in referring to his sources of information, and stating his conclusions in all their simplicity, is candid and exemplary.*

The introduction to the work is valuable to every student of the Scriptures, who has sufficient sagacity to discern between the true and the false; to any other it is dangerous, very dangerous, from its "specious appearances." It is quite indispensable to a comprehension of the main work. We will give a brief abstract of some of its most important matters. If a form of religion rest on written documents, sooner or later, there ensues a difference between the old document and the modern discoveries and culture shown in works written to explain it. So long as the difference is not total, attempts will be made to reconcile the two. A great part of religious documents relate to sacred history, to events and instances of the Deity stepping into the circle of human affairs. Subsequently, doubts

* He professes very honestly, that he has no presuppositions. We shall touch upon this point.

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arise as to the fact, and it is said "the divinity could not have done as it is alleged," or, "the deed could not be divine." Then attempts are made to show either that these deeds *were never done*, and, therefore, the documentary record is not entitled to historical credibility, or that they *were not done by God*, and, therefore, to explain away the real contents of the book. In each of these cases, the critic may go fearlessly to work; look facts clearly in the face; acknowledge the statements of the old record, with the inconsistency between them and the truths of science; or, he may go to work under constraint; may blind himself to this inconsistency, and seek merely to unfold the original meaning of the text. This took place in Greece, where religion did not rest on religious documents, but had yet a sort of connexion with the mythological stories of Homer and Hesiod, and with others, which circulated from mouth to mouth. The serious philosophers soon saw that these stories could not be true. Hence arose Plato's quarrel with Homer; hence Anaxagoras gave an *allegorical* explanation of Homer, and the stoics *naturalized* Hesiod's Theogony, supposing it related to the operations of Nature. Others, like Evhemerus, *humanized* and applied these stories to men, who by great deeds had won divine honors.

Now with the Hebrews, their stability, and their adherence to the supernatural stand-point would, on the one hand, prevent such views being taken of their religious records; and on the other, render this treatment the more necessary. Accordingly, after the exile, and still more after the time of the Maccabees, the Hebrew teachers found means to remove what was offensive; to fill up chasms, and introduce modern ideas into their religious books. This was first done at Alexandria. Philo, — following numerous predecessors, — maintained there was a *common* and a *deeper* sense in the Scriptures, and in some cases, the literal meaning was altogether set aside; especially when it comprised anything excessively Anthropomorphitic, or unworthy of God. Thus he gave up the historical character, to save the credit of the narrative, but never followed the method of Evhemerus. The Christians applied the same treatment to the Old Testament, and Origen found a *literal*, *moral*, and *mystical* sense in all parts of the Scriptures, and sometimes applied the saying, "the letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive" to the former. Some passages, he said, had no literal sense; in others, a *literal lie* lay at the bottom of a *mystical truth*. Many deeds, he says,

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are mentioned in Scripture, which were never performed; fiction is woven up with fact to lead us to virtue. He rejected the literal sense of those passages which *humanize* the Deity. But Origen went farther, and applied these same principles to the New Testament, where he found much that was distasteful to his philosophical palate. Here also he finds fiction mingled with fact, and compares the Homeric stories of the Trojan war, in respect to their credibility, with the Christian narratives. In both Homer and the Gospels, he would consider what portions can be believed; what considered as figurative; what rejected as incredible, and the result of human frailty. He, therefore, does not demand a blind faith in the Gospels, but would have all Christians understand, that good sense and diligent examination are necessary, in this study, to ascertain the meaning of a particular passage. But this heretical father was too cautious to extend these remarks, and apply them extensively to particular passages. The Scriptures fell into the hands of men who acknowledged something divine in them; but denied that God had made therein particular manifestations of himself. This was done by Celsus, Porphyry, and Julian, who assented to much that is related of Moses and Jesus; while they found "lying legends" in other parts of the Bible.

Among the Greeks and Hebrews, whose religious literature was contemporary with the growth of the nation, the prevalence of allegorical interpretation of the sacred books proved that the oral forms of religion had died out, for the modern culture had outgrown the faith of the fathers of the nation. But in Christianity, the allegorical explanation adopted by Origen, and the peculiar opposition of Celsus taking place so near the birth of Christianity, prove that the world had not yet properly lived in the new form of religion. But, from the age after this time, when the rude Germanic nations, — too rude to find any difficulty in admitting the most objectionable parts of the Old and New Testament, — were conquering the Roman Empire, and becoming Christian at the same time, all proofs have disappeared, which would indicate the prevalence of a manner of interpreting the Scriptures, that arose from a radical discrepancy between the culture of mankind and the statements in these records. The Reformation made the first breach upon the solid walls of Ecclesiastical faith in the letter of the Bible. This was the first sign, that in Christianity, as formerly in Judaism

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and Heathenism, there was a culture sufficiently powerful to react upon the prevalent form of religion.

So far as the Reformation was directed against the Romish Church, it soon accomplished its sublime mission. But in relation to the Scriptures, it took the direction of Deism. Toland and Bolingbroke called the Bible a collection of fabulous books. Others robbed the Scriptural heroes of all divine light. The law of Moses was considered a superstition; the apostles were called selfish; the character of Jesus was assailed; and his resurrection denied by a "moral philosopher." Here belong Chubb, Woolston, Morgan, and the Wolfenbüttel Fragmentist. These scholars were ably opposed by a host of apologetical writers in England and Germany, who defended the supernatural character of the Bible. But in Germany there arose a different class of men, who designed to strip the Bible of its supernatural character, and direct divinity; but to leave its human character unharmed. They would not call the alleged miracles, *miracles*, nor consider them as *juggling*. Thus Eichhorn opposed the Deists, — who ascribed bad motives to the writers of Scripture, — but denied that there was anything supernatural in the stories of the Old Testament. He saw that he must deny this of the Bible, or admit it likewise of all ancient religious documents; for they all claimed it. We are not to be astonished, he says, at finding miracles in these writings, for they were produced in the infancy of the world; we must interpret them in the same spirit that composed them. Thus he can explain the history of Noah, Abraham, and Moses, by natural events.

Others treated the New Testament in the same manner. But the first Christian Evhemerus, was Dr. Paulus. He makes a distinction between the fact *related* and the *judgment* or *opinion respecting the fact*; for example, between the fact and the writer's opinion respecting its *cause* or *purpose*. The two, he supposes, are confounded in the New Testament, for its writers, like others in that age, took a supernatural view, and referred human actions to the direct agency of God. The office of an interpreter is to separate the *fact* from the *opinion* about the fact. Paulus, accordingly, believes the Gospels, but denies the supernatural causality of the events related. Jesus is not the Son of God, in the ecclesiastical sense, but a good man; he works no miracles, but does kind deeds, sometimes by chirurgical skill, and sometimes by good luck. Both Paulus and

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Eichhorn, in order to maintain the truth of the narrative, must refer it to a date as early as possible; thus the former admits that Moses wrote the Pentateuch on the march through the wilderness, and the latter believes the genuineness of the Gospels. Both of these sacrifice the literal history for the sake of the great truths contained in the book.

Kant took a different position. He did not concern himself with the history, but only with the *idea* the history unfolded; this idea he considered not as theoretical and practical, but only the latter. He did not refer it to the divine mind, but to that of the writer, or his interpreter. Christian writers, he says, have so long interpreted these books, that they seem to harmonize with universal moral laws. But the Greeks and Romans did the same, and made Polytheism only a symbol of the various attributes of the One God, thus giving a mystical sense to the basest actions of the gods, and the wildest dreams of the poets. In the same way the Christian writings must be explained so as to make them harmonize with the universal laws of a pure moral Religion. This, even if it does violence to the text, must be preferred to the literal interpretation, which, in many instances, would afford no support to morality, and would sometimes counteract the moral sense. Thus he makes David's denunciation of his foes signify the desire to overcome obstacles. But it is not necessary these ideas should have been present to the mind of the writer of the books.

Here, Mr. Strauss continues, was, on the one hand, an *unhistorical*, and on the other, an *unphilosophical* method of treating the Bible. The progressive study of mythology shed light upon this subject. Eichhorn had made the reasonable demand that the Bible should be treated like other ancient books; but Paulus, attempting to treat others as he treated the Bible, could not naturalize the Greek legends and myths. Such scholars as Schelling and Gabler began to find myths in the Bible, and apply to them the maxim of Heyne, "a mythis omnis priscorum hominum cum historia, tum philosophia procedit." Bauer ventured to write a Hebrew mythology of the Old and New Testament. A myth was defined to be a narration proceeding from an age, when there was no written, authentic history, but when facts were preserved and related by oral tradition. It is a myth if it contains an account of things, — related in an historical way, — which *absolutely* could not be the objects of experience, such as events that took place in the supersensual world, or, which

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could not *relatively* be objects of experience, such, for example, as, from the nature of the case, no man could witness. Or, finally, it is a myth if the narrative is elaborated into the wonderful, and is related in symbolic language.

Now the *naturalistic* method of interpreting the Bible could only be resorted to on the supposition of its historical accuracy, and that it was written contemporary with the events it relates. Accordingly, men who denied this carried out the mythical theory. The Pentateuch, says Vater, can be understood only on the supposition it was not written by eye-witnesses. De Wette declared still more strongly against the *naturalistic*, and in favor of the mythical hypothesis. To test the credibility of an account, he says, we must examine the writer's tendency. He may write history, and yet have a poetic tendency, and such is the case with the writers of the Old Testament. Fact and fiction are blended together therein, and we cannot separate them because we have no criterion or touch-stone, by which to examine them. The only source of our knowledge of events is the narrative relating the historical facts. We cannot go beyond this. In regard to the Old Testament, we must admit or reject these narratives; in the latter case, we relinquish all claim to any knowledge of the affairs related, for we have no other evidence respecting them. We have no right to impose a *natural* explanation on what is related as a *miracle*. It is entirely arbitrary to say the *fact* is genuine history, and the *drapery* alone is poetical; for example, we have no right to say Abram thought he would make a covenant with God, and that this fact lies at the bottom of the poetic narrative. Nor do we know what Abram thought. If we follow the narrative, we must take the fact as it is; if we reject it, we have no knowledge of the fact itself. It is not reasonable Abram should have such thoughts of his descendants possessing Palestine centuries afterwards, but quite natural, that they should write this poetic fiction to glorify their ancestor. Thus the *naturalistic* explanation destroys itself, and the mythical takes its place. Even Eichhorn confessed the former could not be applied to the New Testament, and Gabler, long ago, maintained, that there are in the New Testament, not only erroneous *judgments upon facts*, which an eye-witness might make, but also *false facts* and improbable results mentioned, which an eye-witness could not relate, but which were gradually formed by tradition, and are, therefore, to be considered myths. The

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circumstance of writings and books being well known at the time of Christ, does not preclude the mythical view; for the facts must have been preserved orally long before they were written down. Besides, says Bauer, we have not in the New Testament a whole series of myths, but only single mythical stories. Anecdotes are told of a great man, which assume a more extraordinary character, the farther they spread. In a miracle-loving age, the obscure youth of Jesus would, after his name became illustrious, be embellished with miraculous stories, of celestial beings visiting his parents, predicting his birth and character. Where the records or authentic tradition failed, men gave loose to fancy, to historical conjectures, and reasonings in the style of the Jewish Christians, and thus created the philosophic myths of primitive Christian history. But men did not sit down with fancy aforethought, saying, "Go to, now, let us make myths;" but they were gradually formed; a little was added here and a little there. They would relate chiefly to the obscurest part of Christ's history. In obedience to this principle, Eichhorn, seeing that only a slender thread of apostolical tradition runs through the three first Gospels, rejects several stories from the life of Jesus, which offended his critical taste; for example, the gospel of the infancy, the temptation, some of his miracles, the resurrection of the saints at his death.

Now Mr. Strauss objects to his predecessors that for the most part, their idea of a myth is not just and definite; for in the case of an historical myth, they permit the interpreter to separate a natural, historical fact from the miraculous embellishments, which they refer to *tradition*; not, as the naturalist had done, to the *original author*. Thus the naturalist and the supernaturalist could admit historical but not philosophical myths, for then the entire historical basis seemed to fall away. Again; these views were not applied extensively — as far as they would go. Eichhorn admitted there was a myth on the threshold of the Old Testament. When the mythical hypothesis reached the New Testament, it was not permitted to go beyond the very entrance. It was admitted there could be no certain accounts of the early life of Jesus, and therefore that many false stories, suited to the taste of the times and the oracles of the Old Testament, have taken the place which there was no history to fill. But this does not in the slightest degree impair the credibility of the subsequent narrative. The evan-

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gelists give an account of the three last years of his life; and here they were themselves eye-witnesses, or took the word of eye-witnesses. Then objections were brought against the end of the history, and the ascension was considered spurious or mythical. Thus critical doubts began to nibble at both ends of the narrative, while the middle remained untouched, or as some one has said, "Theologians entered the domain of Evangelical history through the gorgeous portals of the myth, and passed out at a similar gate; but in all that lay between these limits, they were content to take the crooked and toilsome paths of naturalistic explanation."

Mr. Strauss next inquires whether it is possible there should be myths in the New Testament, and, judging from outward arguments, he thinks it possible. Most Christians, he says, believe that is false which the Heathen relate of their gods, and the Mahommedans of their prophets, while the Scriptures relate only what is true respecting the acts of God, Christ, and the holy men. But this is a prejudice founded on the assumption that Christianity differs from heathen religions, in the fact that it alone is an historical, while they are mythical religions. But this is the result of a partial and confined view; for each of the other religions brings this charge against its rivals, and all derive their own origin from the direct agency of God. It is supposed that the Gospels were written by eye-witnesses, who were not deceived themselves, and were not deceivers, and, therefore, no room is left for the formation, or insertion of myths. But it is only a prejudice that the Gospels were written by eye-witnesses. The names of Matthew and John, for example, prefixed to these writings, prove nothing, for the Pentateuch bears the name of Moses, though it must have been written long after him; some of the Psalms bear the name of David, though they were written during the exile, and the book of Daniel ascribes itself to that prophet, though it was not written before the times of Antiochus Epiphanes. He finds little reason for believing the genuineness or the authenticity of the Gospels. Indeed, he regards them all as spurious productions of well-meaning men, who collected the traditions that were current in the part of the world, where they respectively lived. This is the weakest part of his book, important as the question is; yet weak as it is his whole argument rests upon it. The proofs of the spuriousness of these books are quite too feeble and uncertain for his purpose, and accordingly we are pleased to see from the pre-

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face and many passages of the third edition, that his doubts upon the genuineness of John's Gospel have become doubtful, even to himself, after a farther study of it with the aid of the recent works of Neander and De Wette.* Our limits forbid us to enter upon the question of the genuineness of the Gospels.

Again, judging from the character of the books themselves, myths, according to Strauss, might be expected in the New Testament. It is sometimes said the mythical stories of the Bible differ from the Greek myths, in their superior moral character; but the alleged immorality of the Greek myths, arises from mistaking their sense, and some of the myths in the Old Testament are immoral, and if they could be formed, much easier could moral myths be made and accepted. It is sometimes said in opposition to the mythical hypothesis, that all these stories in the Bible appear natural if you admit the direct agency of God. But the same remark applies equally to the Greek and Indian myths. Still further, it is said, the Heathen myths represent God as a changing being, and thus contain the natural history of God, and the birth, infancy, youth, and manhood of Apollo, or Jupiter, for example; while those of the Bible represent Jehovah as eternally the same. But Jesus, the Son of God, the divine Logos incarnated, is the subject of history. Others say there can be no myths, because the time of Jesus was an historical and not a mythical age; but all parts of the world were not filled with the historical spirit, and fictions might easily grow up among the people, who had no design to deceive, and thus myths be formed. This is the more probable, for in ancient times, among the Hebrews, and in particular in the religious circles of that people, history and fiction, like poetry and prose, were never carefully separated, and the most respectable writers among the Jews and early Christians wrote works, and ascribed them to distinguished men of an earlier age.

His definition and criteria of a myth are as follows: a myth has two sides; first, it is not a history; and second, it is a fiction which has been produced by the state of mind of a certain community. I. It is not an historical statement; (1) if it contradict the well known laws of causality, (and here belong

* *Neander's* Leben Jesu; *De Wette's* Exegetische Handbuch der N. T. Commentar in Johan.

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the direct actions and supernatural appearances of God and the angels, miracles, prophecies, and voices from Heaven, violations of the order of succession, and well known psychological laws;) and (2) when the writers or witnesses contradict each other, in respect to *time*, (for example, of the purification of the temple,) *place*, (the residence of Joseph and Mary,) *number*, (the Gadarenes and angels at the grave,) or in respect to *names* and other circumstances. II. A narrative is shown to be legendary or fictitious, (1) if it is poetical in *form*, and the discourses of the characters are longer and more inspired than we need expect, (for example, the discourses of Jesus,) and (2) if the *substance* of the narrative agrees remarkably with the preconceived opinions of the community where it originated, it is more or less probable the narrative grew out of the opinion. He adds several qualifications and modifications of these tests.

Having thus drawn lines of circumvallation and contravallation about the Gospels, Mr. Strauss thus opens the attack upon the outworks. The narrative relating to John the Baptist, he says, is not authentic; it is not probable the angelic state is constituted as it is here supposed. This idea was borrowed by the later Jews from the Zend religion, and the name of the angel Gabriel, and his office to stand before God, are Babylonian. The angel's discourse and conduct are objectionable; he commands that the child shall be trained up as a Nazarite, and smites Zacharias with dumbness, which is not consistent with "theocratic decorum." Admitting the existence of angels, they could not reveal themselves to men, since they belong to different spheres. The naturalists and the supernaturalists fail to render this story credible, and we are, therefore, forced to doubt its literal accuracy. Some writers suppose there are historical facts at the bottom of this tale, for example, the sterility of Elizabeth, the sudden dumbness of Zacharias, and his subsequent restoration. But there is no better reason for admitting these facts, than for admitting the whole story. It must be regarded as a myth, and is evidently wrought out in imitation of others in the Old Testament. It resembles the story of Sarah, in the age of the parties; Elizabeth is a daughter of Aaron, whose wife bore this same name. The appearance of the angel, who foretels the birth of John, his character, and destiny, is evidently an imitation of the prophecy respecting Samson, and there is a very strong resemblance between the language of Luke in this part of the story, and that of the Sep-

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tuagint in the account of Samson's birth. The conclusion of the story (1. 80,) resembles the end of the story of Ishmael, (Gen. xxi. 20.) The name John, [God's Gift] which was not a family name, renders the narrative still more suspicious. Thus the whole is a myth. We think Mr. Strauss, for the sake of consistency, ought to deny that John the Baptist was an historical person, and doubtless he would have done so, were it not for an unfortunate passage in Josephus, which mentions that prophet. A rigorous application of his tests would deprive John of historical existence. But Josephus saves him.

He next examines the *genealogies of Jesus.*

Matthew enumerates three series, each of fourteen generations, or forty-two in the whole, between Abraham and Jesus, and gives the names of the individuals; but the number actually given does not agree with his enumeration, and no hypothesis relieves us of the difficulty. If we compare this list with the Old Testament, it is still more objectionable, for it omits several well known names, and contains some mistakes. Luke's genealogy differs still more widely from the Old Testament; from Nathan, the son of David, downward, he mentions only *two* persons, who occur in the Old Testament, namely, Salathiel and Zorobabel, and even here it contradicts the narratives in 1 Chronicles, iii. 17, 19, 20. If we compare these two genealogies together, there is a striking difference between them. Luke reckons *forty-one* generations from David to Joseph, the father of Jesus, where Matthew makes but *twenty-six*, and, with the two exceptions above named, the names are all different in the two narrations. According to Luke, the father of Joseph is *Heli*, a descendant of *Nathan*, son of David; according to Matthew, Joseph's father is *Jacob*, a descendant of *Solomon*. Various attempts have been made to reconcile these conflicting genealogies, but they all rest on arbitrary suppositions. It is sometimes said one contains the genealogy of Joseph, the other of Mary; but this also is an arbitrary supposition, at variance with the text, and is not supported by any passage in the Bible. We must, then, conclude these genealogies are arbitrary compositions, which do not prove the Davidic descent of Jesus, who was called *son of David*, because he was considered as the Messiah. It is easily conceivable that a Galilean, whose descent was unknown, after he had acquired the title of Messiah, should be represented by tradition as a son of David. On the strength of these traditions gene-

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alogies were composed, which, for want of authentic documents, were as various and conflicting as these two of Luke and Matthew.

He then treats of the *miraculous birth of Jesus.*

Here he makes use of two apocryphal Gospels, quoted by several of the early fathers. He shows the striking difference between the accounts of Matthew and Luke, concerning the birth of Jesus. But since the same view has been taken amongst us by Mr. Norton, and this remarkable discrepancy has been pointed out by him in a work well known and justly valued by the readers of this journal, it is unnecessary to enter further into the subject. Mr. Norton rejects Matthew's account as spurious and unauthentic; while Mr. Strauss, with more perfect logical consistency, rejects likewise Luke's narrative, on the ground that Gabriel talks like a Jew; that the supernatural birth is impossible; that if an human birth implies the sinfulness of the child, then a celestial mother is needed also, that the child may be free from sin. Again, there are exegetical difficulties, for Mark and John omit this part of the history, and the latter had the best possible means of information, and it is always supposed in the New Testament that Jesus was Joseph's son. Beside, if Jesus were the Son of God, how could he be the son of David, and why are the two genealogies given to prove that descent, one of which is confessed, on all hands, to be the genealogy of Joseph, who, by the supernatural hypothesis, was no wise related to Jesus? In this case the genealogies would prove nothing. It is not possible, they proceeded from the same hand as the story of the supernatural birth, and Mr. Strauss conjectures they are the work of the Ebionites, who denied that article of faith. The attempts of the rationalists and the supernaturalists are alike insufficient, he thinks, to explain away the difficulties of this narrative; but if we regard it as a myth, the difficulty vanishes, and its origin is easily explained. The story itself, in Matthew, refers to Isaiah, (vii. 14,) and that prophecy seems to have been the groundwork of this myth. In the old world, it was erroneously supposed, or pretended, that great men were the descendants of the gods; for example, Hercules, the Dioscuri, Romulus, Pythagoras, and Plato, of whose remarkable birth Jerome speaks. This mythus, therefore, grew naturally out of the common Jewish notions at the time, and was at last written down.

He next examines *the account of the census, and the early life of Jesus.*

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Luke informs us that Augustus Cæsar issued a decree "that all the world should be taxed," or numbered; but no other writer mentions a *general census* in the time of Augustus, though a census was made in some provinces. If we limit the term "all the world" to Judea, still it is improbable such a census was made at that time, for the Romans did not make a census of conquered countries until they were reduced to the form of a province, and Judea did not become a Roman province until after the disgrace and banishment of Archelaus, which event took place after he had reigned ten years as an allied sovereign. Luke says this census was made when Quirinus was governor of Syria. Now it was not Quirinus, but Sentius Saturninus, and after him, Quint. Varus, who were proconsuls of Syria in the latter years of Herod I., and it was some years after his death that Quirinus became proconsul of Syria, and actually made a census, as Josephus relates. Luke also refers to this latter census, (Acts v, 37,) and speaks of Judas the Galilean, who rebelled on this occasion, as Josephus inform us. Now it cannot be true, that Jesus was born at so late a period as the time of this census, under Quirinus, for, — not to mention the chronological difficulties this hypothesis would create in the latter years of Jesus, — this census could not have extended to Galilee, the residence of Joseph and Mary, for that state was governed by Herod Antipas, in the capacity of allied Prince, and accordingly was not a province; therefore, Joseph would not be summoned to Judea when the census of that province was taken. Still further, it is not probable the Romans would assemble the citizens together by families in the birth-place of the founder of the family, to enrol them.

One evangelist makes Joseph live at Bethlehem, the other at Nazareth. Now the design of the author, in placing the birth of Jesus at Bethlehem, is obvious. He wished the prophecy in Micah (v. 2,) to be fulfilled in Jesus, for the Jews applied it to the Messiah. The author, setting out from the opinion that Joseph and Mary dwelt at Nazareth, sought for some natural errand to bring them to Bethlehem. He found a suitable occasion in the well known census of Quirinus; but not understanding accurately the circumstances of the time and place, he has brought hopeless confusion into the narrative, if it is taken for genuine history. We have, therefore, no reason, concludes Mr. Strauss, for believing Jesus was born at Bethlehem, for the story is a myth.

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Other circumstances in this narrative present difficulties. What purpose, asks Mr. Strauss, is served by the angels, who appear at the birth of Jesus?* It could not be to publish the fact; nor to reward the believing shepherds, who, like Simeon, were waiting for the consolation, nor yet to glorify the unconscious infant. They seem sent to the shepherds, because they were supposed to be more simple and religious than the artificial Pharisees. Similar objections may be made to the story of the magi, who, it is presupposed, knew beforehand, as astrologers, that a king of the Jews was to be born. A miraculous star guides them; but a *star* does not change its position relatively to earthly places, and a *meteor* does not appear so long as this guide seems to have done. The conduct of Herod is not consistent with his shrewdness, for he sends no officer with the magi to seize the new-born Messiah. The story of the massacre of the innocents at Bethlehem is not mentioned by any ancient author, except Macrobius, a writer of the fourth century, and he confounds it with Herod's murder of his son Antipater. The Rabbins, who never spare this tyrant, do not mention it. True it was but a drop in Herod's sea of guilt, but it is so peculiarly horrible, and revolting, that they would not pass over it. In this short passage there are four miraculous dreams and a miraculous star, not to mention the misinterpretation of the Old Testament. (Matt. ii. 23.)

But the whole story is mythical, and is derived from ideas and opinions commonly held at the time. The ancients believed a heavenly body sometimes appeared on great occasions, for example, a comet, at the birth of Mithridates, and at the

* Mr. Norton, (p. lxi. of the additional notes to his "Genuineness of the Gospels,") thus disposes of these difficulties in Luke's narrative; "With its real miracles, the fictions of oral tradition had probably become blended; and the individual by whom it was committed to writing probably added what he regarded as poetical embellishments. It is not necessary to believe, for example, that Mary and Zachariah actually expressed themselves in the mythical language of the hymns ascribed to them; or to receive as literal history the whole of the account respecting the birth of John the Baptist, or of the different appearances of an angel, announcing himself as Gabriel. With our present means of judging, however, we cannot draw a precise line between the truth, and what has been added to the truth. But in regard to the main event, the miraculous conception of Jesus, it seems to me not difficult to discern in it purposes worthy of God." But see, on the other hand, the opposite opinion of Mr. Stuart, American Biblical Repository for October, 1838.

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death of Julius Cæsar. The Rabbins assert a star appeared at the birth of Abraham. It was their opinion that a star would appear in the East, and remain visible for a long time, at the period of the Messiah's birth. Balaam also had predicted that a star should come out of Jacob. In ancient times, it was supposed stars guided men, for example, Æneas, Thrasybulus, and Timoleon; and the Jews fancied that a star conducted Abraham to Mount Moriah. Isaiah had foretold, that in the days of the Messiah men should come from distant lands to worship, bringing gold and incense. Again, many great characters of antiquity had escaped from imminent peril, for example, Cyrus, Romulus, Augustus, and Moses, in early life. Abraham, Jacob, and Moses had saved their lives at a later age, by flight. All these ideas and reminiscences, therefore, appear in the two narratives, which are different variations of the same theme, though they have had no direct influence, one upon the other.

Matthew passes in silence over the entire period, from the return from Egypt to the baptism of Jesus, and Luke mentions but a single circumstance of his early life, namely, his conversation, when twelve years old, with the Doctors. But this event cannot be historical; for it is not probable he would, at that age, be admitted to a seat in the council of the rabbis. His reply to his parents would not have been misunderstood, if the previous events had taken place as they are related. The whole story, Mr. Strauss contends, is a myth, conceived to suit the opinion that great men are remarkable in their childhood. Thus, in the Old Testament, Samuel is consecrated in his childhood; the later traditions, which Philo and Josephus follow, ascribe wonderful things to Moses at an early age, though the Bible knows nothing of them. Tradition says that Samuel prophesied from his *twelfth* year, and that Solomon and Daniel uttered wise oracles at the *same age;* 1 Kings, iii. 23, seq.; Susannah, vs. 45, seq.

The next chapter treats of the *public ministry* of Jesus. We pass over the chronological difficulties relating to the ministry of John the Baptist, which have been carefully collected by Mr. Strauss, and come to his connexion with Jesus. The baptism of John seems based chiefly on some figurative expressions of the Old Testament, according to which God would wash away the sins of his unregenerate people, before the Messiah came. These passages could easily be combined so as to make

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it appear that baptism, as the symbol of repentance, must precede the Messiah's coming.

Luke informs us that John was a kinsman of Jesus, and that their respective mothers were acquainted with the sublime destiny of their children, even before the latter were born. Matthew knows nothing of this, but ascribes to John, at the baptism of Jesus, expressions, which imply a previous acquaintance with him; for otherwise he would not refuse to baptize Jesus, on the ground of his own unworthiness to baptize a being so far above him. These two gospels, then, agree in presupposing the acquaintance of John and Jesus. But the fourth Gospel makes John distinctly deny the fact. (i. 31–33.) The appearance of the sign first assures him of the character of Jesus.

All the Gospels agree that John calls himself a forerunner of the Messiah, and that he was convinced Jesus was that Messiah. But Matthew and Luke relate, that after his imprisonment, John sent two of his disciples to James, to ascertain the fact. Now if he was convinced by the sign at the baptism, he ought still more to have been convinced by the miracles of Jesus, that he was the Messiah. He could not have sent his disciples to Jesus, in order to strengthen *their* faith, for he did not know Jesus would work wonders in their presence, nor would he compromise his own assertion, that Jesus was the Messiah; and yet if he himself believed it, he would not urge his superior to declare himself immediately, but would leave him to decide for himself.

The fourth Gospel contains the most definite expressions respecting the Messiahship of Jesus, and puts them in John's mouth. But did the Baptist consider him an expiatory sufferer? Did he ascribe to him an antemundane, celestial existence, as the Evangelist has done? We find no proofs of it, except in this fourth Gospel. Now it is not probable the Baptist had this conception of the office and nature of Jesus; nor is it probable, that he made the reply to his disciples, which this evangelist ascribes to him, (iii. 27–36,) where he confesses that he, (John,) is From beneath, but Jesus From above, the One Sent by God, the Son of God, Speaking God's words, and Born of God. He must increase, and I decrease. It is probable that the evangelist put these words into John's mouth, but not that the Baptist ever uttered them, for if he had so deep an insight into the nature of the kingdom of God, and the character and office of the Messiah, and believed Jesus to be that

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Messiah, the latter would never have said that men so rude in their conceptions, as the humblest of his disciples, were superior to John the Baptist; for Peter, the very greatest of these disciples, never attained the lofty conception that Jesus was the Son of God, the "Lamb, who taketh away the sin of the world." Besides, the character of John renders it incredible he would place himself at the feet of Jesus, the very opposite of himself in all respects. This man of the desert, rough and austere, could not become a pattern of the profoundest Christian resignation. A man on a humbler stand-point, (like that of John,) cannot comprehend the man on a superior stand-point, (like that of Jesus.) If this, which is related of John were true, "It would be the only instance on record of a man belonging to the history of the whole world, voluntarily, and in such good humor, giving up the reins of the affairs he had so long directed to a man who succeeded him, only to cast him into the shade, and render his mission unnecessary." The fourth Gospel, then, would make the Baptist unlike the Baptist of the Synoptics and Josephus. The statement, in John i. 29 – 35, is derived in part from fancy, and partly from an embellishment of the narrative in the Synoptics.

Now the origin of the narratives relating to the Baptist, Mr. Strauss contends, is very easily explained. Paul related the historical fact, that John spoke in the name of one to come, and added, Jesus was that one. Afterwards, men spoke as if John had a *personal* acquaintance with Jesus. This view, though not supported by facts, pleased the early Christians, who were glad to have the Baptist's authority on their side. But there seems no reason for believing there ever was such a recognition of Jesus on the part of John; nor is it probable that, while in prison on the charge of sedition, (as Josephus says,) he would be permitted to hold free intercourse with his disciples. The historical facts are, perhaps, the following: Jesus was baptized by John; perhaps continued for some time one of his followers; was entrusted by John with the idea of the approaching Messiah. After John was cast into prison, he continued to preach the doctrines of his master in a modified form, and afterwards, when he rose far above John, never ceased to feel and express a deep reverence for him. Now we can trace the gradual formation of these stories. John spoke indefinitely of the coming Messiah; tradition added, that he proclaimed *Jesus* as that Messiah. It was thought the rumor of the works of Jesus might

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have led him to this conclusion, and, therefore, Matthew's story of the mission of two disciples from the prison was formed. But since Jesus had been a disciple of John, it was necessary the relation should be changed, and this purpose is served by Luke's stories of events before his birth, which prove Jesus is the superior. But these accounts were not sufficiently definite, and, therefore, the fourth Gospel leaves no doubt in John's mind that Jesus was the Messiah, but makes him give the strongest assurance of this, the first time he sees him, and ascribes to him the most distinct expressions touching his eternal nature, divinity, and character, as a suffering and atoning Messiah. Now the accounts of John's imprisonment and execution are easily reconciled with one another and with Josephus; and hence we see that his life, as portrayed in the Gospels, is surrounded by mythical shadows only on the side turned towards Jesus, while on the other, the historical features are clearly seen.

The miraculous events at the baptism of Jesus, Mr. Strauss maintains, also present difficulties. The Synoptics mention both the dove and the voice; the fourth Gospel says nothing of the voice, and does not say, — though, perhaps, it implies, — that the spirit descended on him at the baptism. The lost gospels of Justyn and the Ebionites, connected with this a celestial light, or fire burning in the Jordan. According to the fourth Gospel, John was the only witness of the spirit descending upon Jesus like a dove; but Luke would make it appear there were many spectators. Taking all the accounts, there must have been some objective phenomena visible and audible. But here the cultivated man finds difficulties and objections. Must the heavens open for the divine spirit to pass through? Is it consistent with just notions of the infinite spirit, to suppose it must move like a finite being from place to place, and can incorporate itself in the form of a dove? Does God speak with a human voice? The various theories, naturalistic and supernaturalistic, fail of removing these difficulties. It cannot have been an aggregation of natural events, nor a subjective vision of John, Jesus, or the multitude.

In some of the old gospels now lost, the words, "*Thou art my beloved son,*" &c. were followed by these, "*This day have I begotten thee.*" Clement of Alexandria and Augustine seem to have found them in their copies, and some manuscripts of Luke still contain the words. These words, (from Psalm ii. 7,) were supposed by Jewish and Christian interpreters, to re-

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late to the Messiah, in their original application. Now to make them more effective, and their application to Jesus, as the Messiah, the more certain, this story naturally grew up, that a celestial voice applied them to Jesus. It was perfectly in the spirit of Judaism, and primitive Christianity, to believe such voices were addressed to men. Some of the Rabbis, it is said, received them not rarely. Still further, Joel and Isaiah had predicted the outpouring of the divine spirit in the days of the Messiah. This spirit he also was to receive. If Jesus were the Messiah, he must receive this spirit; and the occasion of his baptism afforded a very favorable opportunity. But how should it be known that it came upon him? It must descend in a visible form. The dove is a sacred bird in Syria, and, perhaps, in Judea. The Jews supposed the spirit of God "moved on the face of the deep" in this form. The dove, therefore, was a proper symbol and representative of the divine spirit. These features were all successively united in a mythus, which gradually grew up. There is, then, no reason for doubting that Jesus was baptized by John; but the other circumstances are mythical, and have been added at a later date. Here Mr. Strauss is false to his principles, and separates the fact from the drapery, which surrounds the fact.

But the whole story of the descent of the spirit on Jesus, continues the author, seems at variance with the previous account of his conception by that spirit. If the divine spirit was the proper parent of Jesus, why should that spirit descend and abide upon him? It could not thereby produce a more intimate union between them. We must suppose this story originated in a community which did not believe the supernatural conception of Jesus; and in fact we find that Christians, who did not admit the supernatural conception, believed the divine spirit was first imparted to Jesus at his baptism, and the Orthdox fathers persecuted the old Ebionites for nothing more rigorously, than for maintaining that the holy spirit, or the celestial spirit, *first* united himself with the man Jesus at his baptism. According to Justyn, it was the Jewish notion, that a higher power would be first imparted to the Messiah, when he was anointed by Elias. This seems to have been the primitive belief; but afterwards, when reverence for Jesus rose higher, a myth grew up to prove that his Messiahship, and divine son-ship, did not commence with his baptism, but with his conception; and then the words, "*this day have I begotten thee,*" were left out, because they could not be reconciled with the Orthodox view.

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The story of the temptation also, Mr. Strauss contends, has its difficulties. John does not mention it, but makes Jesus appear in Galilee three days after his baptism, while the Synoptics say, he went immediately after this event into the wilderness, and fasted forty days. The Synoptics also differ slightly among themselves. There are other difficulties. Why did the Divine Spirit subject Jesus to this temptation by a visible Satan? Not to ascertain what manner of spirit he was of; nor to try him, for his subsequent trials were sufficient. Again, a man could not abstain from food for forty days. Therefore some say, this is only a round number, and the fasting was not total abstinence from food; but this theory does not agree with the text. Still farther, wherein consisted the utility of this fast? But the personal devil is the chief stone of stumbling. His visible appearance has its difficulties. How could the devil hope to seduce Jesus, knowing his superior nature? and if ignorant of this, he would not have taken the pains to appear visibly before him. The second temptation could offer no attractions to Jesus, and therefore is not consistent with the alleged character of the devil. How could he transfer Jesus from place to place? Their appearance on the pinnacle of the temple would create a sensation. Where is the mountain, whence he could show Jesus all the kingdoms of the world? To say the *world* is Palestine, with its four provinces, is no less absurd than to maintain with Fritzsche, that the devil showed Christ all the countries on the map of the world. Attempts have been made to explain this story as an account of what passed in the mind of Jesus, either in an extatic vision, occasioned directly by God, or the devil, or by his own natural thoughts arising in a dreamy state, when he spontaneously transformed the thoughts into persons speaking and acting. But why should the Deity, or how could the Devil effect this? To suppose it was the result of his own natural thoughts, implies that Jewish notions of the Messiah had a strong influence on him even after his baptism. The merely natural view is absurd. Some call it a parable, designed to show, that no miracle is to be wrought for the man's self; hope of extraordinary divine aid should not lead to rash undertakings; and an alliance with the wicked must never be made even to obtain the greatest good. But if this is so, why does it not wear the form of a parable? It is easy to explain it as a myth. The Messiah was regarded as the concentration of all that is good, and the devil of all evil. He opposes Jesus, but can at

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farthest only produce momentary bad thoughts, not bad resolutions. Many passages in Jewish writings indicate a common belief that the Messiah would be tempted by the devil, as they say Abraham had been before. If Jesus was the Messiah, he must encounter this temptation, which, like that of Hercules, was very suitably placed just at his entrance upon active life. The scene of the temptation is well chosen, for the wilderness was not only the dwelling-place of Azazel, (Levit. xvi. 9, 10,) Asmodeus, (Tobit, viii. 3,) and the expelled demons; but it was the place where the whole nation, the *collective son of God*, was tempted forty years; and there is a strong analogy between their temptations and that of Jesus. The story was gradually formed out of these Jewish notions, without the slightest intention to deceive.

There is a striking discrepancy, Mr. Strauss affirms, between the Synoptics and John in respect to many parts of Christ's ministry. The former represent him to have spent the greater part of his life in Galilee; while the latter places him in Jerusalem and Judea. From them we should suppose he spent all his life in Galilee and the Peræa, before his last visit to Jerusalem, while John relates four previous journies to that place, and a visit to Bethany. If John is in the right, the Synoptics were ignorant of an essential part of Christ's ministry; but if the latter are in the right, then he has invented a great part of the history, or at least transferred it to a wrong place.

We pass over the chronological and many other difficulties. The Synoptics and John disagree in respect to the assumption of the office and title of Messiah. According to John, Jesus confessed early, that he was the Messiah, and the disciples remained faithful to the conviction, that he spoke the truth, (i. 42, 46, 50.) To follow the Synoptics, he did not take this title until a late period of his life; he supposes a special revelation had announced the fact to Peter, (Matthew xvi. 17,) and charges the apostles to tell no man of it. Two views may be taken of the case. Jesus was a follower of John the Baptist, and after his teacher was cast into prison he preached repentance, and the approach of the Messiah, and concluded he was himself that Messiah. This view would account for the fact, that he was disturbed when called by this name, and therefore forbid his disciples to speak of him in that relation. But since these prohibitions are doubtful, and if real, they may be accounted for, without supposing Jesus was not thoroughly convinced of his Messiah-

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ship, for it cannot be supposed that he who made such a revolution in the world, as no other man has ever done, ever faltered in the midst of his course, in his conviction that he was the Messiah. Since, then, he must have had a clear consciousness of his calling, we conclude that he was convinced of his Messiahship, from the time of his first appearance in that relation, but was somewhat reserved in expressions of this conviction, because he preferred the disciples should gradually learn the truth from the silent testimony of his life and works.

The Synoptics, says Mr. Strauss, never speak of the preëxistence of Jesus, while John often mentions it. Now the preexistence of the Messiah was an article of faith with the Jews, soon after Christ, and it is probable they believed it before his time. But it must remain doubtful whether Jesus entertained this idea, or whether John has ascribed it to him without any authority.

Mr. Strauss considers the story of the woman of Samaria an unhistorical myth. The whole scene has a legendary and poetic coloring. The position at the well is the "idyllic locality of the old Hebrew stories." The scene is the same as in the stories of Eliezer, Jacob, and Moses, all of whom meet women at a well. In this case, the woman, weak and good-humored, who had had five husbands, but then had none, is a symbol of the Samaritan people, who had forsaken Jehovah, &c. &c. This story, then, is only a poetic account of the ministry of Jesus among the Samaritans, which itself is not a matter of history, but is only a "legendary prelude of the extension of Christianity" among that people after Christ's death.

But we must press on with more rapid wheels. The calling of the apostles presents numerous difficulties, for there are great discrepancies between the accounts of John and the Synoptics. It is not probable Jesus understood the character of men at first glance of their persons, (John i. 46, seq.) (though the Jews expected the Messiah, *odorando judicare*, as Schottgen has it;) nor is it probable the disciples would immediately forsake all and follow him. These stories are mythical, and evident imitations of the legendary history of Elijah, and his followers. As Elisha left his oxen and ran after Elijah, (1 Kings, xix. 19, seq.) so the disciples presently left their nets and followed Jesus. Elisha received permission to go and take leave of his parents, but now the call of the Messiah is so urgent, that he rejects a young man who made the same request, (Luke ix. 60, seq.)

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and will not suffer a convert even to go and bury his father. The historical fact may be that some of his disciples were fishermen, but they must have come gradually into their connexion with Jesus.

John does not mention that the twelve disciples were sent on a mission; and the Synoptics relate nothing of their baptizing converts during their teacher's life. It is probable Jesus had a body of *twelve* disciples; but Luke's statement, that he had also a larger circle of *seventy* disciples, is not confirmed by any other evangelist, by the book of Acts, nor by any Epistle. It is evidently formed in imitation of the story of *seventy* elders in the Pentateuch. The accounts of Peter's fishing expeditions, and Christ's miraculous draught of fishes, like that of Pythagoras, are self-contradictory, and all mythical.

There is a great difference between Christ's discourses in John, and the Synoptics; they have but few expressions in common, even their internal character is entirely different. The latter differ among themselves in this respect; Matthew gives large masses of discourse, Luke short discourses on different occasions, and Mark offers but a meagre report of his sayings. Matthew's report of the sermon on the mount differs very widely from that of Luke; many of the expressions in Matthew's report are obviously misplaced; for example, Jesus could not, at the commencement of his ministry, have declared that he came to fulfil the law and the prophets, for he had not declared himself the Messiah, of whom alone this was expected. By comparing all the accounts together, we see, says Mr. Strauss, that "the granulary discourses of Jesus have not been dissolved and lost in the stream of oral tradition, but they have, not rarely, been loosened from their natural connexion, washed away from their original position, and like bolders rolled to places where they do not properly belong. By this comparison, we find that Matthew has not always restored the fragments to their original connexion; but yet, like a skilful collector, for the most part, has made an intelligible arrangement, joining like with like; while in the two other Gospels, some small pieces are suffered to lie, where chance has thrown them, in the chasms between large masses of discourse, and Luke has sometimes given himself the pains to arrange them artificially, but has not been able to restore the natural connexion." I. p. 63.

We pass over the alleged instructions of the twelve, and the parables, where the only difficulty lies in the discrepancy of the

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several narratives. Mr. Strauss thinks the controversial discourses of Jesus are genuine, because they correspond so closely to the spirit and tone of rabbinical explanations of Scripture, at that time. The discourses which John ascribes to Jesus present greater difficulties. Let us take the conversation with Nicodemus. He is not mentioned by the other evangelists. It is difficult to believe that, if John's account is true, so distinguished a follower of Jesus as Nicodemus, would be omitted by Matthew, an immediate disciple of Christ, — to follow the tradition. Still more difficult is it to believe, he would be forgotten by the oral tradition, which was the source of the Synoptical Gospels, which remember Joseph of Arimathea, and the two pious Marys. This difficulty is so great, that we are tempted to ask if it is not more natural that John has followed a traditional legend, and that there never was such a man as Nicodemus? The Synoptics relate that the mysteries of the Messiah were understood by babes and sucklings, but were concealed from the wise and prudent. They mention Joseph of Arimathea as the only disciple from "the better sort" of people. John says the Pharisees attempted to "put Jesus down," by saying, none of the rulers or Pharisees, but only the ignorant and infamous populace believed on him. Celsus subsequently made this objection, which was, no doubt, often brought in the early times of Christianity. So long as only the poor and unlearned embraced this religion, they comforted themselves by Christ's blessings pronounced upon the poor and simple; but when men of "character and standing" became Christians, they wished to find others of their own class among the direct disciples of Jesus. Not finding any such, they could say, "they were his secret followers, who came to him by night, for fear of the Jews," (John xii. 42, seq., xix. 39.) Joseph of Arimathea was one of this class; but more than one such was needed. Therefore this story was formed to remove the difficulty. The Greek name of Nicodemus clearly indicates his connexion with "the higher classes" of society in Judea. He is mentioned only in John's Gospel, because this is the most modern, and was composed in a community where the above objection was most keenly felt.

But this is only a conjecture; and even if it is well grounded, it should excite no prejudice against the conversation itself. This may, in all its essential features, be a genuine discourse Jesus held with one of the common people. It is incredible that a Jewish teacher should not have understood the new birth; but

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it was for the interest of the story to show how far Jesus rose above other Jewish teachers. They were but fools compared to the Great Teacher. Nicodemus applies to earthly things what Jesus asserts of heavenly things. It is not probable, that Jesus really spoke in the manner John relates, for this manner differs from that of the Synoptics. There he dwells on particular points, "with genuine pedagogical assiduity," until he has completely explained them, and then passes on, step by step, to other instructions, as a true teacher must do. But in the fourth Gospel, he speaks in a desultory and exaggerated manner, which can be explained only by supposing it was the narrator's design to set the Teacher's wisdom and the pupil's ignorance in the most striking contrast.

John makes Jesus speak very differently from the Synoptics; for example, in Matthew, Jesus defends his violation of the Sabbath by three practical arguments; the example of David eating the holy bread; of the priests sacrificing on the Sabbath; and of a man saving the life of a beast on that day. But in John he uses the metaphysical argument, drawn from the uninterrupted activity of God; "My father worketh hitherto." Besides, there is the closest analogy between the language of Jesus in the fourth Gospel and that of John's first Epistle, and those passages of the Gospel, in which either this evangelist himself, or John the Baptist speaks; and since this language differs from that of the other Gospels, we must conclude, the words belong to John, and not Jesus. Perhaps he invents suitable occasions, (as Plato has done,) and writes down his own reflections in the form of his master's discourses. His frequent repetition of the same thought, or form of expression, is quite striking. We must conclude that this evangelist treated the authentic tradition in the freest manner, and in the tone and spirit of the Alexandrians, or Hellenists.*

We pass over a long statement of discrepancies between the several Gospels, and other matters, of greater or less importance, which Mr. Strauss has treated with his usual freedom, learning, and dialectical clearness of vision. His explanation of the several stories of the sinful women, who anointed the feet of Jesus, is

* In the third edition, p. 741, he adds; "I cannot maintain that John's discourses contain anything, which cannot, decidedly, be explained from John's character, or the composition of the gospel in the latter part of his life."

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quite ingenious, to say nothing more. He supposes they all grew out of one simple story. "We have, then, a group of five histories, the centre of which is the narrative of a woman anointing Jesus, (Matt. xxvi. 6, seq.; Mark xiv. 3, seq.) John's account of the sinful woman, (viii. 1 seq.,) and Luke's of Mary and Martha, (x. 38, seq.,) occupy the extreme right and left; while Luke's picture of his anointing by a sinful woman, (vii. 36, seq.,) and John's, by Mary, (xii. 1, seq.,) complete the piece. All may be but different delineations of the same event.

We come next to the miracles of Jesus. Miracles of various kinds were commonly expected of the Messiah, who was to surpass all the former prophets and deliverers. Now Moses had furnished food and water in a miraculous manner; Elisha had opened the blind eyes, healed the sick, and raised the dead. The prophets had predicted nearly the same things in general, and some of them in special, of the Messiah, (Isaiah, xxxv. 5; xlii. 7,) and according to the Gospels Jesus did more than realize these expectations. The fact that men demanded "a sign" from him proves nothing against his miracles, for these demands seem to have been made after a display of miraculous power. He censures the love of miracles; but this does not prove he would never perform one on a suitable occasion. But when he says no sign shall be given unto that generation, &c., Mr. Strauss concludes *he refuses to perform any miracles whatever* before any of his contemporaries. This statement is quite inconsistent with the miraculous narratives in the Gospels, but it agrees perfectly well with the preaching and letters of the Apostles; for there, (excepting a general statement in Acts ii. 22, and x. 38,) the miracles are passed over in silence, and all rests on his resurrection; and this would not be so unexpected, nor would it make an epoch in the world, if Jesus had previously raised more than one from the dead, and wrought miracles of all sorts. Here, then, the question is, whether we are to explain away the gospel accounts of miracles, for the sake of the above refusal of Jesus to perform them; or doubt the genuineness and authenticity of this refusal; or in consideration of that refusal, and the silence of the apostolical writings to mistrust the numerous miracles of the Gospels. The author devotes above two hundred and fifty pages to miracles in general and particular. We shall notice only some of his most striking remarks.

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It was a common opinion of the Jews, that certain diseases were caused by demons; Jesus himself seems to have shared this opinion. The belief, of course, is not well founded. Some of the accounts, in which Jesus is said to expel these demons, are self-contradictory; for example, it cannot be true that there were *two* Gadarene madmen, so fierce as they are represented, who yet lived together. They would destroy one another. Mark and Luke, with greater probability, mention but one demoniac, in this place. These several accounts, which conflict with one another, present numerous difficulties. The demoniac knows Jesus is the Messiah, in Matthew; *he calls out*, "Hast thou come to torment me?" &c.; in Luke, *he falls down and worships* Jesus, and in Mark, he *knows him at a distance*, runs to him, and does homage. Here is a regular climax in the Christian tradition. But the greatest difficulty consists in the demon entering the swine; for, as Olshausen has said, the Gadarene swine in the New Testament, like Balaam's ass in the old, are a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence. If we trust the account, the demon, at his own request, was transferred from the body of the man to the swine, and *possessed* the latter as he had done the former. Then the possessed animals rush into the sea and are drowned. Here the conduct of the demon is inexplicable; he entreated not to be cast out into the deep, but casts himself into it. The character of Jesus is impaired by this story; for he must have known the result of suffering the demons to enter this large herd of two thousand swine, and the consequent loss their owners would sustain. He, therefore, is thus made "accessory before the fact," and the naturalistic and supernaturalistic theories can give no satisfactory explanation of the difficulties. But considered as a mythical story, which grew naturally out of the common opinions of the people, it is easily explained. It was commonly supposed that demons must possess some body, and that they preferred impure places; therefore the unclean bodies of the swine were the most suitable recipients of the demons when driven from the man. Josephus mentions a conjuror, who, to convince spectators that he really expelled demons, ordered them to overturn a vessel of water, set near the possessed men, as they came out of him, which they did to the satisfaction of all present. Jesus meant to give a similar proof, and to render the proof doubly strong, the test is not an inanimate body, placed near at hand, but a whole herd of swine, "a good way off," which the demons force to rush

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upon certain destruction, contrary to the instinct of self-preservation natural to all animals. This, then, was a proof of the expulsion of the demons, and of their perfect subjection to Jesus. Besides, to magnify the powers of Christ, he must not only cure simple, but difficult cases. Accordingly, this is represented as a desperate case; the man was fierce and malignant; he dwelt naked in the tombs, and broke asunder all chains that could be forced upon him; and not only this, but he was possessed by a whole legion of devils, thus presenting a case of the greatest possible difficulty. Matthew gives us the most simple form of the legend, thus constructed; Luke renders it more artificial, and Mark adds still further embellishments to it.

John mentions nothing concerning the demoniacs or their cure. Yet he must have shared the common Jewish notions on this point, and especially if they were the views of Jesus. It cannot be said, he omitted these cases, which form a great part of Christ's miracles in the Synoptics, because it was unnecessary to repeat what they had recorded, for he more than once allows himself such repetitions; nor can it be true, that he accommodated himself to the delicate ears of his Greek converts, to whom demoniacal possessions would be offensive. It seems, therefore, that the fourth Gospel was written not by John, but by some one who drew from the Christian tradition as received by the more refined Hellenists.

Another case of expelling a demon is evidently an imitation and improvement of a similar case in the Old Testament. The disciples had failed in their attempt; but Jesus cures him at a word. So Elisha restores a dead child after Gehazi, his servant, had tried in vain, (2 Kings, iv. 29, seq.) Moses and Elisha had cured the leprosy; the Messiah must do the same. He also must literally fulfil figurative predictions of the prophets, and give sight to the blind. John enlarges upon the statements of the Synoptics, and makes him cure a man *born* blind. They relate that he cured paralytics, and increased bread, and restored a dead person; but John enlarges these wonders, and according to him, Jesus cures a man who had been diseased for *thirty-eight* years, *changes water into wine*, and recals to life a man *four days after his death*, when the body was on the verge of dissolution.

Mr. Strauss supposes the accounts of Jesus involuntarily curing such as touched him, — as it were by a species of magnetic influence, — and even persons at a distance, whom he had never

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seen, are mythical stories, which have grown out of the popular reverence for Jesus. He places them on a level with similar stories in the Acts, of miraculous cures wrought by Peter's shadow, and Paul's handkerchiefs and aprons, (Acts v. 15; xix. 11, 12.) "It is not difficult to see what causes have produced this branch of the gospel legends of miracles, in distinction from the others. The weak faith of the people, unable to grasp the Divine Spirit with the thoughts, strives to bring it down more and more to the level of material existence. Therefore, according to the later opinion, the reliques and bones of a saint must work miracles after his death; Christ's body must be actually present in the transubstantiated bread and wine, and for the same reason, according to the earlier opinion, the sanatory power of the New-Testament-men adhered to their bodies, and even their garments. The less men understand and adhere to the words of Jesus, the more anxious will they be to seize upon his mantle, and the further one is removed from sharing Paul's unconfined spiritual power, the more confidently will he carry home Paul's gift of healing in his pocket-handkerchief."

Mr. Strauss examines the several accounts where Jesus is said to raise the dead, and finds a climax in the three instances mentioned; first, he restores a *girl, on the bed* where she had died; next, a *young man in his coffin*, before burial; and finally, Lazarus, who had *been dead four days, and was in the tomb*. He enumerates all the difficulties that beset a literal or mystical, natural or supernatural interpretation of the passages, and concludes that all the stories grew out of popular notions of the Messiah, or are copied from the similar stories of Elisha's wonderful works (1 Kings xvii. 7; 2 Kings iv. 18,) or from the predictions of the prophets.

He collects and dwells upon the difficulties of the alleged transfiguration of Jesus. What was the use of this scene? Not to glorify Jesus, for this physical glorification is unnecessary and childish. Why or how could Moses and Elijah appear to him, and for what purposes? Not to inform Jesus of his death; he had himself foretold it; not to strengthen him for future troubles, for it did not effect this object; and we do not know that he needed aid at that time; not to confirm his disciples, for only *three* were present, and they were asleep, and were not permitted to relate the events until after the resurrection. Does God speak in an audible voice, and quote from the Old Testament? The theories of interpreters of the various

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schools are in part absurd, and all inadequate to remove the difficulties. But the whole story has grown out of the Messianic expectations of the Jews, and an imitation of scenes in the Old Testament. The Jews expected the Messiah would appear with a face far more resplendent than that of Moses, — "a mere man;" his splendor would extend "from one hinge of the world to the other," was the poetic expression. Moses had been glorified on a mountain, God had appeared to him in a cloud. The same scene is repeated, and Jesus is glorified on a mountain, in presence of the two representatives of the Jewish system, who were expected to appear. Moses and Elijah, the founders of the theocratical law, and of theocratical prophecy, appear as the supporters of the Messiah, who fulfils the law and the prophets, and completes the kingdom of God. God appears in the clouds; and acknowledges him as his son, by a quotation from the law, the Psalms, and the Prophets. (Ps. ii. 7; Isa. xlii. 1; and Deut. xviii. 15.)

We will now mention only the death, and final scenes of the life of Jesus. Mr. Strauss thinks he could not have had so accurate a foreknowledge of the manner of his suffering and death, as the evangelists would lead us to suppose. The prediction was written after the event. Jesus could not definitely have foretold his resurrection from the dead, for then the disciples would have expected the event. But after the crucifixion they anoint the body, as if it was to become the "prey of dissolution." When they repair to the grave, they think not of a resurrection; their only concern is, who shall roll away the stone from the mouth of the tomb? Not finding the body, they think it has been stolen. When the women mention the angels they had seen, it is idle talk to the disciples; when Mary Magdalene, and two others, assured the disciples they had seen the "risen Jesus," their words produced no belief. It is only when Jesus appears in person, and upbraids them for their unbelief, that they assert as a fact, what they would have foreknown if he had predicted it. A foreknowledge or prediction of this event was ascribed to Jesus after the result, not from any intention to deceive, but by a natural mistake. He thinks, however, that Jesus actually predicted his own second coming, in the clouds of Heaven, the destruction of the Jewish state, and the end of the world; all of which were to take place before his contemporaries should pass away. Here, following the Wolfenbüttel Fragmentist, he says there is no prophecy in the whole Bible

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so distinct and definite as this, and yet it is found obviously and entirely false. We attempt to fill up the great gulf between this prediction and the fact, and our hope of success shows how easy it must have been for the author of these predictions to suppose, that soon after the destruction of the Jewish state, — supposed to be the central point of the world, — the whole earth should come to an end, and the Messiah appear to judge mankind.

John, who is supposed to have written later than the others, does not mention so distinctly these predictions, because they had not come to fulfilment as it was expected. Mr. Strauss thinks Jesus at last saw that his death was inevitable, and designated the next passover as the probable end of his life, and while at table with his disciples gave them the bread and wine, either as the symbols of his body, soon to be broken by death, and of his blood, soon to be shed; or as a memorial of himself. He considers as mythical, the account of his going *three* times to pray, and repeating the same words at Gethsemane, as well as that of the angels' visit, and the bloody sweat.

Many of the circumstances which, it is related, accompanied the trial and crucifixion, he sets aside as mythical additions, borrowed in part from the Old Testament. He maintains that the supernatural appearances at the death of Jesus; the sudden and miraculous darkness; the resurrection of the bodies of the saints; the earthquake, and the rending of the veil, have all grown up in the mythical fashion. The latter is symbolical of removing the wall of separation between the Gentiles and Jews. He thinks it quite improbable the Jews would set a guard over the tomb, as it is not probable they had heard of the promise of Jesus to rise from the dead; a promise which the disciples themselves did not remember, until after it was fulfilled. The Jews, he thinks, in later times, pretended that Jesus did not rise from the dead, but that his disciples stole the body by night, secreted it, and then pretended he was risen; and the Christians, to counteract this statement, gradually formed the evangelical narrative, that the door of the tomb was sealed, and a guard set over it; but Jesus was raised, and to throw dust in the eyes of the people, the great national council bribed the soldiers to assent to a very improbable falsehood, that the disciples stole the body, while they slept. But it is not probable a body of seventy men would condescend to such open wickedness, with the almost certain chance of detection.

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He enlarges at great length, and with acuteness, and some "special pleading," which is not altogether rare in the book, on the confusion of the statements in the four Gospels concerning the time, place, and circumstances of the resurrection, and the several appearances of Jesus, after that event, passing through closed doors; appearing under various forms, and, like a spirit, remaining with them but a short time, and then vanishing out of sight. But the fact of the resurrection itself, Mr. Strauss says, involves difficulties, and cannot be admitted. We must, then, suppose, with the rationalists, either that he was not dead; or that the resurrection did not take place. He accepts the latter part of the dilemma, and thinks the disciples were mistaken, led astray by the figurative passages in the Psalms and Prophets, which they erroneously referred to the Messiah. The testimony of the Gospels and the book of Acts, he says, is so inconsistent, contradictory, and imperfect, that we can place no dependence upon it, and that of Paul, which is consistent with itself, and of great weight, only assures us of his own conviction, that Christ rose and appeared to men, and even to himself. But Christ's appearance to Paul was entirely subjective, and there is no reason to believe he supposed Jesus had appeared to others in an objective manner, visible to the senses. Mr. Strauss fancies the narratives originated in the following manner. The disciples, thinking the Messiah must remain forever, thought he must have arisen; next, they had subjective visions; then, in a high state of enthusiasm, they mistook some unknown person for him. Afterwards, as these disciples related their convictions, the story was enlarged, embellished, and varied, until it assumed the form of the present canonical and apocryphal gospels. The ascension to Heaven, which many have hitherto rejected as not trustworthy, is regarded by Mr. Strauss as a myth, which derives its ideas from the histories and predictions of the Old Testament, and Jewish tradition, and with a particular reference to the alleged translations of Enoch and Elijah.

The author adds a "Concluding Treatise" to his critical work, "For the inward germ of Christian faith is entirely independent of critical investigations; the supernatural birth of Christ, his miracles, his resurrection and ascension to Heaven, remain eternal truths, however much their reality, as historical facts, may be doubted." (Vol. I. p. xii.) All these he supposes are realized not in an historical personage, but in the

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human race. Mankind have unconsciously projected out of themselves, the ideal of a perfect man, an incarnation of God, a personification of morality and religion. This Ideal has been placed upon Jesus, a man distinguished for great virtue and piety. But neither he nor any man ever did, or can realize the Idea; it must be realized in the race. The history of the miraculous conception, says one of the profoundest of the Germans, represents the divine origin of Religion; the stories of his miracles, the independent power of the human soul, and the sublime doctrine of spiritual self-confidence. His resurrection is the symbol of the victory of Truth; the omen of the triumph of the good over the evil, hereafter to be completed. His ascension is the symbol of the eternal excellence of religion; Christ on the cross is the image of mankind purified by self-sacrifice. We must all be crucified with him, to ascend with him to a new life. The idea of devotion is the ground-tone in the history of Jesus; for every act of his life was consecrated to the thought of his Heavenly Father.

We can only glance at the contents of this concluding treatise. It gives a fundamental criticism of the Christology of the Orthodox, the Rationalists, of the Eclectics, of Schleiermacher, Kant, and De Wette, and the speculative theology of Hegel and his followers. He points out the merits and defects of these various systems, and concludes his work with an attempt to reconcile, in some measure, his own views of Christ with the wants of religious souls, and the opinions of others. He thus concludes; "Setting aside, therefore, the notions of the sinlessness and absolute perfection of Jesus, as notions that could not be realized perfectly by a human being in the flesh, we understand Christ as that person, in whose self-consciousness the unity of the Divine and Human first came forth, and with an energy, that, in the whole course of his life and character, diminished to the very lowest possible degree (bis zum verschwindenden Minimum zurückdrängte) all limitations of this unity. In this respect he stands alone and unequalled in the world's history. And yet, we do not affirm, that the religious consciousness, which he first attained and proclaimed, can, in its separate parts, dispense with purification and farther improvement, through the progressive development of the human mind." (Vol. II. pp. 771–779, 3d edit.)

Having thus given a patient, and we hope faithful account of the principles, method, and most striking results of this celebrat-

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ed work, it may not be amiss to point out some of the false principles, which have conducted the author to his extreme conclusions, though we think their extravagance answers itself. We see no reason to doubt that he is a religious man *in his own way*, nay, he calls himself a Christian, and so far as his *life* is a test, we know not why the name should be withheld. His *religion* and *life* may have the Christian savor, though his *theology* be, — what it is. We know there are fascinations which a paradox presents to daring souls, and we are told there is a charm to a revolutionary spirit, in attempting to pull down the work, which has sheltered the piety, defended the weakness, and relieved the wants of mankind for a score of centuries, when it is supposed to rest on a false foundation. Yet we doubt not that Mr. Strauss is honest in his sad convictions, and has throughout aimed to be faithful and true. We cannot, therefore, as some have done, call him "the Iscariot of the nineteenth century;" we cannot declare him "inspired by the devil," nor accuse him of the "sin against the Holy Ghost;" nor say that he has "the heart of leviathan, hard as a piece of the nether mill-stone." We judge no man's heart but our own. However, the erroneous principles which lead to his mistaken conclusions may be briefly glanced at.

1. He sets out, as he says, without any "presuppositions." Now this is not possible, if it were desirable, and not desirable, if it were possible. But he has set out with presuppositions, namely, that the Idea precedes the man, who is supposed to realize that idea; that many men, having a certain doctrine, gradually and in a natural manner, refer this doctrine to some historical person, and thus make a mythical web of history. He presupposes that a miracle is utterly impossible. Again he presupposes, — and this is an important feature of his system, — that the Ideal of Holiness and Love, for example, like the Ideal of beauty, eloquence, philosophy, or music, cannot be concentrated in an individual. In a word, there can be no incarnation of God; not even of what, in a human manner, we call his Love, or Holiness. We could enumerate many other presuppositions, but forbear.* He explains his meaning in the controversial replies to his opponents, but does not satisfy us.

* See *Ullmann* Historisch oder der Mythisch. Beiträge zur Beantwortung der gegenwärtigen Lebensfrage der Theologie. Hamburg: 1838. p. 62, seq. *De Wette* l. c. *Tholuck* Glaubwürdigkeit der evangelischen Geschichte zugleich eine Kritik des Lebens Jesu von Strauss. 1838. p. 26, seq.

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2. He passes quite lightly to the conclusion, that the four Gospels are neither genuine nor authentic. Perhaps it is not fair to enumerate this among his *presuppositions*, though we know not where else to place it; certainly not in the catalogue of *proofs*, for he adduces no new arguments against them; decides entirely from internal arguments, that they are not true, and were not written by eye-witnesses, and pays no regard to the evidence of Christian, Heretical, and even Heathen Antiquity, on some points in their favor. The genuineness of Paul's most important epistles has never been contested, and the fact of the Christian Church stands out before the sun, but the convictions of the one and the faith of the other remain perfectly inexplicable, by his theory.*

3. The book is not written in a religious spirit. It will be said a critical work need not be written in a religious spirit, and certainly those works, — and we could name many such, — which aim at two marks, edification and criticism, usually fail of both. They are neither wind nor water; are too high for this world, and too low for the next; too critical to edify; too hortatory to instruct. That anicular criticism, so common on this side the waters, deserves only contempt. But a philosophical work should be criticised philosophically; a poetical work, in the spirit of a poet, and a religious history in a religious spirit. The criticism of Schleiermacher and De Wette is often as bold, unsparing, and remorseless, and sometimes quite as destructive as that of Strauss; but they always leave an impression of their profound piety; the reader can trust them to anatomize and extirpate as deeply as they will, knowing that the essential part of the religious document will never be removed. We will not question the religious character of Mr. Strauss; a Christian like Dr. Ullman, his own countryman, does not doubt it; but we do not see marks of its presence here, even if we sometimes find proofs of it elsewhere.

4. His mythical hypothesis has carried him away. Fondness for theory is "the old Adam of theology," and Strauss has inherited a large portion of "original sin" from this great patriarch of theological errors, — this father of lies. To turn one of his

* See the necessary "presuppositions," laid down by *De Wette*, Kurzgefasstes Exegetisches Handbuch zum N. T. B. 1. Th. 3, concluding treatise on the historical criticism of the Evangelical History. Leip.: 1837. p. 214, seq.

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own war-elephants against himself, he has looked so long at mythical stories, that, dazzled thereby, like men who have gazed earnestly upon the sun, he can see nothing but myths wherever he turns his eye, — myths of all colors. This tendency to see myths is the *Proton Pseudon*, the first fib of his system. It has been maintained by many, that the Bible, in both divisions, contained myths. Some of his own adversaries admit their existence, to a large extent, even in the New Testament. But with them the myth itself not only embodies an *Idea*, as Strauss affirms, but also covers a *fact*, which preceded it. Men do not make myths out of the air, but out of historical materials. Besides, where did they obtain the *Idea*? This question he answers poorly. Shaftesbury long ago said, with much truth, that if a Hebrew sage was asked a deep question, he answered it by telling a story; but the story, for the most part, had some truth in it. Strauss is peculiar in carrying his theory farther than any one before him; yet he is not always perfectly true to his principles; his humanity sometimes leaves a little historical earth clinging to the roots of the tree, which he transplants into the cold thin atmosphere of the Absolute. Taking the Bible as it is, says good Dr. Ullmann, there are three ways of treating it. We may believe every word is historically true, from Genesis to Revelations; that there is neither myth nor fable — and this is the theory of some supernaturalists, like Hengstenberg and his school; or with Strauss, that there is no historical ground, which is firm and undeniably certain, but only a little historical matter, around which tradition has wrapped legends and myths; or, finally, that the Bible, and in particular the New Testament, always rests on historical ground, though it is not common historical ground, nor is it so rigidly historical that no legendary or mythical elements have entered it. The two former theories recommend themselves, for their simplicity; but neither can be maintained, while the third is natural, easy, and offends neither the cultivated understanding nor the pious heart.

It is wonderful, we think, that some of the absurdities of the theory Mr. Strauss supports have not struck the author himself. He reverses the order of things, makes the effect precede the cause; the idea appear in the mass, before it was seen in an individual, "As Plato's God formed the world by looking on the eternal ideas," so has the community, taking occasion from the person and fate of Jesus, projected the image of its Christ, and unconsciously the idea of mankind in its relations to

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God, has been waving before its eyes." He makes a belief in the resurrection and divinity of Christ spring up out of the community, take hold on the world, and produce a revolution in all human affairs perfectly unexampled; and all this without any adequate historical cause. No doubt theologians in his country, as well as our own, have attempted to prove too much, and so failed to prove anything. Divines, like kings, lose their just inheritance, when they aspire at universal empire. But this justifies no man in the court of logic, for rejecting all historical faith. If there was not an historical Christ to idealize, there could be no ideal Christ to seek in history. We doubt if there was genius enough in the world in the first two, or the first twenty centuries since Christ, to devise such a character as his, with so small an historical capital. Christian critics, says De Wette, will not be satisfied with knowing as much respecting Christ as Paul and the apostles knew. No one of them, though they were eye-witnesses, had such a complete, consistent, and thoroughly historical picture of the life of Christ, as we seek after. Many of the primitive Christians could scarcely know of Christ's history, a tenth part of what our catechumens learn, and yet they were more inspired and better believers than we. It is much learning, which makes *us* so mad; not the Apostle Paul.* But if we cannot *prove* all things, we can hold fast to enough that is good.

Mr. Strauss takes the idea, which forms the subject, as he thinks, of a Christian myth, out of the air, and then tells us how the myth itself grew out of that idea. But he does not always prove from history or the nature of things, that the idea existed before the story or the fact was invented. He finds certain opinions, prophecies, and expectations in the Old Testament, and affirms at once these were both the occasion and cause of the later stories, in which they reappear. This method of treatment requires very little ingenuity, on the part of the critic; we could resolve half of Luther's life into a series of myths, which are formed after the model of Paul's history; indeed, this has already been done. Nay, we could dissolve any given historical event in a mythical solution, and then precipitate the "seminal ideas" in their primitive form. We also can change an historical character into a symbol of "universal humanity." The whole history of the settlement of New England, for ex-

* L. c. p. 221.

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ample, we might call a tissue of mythical stories, borrowed in part from the Old Testament; in part from the Apocalypse, and in part from fancy. The British government oppressing the Puritans is the great red dragon of the Revelations, as it is shown, by the national arms, and by the British legend of Saint George and the Dragon. The splendid career of the new people is borrowed from the persecuted woman's poetical history, her dress — "clothed with the sun." The stars said to be in the national banner, are only the crown of twelve stars on the poetic being's head; the perils of the pilgrims in the Mayflower are only the woman's flight on the wings of a great eagle. The war between the two countries is only "the practical application" of the flood which the dragon cast out against the woman, &c.* The story of the Declaration of Independence is liable to many objections, if we examine it *a la mode* Strauss. The congress was held at a mythical town, whose very name is suspicious, — Philadelphia, — Brotherly Love. The date is suspicious; it was the *fourth* day of the *fourth* month, (reckoning from *April*, as it is probable the Heraclidæ, and Scandinavians; possible that the aboriginal Americans, and certain that the Hebrews did.) Now *four* was a sacred number with the Americans; the president was chosen for *four* years; there were *four* departments of affairs; *four* divisions of the political powers, namely, the people, the congress, the executive, and the judiciary, &c. Besides, which is still more incredible, three of the presidents, two of whom, it is alleged signed the declaration, died on the *fourth* of July, and the two latter exactly *fifty* years after they had signed it, and about the *same hour* of the day. The *year* also is suspicious; 1776 is but an ingenious combination of the sacred number, *four*, which is repeated *three* times, and then multiplied by itself to produce the date; thus, $444 \times 4 = 1776$, Q. E. D. Now dividing the first (444) by the second, (4) we have *Unity* thrice repeated (111.) This is a manifest symbol of the national *oneness*, (likewise represented in the motto, *e pluribus unum*,) and of the national *religion*, of which the Triniform Monad, or "Trinity in Unity" and "Unity in Trinity" is the well known sign!! Still farther, the declaration is metaphysical, and presupposes an acquaintance with the transcendental philosophy, on the part of the

* We borrowed this hint from a sermon heard in childhood, "opening this Scripture," explaining this prophecy, as relating to America.

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American people. Now the Kritik of Pure Reason was not published till after the declaration was made. Still farther, the Americans were never, to use the nebulous expressions of the Hegelites, an "idealo-transcendental-and-subjective," but an "objective-and-concretivo-practical" people, to the last degree; therefore a metaphysical document, and most of all a "legal-congressional-metaphysical" document is highly suspicious, if found among them. Besides, Hualteperah, the great historian of Mexico, a neighboring state, never mentions this document; and farther still, if this declaration had been made, and accepted by the whole nation, as it is pretended, then we cannot account for the fact, that the fundamental maxim of that paper, namely, the soul's equality to itself, — "all men are born," &c. &c. was perpetually lost sight of, and a large portion of the people kept in slavery; still later, petitions, — supported by this fundamental article, — for the abolition of slavery, were rejected by Congress with unexampled contempt, when, if the history is not mythical, slavery never had a legal existence after 1776, &c. &c. But we could go on in this way forever. "I'll" prate "you so eight years together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted; *it is the right butter-woman's rank to market.*" We are forcibly reminded of a ridiculous prediction of Lichtenberg, mentioned by Jacobi; "Our world will by-and-by become so fine that it will be as ridiculous to believe in a God, as now it is to believe in ghosts; and then again the world will become still finer, and it will rush hastily up to the very tip-top of refinement. Having reached the summit, the judgment of our sages will once more turn about; knowledge will undergo its last metamorphosis. Then — and this will be the end — we shall believe in nothing but ghosts; we shall be as God; we shall know that Being and Essence is, and can be only, — Ghost. At that time the salt sweat of seriousness will be wiped dry from every brow; the tears of anxiety will be washed from every eye; loud laughter will peal out among men, for Reason will then have completed her work; humanity will have reached its goal, and a crown will adorn the head of each transfigured man." *

* This quotation seems to be a classic common-place against all new schools. Jacobi applied to it Idealism and Nature-Philosophy, and both Tholuck and Hengstenberg cast it upon Strauss. A writer in the Princeton Repertory "sips the thrice-drawn infusion," and gives the passage a new application.

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The work of Strauss has produced a great sensation in Germany, and especially in Berlin. It has called forth replies from all quarters, and of all characters, from the scurrilous invective to the heavy theological treatise. It has been met by learning and sagacity greater than his own, and he has yielded on some points. The volume of his controversial writings,* and still more, the third edition of his great work, proves that he is a lover of truth; that his mind is still open to conviction, for he has given up many positions, some of great importance. He has retorted upon some of his antagonists, using the same weapons with which they assailed him. He has even turned upon them, and carried the war into their borders, and laid waste their country, with the old Teutonic war-spirit. We have never read a controversy more awful than his reply to Eschenmeyer and Menzel. Porson's criticism of poor Mr. Travis was a lullaby in comparison. But he has replied to Ullman, — a Christian in heart, apparently, as well as in theology, — as a child to a father. His letters to this gentleman are models for theological controversy. He has modified many of his opinions, as his enemies or his friends have pointed out his errors, and seems most indebted to Neander, Tholuck, Weisse, Ullman, and De Wette, not to mention numerous humbler and more hostile names.

His work is not to be ranked with any previous attacks upon Christianity. It not only surpasses all its predecessors in learning, acuteness, and thorough investigation, but it is marked by a serious and earnest spirit. He denounces with vehemence the opinion that the Gospels were written to deceive. There is none of the persiflage of the English deists; none of the haughty scorn and bitter mockery of the far-famed Wolfenbüttel Fragmentist. He is much more Christian in expressing his unbelief than Hengstenberg in his faith. We could wish the language a little more studied in some places. Two or three times he is frivolous; but in general, the style is elevated, and manly, and always pretty clear. We do not remember to have met with a sneer in the whole book.

The work derives its importance not so much from the novelty of its views, as from the fact that it is a concentration of objections to historical Christianity. Viewed in this light, its importance has by no means been exaggerated. It is some-

* Streitschriften zur Vertheidigung meiner Kritik, 1837 - 8; 3 Hefte, 8vo.

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times said, had the work been published in England, it would have been forgotten in two months; but no man who has read the book, and is familiar with the history of skepticism, ever believes such a statement. We should be glad to see the English scholars, who are to measure swords with a Strauss, as the Cudworths, Warburtons, Sherlocks, Lardners, and Clarkes encountered their antagonists in other days, when there were giants among the English clergy.

> "'T is no war as everybody knows,
> Where only one side deals the blows,
> And t' other bears 'em."

We have no doubt which side would "bear the blows" for the next five-and-twenty years, should any one be provoked to translate Strauss to a London public. Yet we fear not its ultimate, but only for its present triumph.

We cannot regard this book as the work of a single man; it is rather the production of the age. An individual raised up by God discovers a great truth, which makes an epoch, and by its seminal character marks the coming ages. But a book like this, which denotes merely a crisis, a revolution, is the aggregate of many works. Like Kant's Kritik, it is the necessary result of the great German movement, as much so as Spinoza's theological treatises were of the Cartesian principles; and, indeed, the position of Strauss is in many respects not unlike that of Spinoza. Both mark a crisis; both struck at the most deeply cherished doctrines of their times. Before mankind could pass over the great chasm between the frozen realm of stiff supernaturalism, and lifeless rationalism, on the one side, and the fair domain of *free religious thought*, where the only *essential* creed is the Christian motto, "Be perfect, as your Father in Heaven is perfect," and the only *essential* form of Religion is Love to your neighbor as to yourself, and to God with the whole heart, mind, and soul, on the other, — some one must plunge in, devoting himself unconsciously, or even against his will, for the welfare of the race. This hard lot Strauss has chosen for himself, and done what many we fear wished, but none dared to do. His book, therefore, must needs be negative, destructive, and unsatisfactory. It pleases no one. It is colder than ice. It is the most melancholy book we ever read. All nature was dark to us as we closed and finished it. If the author rests in his conclusions, he is but another Herostratus, who could sport

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in the ashes of the temple he had burned, while others wept at the glory that was gone. But it only marks a period of transition. No nation, and least of all a German people, can rest in it. Let it not be supposed Strauss is an exponent of the German school of theology or religion, as it is sometimes unwisely urged. He is a single element in a vast mass. His work finds opponents in the leaders of the three great Protestant theological parties in Germany. The main body of theologians there is represented by Schleiermacher, Tholuck, Neander, De Wette, and men of a similar spirit. Strauss is the representative of a small party. He is by no means the representative of the followers of Hegel, many of whom are opposed to him.*

The whole book has the savor of Pantheism pervading it, as we think, using Pantheism in its best sense, if our readers can find a good sense for it. He does not admit a personal God, we are told, and, therefore, would not admit of a personal Christ, or incarnation of God. This, we suspect, is the sole cause of his aversion to personalities. But he nowhere avows this openly and plainly; we, therefore, only give it as our conjecture, though Tholuck openly calls him a Pantheist of the school of Hegel, defining that school "Atheistic;" while Ullmann brings the same charge, but with much more modesty, asking men to translate it more mildly if they can.

We are not surprised at the sensation Mr. Strauss has excited in Germany, nor at the number of replies, which have been showered down upon him. Destruction always makes a great noise, and attracts the crowd, but nobody knows when the Gospels were published, and the world, doubtless, was in no great haste to receive them. It is fortunate the book has been written in the only country where it can be readily answered. We have no fears for the final result. Doubtless, some will be shaken in their weakly rooted faith; and the immediate effect will probably be bad; worse than former religious revolutions with them. The Rationalists took possession of the pulpit, but unlike Strauss, says Mr. Tholuck, they pulled down no churches. But we have no fear that any church will be destroyed by him. If a church can be destroyed by a criticism, or a book, however

* See, for example, an article on the second volume of the "Leben Jesu," in the Berlin "Jahrbucher für Wissenschaftliche Kritik," for 1836. Band I. p. 681, seq., by Rosenkrantz.

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pungent, the sooner it falls the better. A church, we think, was never written down, except by itself. To write down the Christian Church seems to us as absurd as to write down the solar system, or put an end to tears, joys, and prayers. Still less have we any fear, that Christianity itself should come to an end, as some appear to fancy; a form of Religion, which has been the parent and the guardian of all modern civilization; which has sent its voice to the ends of the world; and now addresses equally, the heart of the beggar and the monarch; which is the only bond between societies; an institution, cherished and clung to by the choicest hopes, the deepest desires of the human race, is not in a moment to be displaced by a book. "There has long been a fable among men," says an illustrious German writer, "and even in these days is it often heard; unbelief invented it, and little-belief has taken it up. It runs thus; there will come a time, and, perhaps, it has already come, when it will be all over with this Jesus of Nazareth; and this is right. The memory of a single man is fruitful only for a time. The human race must thank him for much; God has brought much to pass through him. But he is only one of us, and his hour to be forgotten will soon strike. It has been his earnest desire to render the world entirely free; it must, therefore, be his wish to make it free also from himself, that God may be all in all. Then men will not only know that they have power enough in themselves to obey perfectly the will of God; but in the perfect knowledge of this, they can go beyond its requisitions, if they only will! Yea, when the Christian name is forgotten, then for the first time shall an universal kingdom of Love and Truth arise, in which there shall lie no more any seed of enmity, that from the beginning has been continually sown between such as believe in Jesus, and the children of men. But this fable can never be true. Ever, since the day that he was in the flesh, the Redeemer's image has been stamped ineffaceably on the hearts of men. Even if the letter should perish, — which is holy, only because it preserves to us this image, — the image itself would remain forever. It is stamped so deep in the heart of man, that it never can be effaced, and the word of the Apostle will ever be true, 'Lord, whither shall we go? thou only hast the words of eternal life.'" *

* While we have been preparing these pages, we have sometimes glanced at another book, attacking Christianity. Its title is Jesus-Christ

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ART. II. — *The Foundation of Christianity in the Wants of the Soul;* being the Dudleian Lecture, delivered before the University in Cambridge, May 13th, 1840. By the Rev. W. B. O. PEABODY.

JOHN IV. 14. — THE WATER THAT I SHALL GIVE HIM SHALL BE IN HIM A WELL OF WATER SPRINGING UP UNTO EVERLASTING LIFE.

THE subject assigned for this lecture is Revealed Religion; and the purpose of the Founder, as I understand it, was, to provide for such a discussion of the subject, as should tend to confirm the hearers in their conviction of the truth of Christianity. The original evidences of the religion of Jesus Christ, I shall not now bring before you. That subject is in abler hands than mine. I shall content myself with making some suggestions, which, so far as they have any weight, will strengthen the confidence that our religion shall endure, and that the gates of hell, — that is, the councils of destruction, — shall not prevail against it.

Our Saviour in conversing with the Samaritan woman, compared his religion to a living fountain within the breast. Because it is internal it shall not perish like outward and visible things. This is the emphatic part of the sentence, — it shall be *in him*, and because it is in him it shall continue to flow forever. We cannot be supposed to feel what the power of that illustration was in a climate where the broad rivers shrank to silver threads, and the earth was parched and blackened by the summer sun. But the truth which it conveys, and the promise which it contains within it, are clear to every eye, —

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et Sa doctrine, Histoire de la Naissance de l'Eglise, de son organization et de ses progrès, pendant le premier siècle, par *J. Salvador*. Paris: 1838. 2 vol. 8vo.; a work of great pretensions and very little merit. Unfortunately another attack upon Christianity has fallen into our hands, with the title, Examen du Mosaisme et du Christianisme, par *M. Reghellini* de Schio. Paris: 1834. 3 vol. 8vo. If any unfortunate reader should chance, in a luckless moment, to open this book, we advise him to bathe instantly in the "living stream," and submit to all the Levitical purifications; for a book more unclean and hateful was never devised, by mortal man, we trust. We have cut only three or four of its infamous leaves; but have felt a frightful sense of defilement ever since touching it. Only stupidity, uncleanness, and impiety, could have produced a work so vile.

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the promise that religion, being an internal principle, shall not share the fate of those things which perish with the using, and pass away. The same thing which makes it permanent in single hearts, ensures its perpetual duration in the world; and in times when the moral aspect of the world indicates strong tendencies to infidelity, such a promise, based on a familiar truth, serves to encourage the hopes of believers.

But whence comes this confidence? Why are we so sure that the stream which our Saviour drew from the rock in the wilderness will never cease to flow? Do we think that the hope of heaven and the fear of hell will always make men Christians? Do we suppose that many who reject Christianity now, will be driven to it for consolation in their dark and troubled hours? Or do we take encouragement from beholding how it has grown out of small beginnings, and overspread the civilized world? No doubt these things help our confidence. But the foundation of it is, that man wants Christianity; there is a thirst in the soul which no other element will supply. He must turn to some invisible power above him; he cannot confine his aspirations to the beings about him, and the present world. Having these wants, he cannot give up Christianity, the only religion which professes to supply them, or even acknowledges their existence. By the unquestionable testimony of works, which no one could do unless God were with him, Jesus assures him that he is divinely sent to the world, sent on purpose to supply this hunger and thirst of the soul for more than man and this earth can give.

We so often speak of communicating religion to others, and of receiving it from others, that we sometimes forget that the feelings and desires addressed by Christianity are all natives of the heart. They are in us from the first, folded up and dormant, certainly, but still they are there. The same inspiration which gave us life and understanding, gave us those capacities, to which the word of inspiration appeals. Every man has a power to discern distinction between good and evil; between the right and the wrong. Every man, too, has those powers, which are called spiritual; which, when awakened to action, make him acquainted with unseen or spiritual, as the bodily senses make him acquainted with material and visible things. There is in every soul from the beginning something which tends to look forward to a hereafter, and upward to a power above.

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The language which we use on this subject deceives us, as language is apt to do. When we teach others, our children, for example, we say it is to inspire religious feelings in their hearts. The feelings are there already; and it is our part to educate or draw them into action, and to direct them to the subjects which ought to engage them. We can do little more than point out the way. It is God who gives them the power to go. Religious education is the training of those spiritual powers and affections, which reside in every breast; which lie folded in the young, and in the thoughtless and hardened of our race are not dead, but sleeping; which, if we call upon them, arise and answer to the summons of a friendly voice; but which, if not called into action from without by some being who is interested in their welfare, may lie unexerted till the trumpet wakes the dead.

This, then, is the truth, that the religious feeling lies deep in our nature, ready to welcome the disclosures of Christianity as soon as it knows that God has sent them from above. You appeal to the moral sense and the religious feeling in others; and their moral sense and religious feeling start up from their death-like slumber. When you bring your children to reflect upon the subject, it is not an external process, the work is done within, for well does inspiration say, that the fountain of devotion must be *in him*, within the man, or it cannot flow unto everlasting life. When you go to some poor hardened wretch, and try to touch his heart, you feel that your words are powerless, and that nothing you can say will make the least impression; yet at that very moment, perhaps, the religious feeling is waking; it is something within himself, which rises up and masters him; his fierce defiance sinks away, his tears begin to fall, — his own spirit is in action and will do the rest; for to wake him to a sense of his guilt and danger is all that you can do.

A great and inspiring truth this! that the thirst for religion is born in the human breast. Stifled and suppressed it may be, — stifled and suppressed indeed it is; buried deep both in single hearts and great communities, under a crushing weight of meaner interests and passions. Still it is there; and had we a divining rod for the purpose, we could find the living spring under all the worldliness that surrounds us. We are told that engineers are now sounding the Asiatic deserts with Artesian wells; and they are sure to find the element far down beneath the sands that are whitened by the suns of ages. And those,

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who, in the name of Jesus Christ, have gone into moral deserts, into those howling wastes of abandoned men in which the world abounds, exploring the haunts of sensual excess, the caverns of the dungeon, and the lanes of poverty, have found that if not weary in well doing, they could set springs of devotion flowing even there; all was not evil; the veriest rocks of the wilderness have melted under the touch of holy and gentle hands.

If these things are so, — and they are so, — who can have any fears for Christianity? Infidelity has no sympathy with our nature. It makes no provision for the thirst of the soul. It knows no such wants; but such wants there are, and the faith which does not supply them is no religion for man. Such wants there are, and Christianity, the only faith which satisfies them, cannot be lost. It may at times be overlooked, for it springs apart from the dusty wayside of life. It may be undervalued, for none can estimate it aright but those who have made trial of its power; but, like the element to which our Saviour likened it, it is essential and indispensable; man cannot do without it; and, therefore, it will continue to flow long after the sun has withdrawn his shining, and the stars are pale with age.

Having stated what is the foundation of our confidence that our religion shall endure, let us next inquire if there is any reason for those fears which many have, lest it shall perish from the souls of men. There is encouragement in those very fears. For you may observe that nothing is apprehended from assaults of unbelievers without; all the fear is, of unsoundness and decline within; that is, lest men should of themselves abandon it, and let it die. And it certainly is true that it can spread no faster than men give it welcome; it dies if men suffer it to die. Though the truths of Christianity are eternal, religion, which is the feeling arising from the recognition of those truths, may perish, if men will have it so. But for the reasons just given, we are sure that this can never be; the same wants which have made them embrace it through the two thousand years that are nearly past, will make them continue to embrace it, through the numberless years and ages that are yet to come.

One reason of these fears is, the extravagance and excess of opinion, to which Christians often go, — not those, who use their deliberate reason, and take their conscience with them, — but those who speculate with fanciful rashness, and snatch a

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fearful joy in seeing how far they can venture to go. Such tastes and tendencies always have been found in the Christian world: but the experience of all ages proves, that they do no lasting injury to the cause of Christian truth. To those who engage in them, and those who adopt them, serious injury may be done, and for their sakes it is well that efforts should be made to resist them; but those speculations, and the controversies which follow, can no more destroy the existence and power of Christian truth in the world, than the crimson cloud of the battle-field can quench the orb of day. Active and free thought is the element in which truth lives, and moves, and has its being. Let us never, from the fear of seeing things unsettled, hope for a dead, level calm. If the broad ocean were covered with the verdure of stagnation, it would seem more firm and settled than it does now; and yet such a calm would be more fearful to the mariner than the wildest storm that ever swept the sea. Better that the waves should roll, even if here and there a vessel founders. Better, immeasurably better, to see the intellectual elements in motion, than to see them sleeping! Anything is better than indifference. In the most diseased convulsive action of life there is hope; in the repose of death there is none.

Neither is the number and variety of religious opinions a sign of danger to the cause of Christianity. It is desirable that men should be of one mind and one heart; but not that they should be of one opinion. If it were so in reality, it would show that their minds are not in action; if they were so only in profession, it would show that they are not free. This number of opinions is owing to the spread of light; in lands of ignorance and darkness all is uniform; but variety comes with intellectual improvement, and increases as that improvement extends. Do I not know as I look on the landscape, now, when the spring comes in the brightness of its rising, over hill and valley, do I not know the cause of all this beauty? At night there is cold uniformity in the aspect of nature, like that which the bigot covets for the religious world. But variety comes with the morning; things which the darkness blended into one, separate and take form, like wax beneath the seal; as the sun rises the lights and shadows increase in depth and number, till every leaf of the woodland shows its own peculiar green. Why fear the time when each man shall have his own opinion? It is not well that one overshadowing system should, by influence

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or power, keep down the independence of the mind. If men think for themselves, they will not think alike; but they will not give up the right; and God forbid that they should.

Another reason why some have fears for Christianity is, that they see no permanency about any sect or party. To every member, or I should say, to every slave of a sect, his own sect seems the whole Christian body. So long as it flourishes, he thinks that all is well with religion; but as soon as it dwindles in influence and numbers, he verily believes that Christianity itself is going down. While such is the feeling of party men, no wonder that there are fears. Still they are uncalled for. By a law of nature every sect seems to live its day, some a longer, others a shorter; still, it is a day that has an end at last. Looking over the past history of religion, you find recorded the names of many whose day is over; they answered a purpose, perhaps a good purpose in their time; but the hour came when they were no longer needed; and when no good purpose could be served by their continued existence, they accepted their death-warrant and passed away. Some are now breaking up, and a cry rises from the midst of them, as if Christianity itself were dying. But is it so? Is the hope of religion staked on the existence of any exclusive party? Oh no! These are natural and familiar changes, no more threatening ruin to Christianity, than the breaking up of the ice in spring bodes destruction to the river. They cease to exist, because they have accomplished all the ends of their existence; they pass away because their use is over; and to detain them longer would be as unnatural and impossible as to withhold a corpse from the grave.

This is the light in which parties should be regarded. They are not beneficial as many think them, nor are they as pernicious as is often supposed. Each one has its portion of truth; some more, others less; but each one has its part; the portion of truth which it has, is its vital principle, and without it, the party could not live an hour. The errors of the party do not stifle the truth; the truth works under the error, works itself clear, like a living spring; so far from the party destroying the truth, the result is precisely the reverse; the truth prevails over the errors at last, and in time destroys the party. Dying, it gives place to some other, which rises and reigns in its stead; that one, in its turn, shall give place to some other, and the same succession shall go on, till the time arrives when there shall be

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one fold and one shepherd, and truth shall be the same in every party, the same in every breast.

Again. Human creeds and forms of faith are passing by; and as each one is given up, its advocates feel as if all the solemnity of religion went with it. Invariably, when the believer of a creed is compelled by the force of truth to give it up and take the Bible alone for his standard, he feels as if all the solemnity of religion was gone. If it is so indeed, if all his religion was in his creed, and not in his life and spirit, he is in danger, and he cannot find it out too soon. So far as respects his faith, he has made a decided improvement; the former did not answer the purpose of religion to him, and possibly the new one may. So when there is a change in the faith of numbers, whatever the first fruits may be, it is owing to that law by which partial views of truth give way to those which are more extensive and enlightened. It is well that they perish; they might otherwise have remained standing in the way of truth, but now as each one goes, its place is in time supplied with another, not absolutely true, but nearer truth than the former.

But why, says the advocate of creeds, may I not regard my creed as containing all Christianity; in fact, as identical with Christianity? Turn to the world of nature, there it is, you have it all before you. Why not regard your scientific descriptions as complete, and say that observers in coming time will have no more to discover? Because, as you well know, those descriptions embrace, not all that there is, by any means, but only all that men have yet learned. And so the creeds of Christian sects embrace, not all that there is, but only all that they have learned. The succeeding age will know more. The creeds of future sects will embrace more light and truth than ours; and as new light is continually breaking from the word of God, we may hope that the world will grow more and more enlightened, till it shines and rejoices in the perfect day.

Thus it appears that the fate of creeds and parties is not discouraging. It shows, on the contrary, that Christianity is prevailing with growing light and power. No one dreams that the spirit of man dies, when the frame in which it is for the time embodied sinks into the dust. We believe rather that the destruction of the body is release and translation to the soul. So when the creed in which a portion of Christian truth is embodied begins to lose its hold; when the members of the sect chal-

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lenge, suspect, and condemn each other, till party and creed together become a hopeless ruin, the portion of truth which it possessed remains; it is gathered into the great treasury of mankind; no longer hidden in the dark lantern of a narrow association, it sheds abroad its light to the whole Christian world.

It is clear, then, that what are often regarded as indications of the decline of Christianity, are signs rather of its progress; it is throwing off every weight, redeeming itself from human inventions, and preparing to extend and be glorified in the world as it never yet has been. So far from being lost, it will come into nearer intimacy with the human heart. In what forms it will manifest itself in coming time, it is not ours to say. It will not probably manifest itself in new forms, so much as an indifference to forms compared with realities, — not such an indifference as is found and sometimes boasted among us now, — not the indifference of those to whom religious forms are an unmeaning language, because they have never known the feelings which those forms express; but the indifference of those who are so profoundly impressed with the substance and spirit of Christianity, that if a man's heart is in his religion, they care not in what dialect he prays, whether he stands or kneels in devotion, whether he holds a creed or governs his life by the Scriptures alone — they are glad to see any form in which the faith can gain for itself a warmer welcome in any heart. But I do wrong to use the word indifference in connexion with such a feeling as this; it is rather an interest in all forms which breathe the true spirit of those who use them; its watchword is, Christ is preached, and I therein do rejoice. It makes believers friendly to the whole-hearted of every party, — it allows them to be unkind and unjust to none.

And now let me ask, have you ever reflected, that when our Saviour likened his religion to a living spring, he compared it to the most durable of earthly things. Fleeting and perishable as it seems, there is nothing more enduring. Many a wayfarer goes to the land where Jesus lived, a region made so sacred by his presence, that men have called it the Holy Land. They look for Samaria, the great city of the kings; they find nothing save the well where Jesus talked with the Samaritan, and see women coming as in past ages, to draw from it in the heat of the day. They find no vestige of Tyre; the city whose merchants were princes, but the same waves welter round the lonely shores, and the fisherman spreads his nets upon the

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desolate rock. They seek for Jerusalem as it was; but the daughter of Zion is changed; the crown is fallen from her brow; the holy and beautiful house is gone forever; while the fountain of Siloam, fast by the oracle of God, flows full and bright as in the day when the priests filled their golden urns from it, singing "with joy ye shall draw water from the wells of salvation." The traveller asks for the ruins of Capernaum, where our Saviour made his home. Once it was exalted to heaven in its pride; now there is not a stone to show the place of its grave; while the sea of Tiberias, where he called his disciples, and where he reproved the winds and waves and they obeyed him, still spreads out its blue waters, though for ages, no dashing oar has broken the slumber of its tide.

He meant that his religion should endure; and, therefore, he would not write it with an iron pen in the rock forever; he chose rather to have it engraven on the only immortal thing in this world; and that is the heart of man. The heart and impressions made in it will endure forever. This is the reason that Christianity still exists, while cities, kingdoms, and empires have passed away. This is the reason, that it shall endure unchanged, when rocks and mountains shall melt, and the earth shall be a scorched and blackened ruin. It cannot perish like the works of man and the visible elements of nature. It is an immortal fountain to supply the thirst of the soul forever.

Art. III. — Local Vestiges of the Early Propagation of Christianity in the City of Rome.

The local testimonies of the evidences and the effects of Christian truth, at its first propagation among the nations and cities of the earth, present us with many interesting materials for serious thought. There are vestiges on the face of nature, and in the edifices of ancient cities, of apostolic labor and martyrdom. We read in the Acts of the Apostles, that after Paul had made his noble defence at Jerusalem, while he was confined by night in the castle, "the Lord stood by him, and said, Be of good cheer, Paul; for as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome." At Jeru-

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salem, Paul had begun his work, but Jerusalem was only a city in a despised province of one mighty empire. To Rome, as the seat of universal dominion, his thoughts were now turned. All interests were then centred in that imperial city. Through the whole known world the name was familiar, and to all nations it had attractions. Science and art, pleasure and philosophy, looked to Rome for excitements and novelties. How calmly does the Apostle utter his resolution to carry there the lessons of that new faith to which he was to die a martyr. The words of the humble Galilean were to be preached upon the seven hills of the all-conquering city of the Cæsars, and in the midst of the statues and temples of heathen worship, the Father Almighty was to be adored. After the lapse of eighteen centuries, during which the faith has triumphed, we can scarcely conceive the circumstances attending that apparently trivial event of the visit of Paul to Rome.

It is uncertain by whom the Gospel was first preached in that city. Our sacred books contain an epistle of Paul to the converts already made there. The date of this epistle is assigned to the spring of the year of our Lord 58. It is evident from it that Paul had not as yet visited the city. He tells the converts that he had often purposed to come to them, but had hitherto been prevented. Soon after he had written the letter he was carried there as a prisoner. After a restraint of two years he again travelled upon his labors for five years, when, upon his return to Rome, he suffered martyrdom, about the year 65. Only they who have closely studied his Epistle to the Romans, and have illustrated it by some knowledge of the time and the place, can truly estimate its sublime and solemn instruction. Some strangers from Rome had been present at Jerusalem at the feast of Pentecost, and are mentioned among those who were startled and impressed by the miraculous events of that day. When they returned to their home they carried back with them the story of what they had seen and heard. Among the thousand novelties which for a day or a year kept in motion the curiosity and interest of the inhabitants of Rome, it was scarcely to be supposed that the tale of a few wanderers would receive much credit. In a state of society corrupt to the very core, where only individual hearts were touched by virtue, where only shows of blood and scenes of gayety could move a listless and fatigued sensuality, there was but small place for the leavening influence of a mild and simple faith. But he that

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reads understandingly the Epistle to the Roman Christians, will be impressed by the solemn appeals, the strong arguments, the eloquent exhortations of that lesson of divine counsel addressed to the conquerors of the world. Written by one who thoroughly knew the pagan faith, who acknowledged whatever little power it might possess to touch the feelings, but who realized how poorly its shrines, and statues, and sacrifices could fill the desires of a human soul, that epistle first breathed the breath of life into dead bones. Who were the first to read it, with what slow and uncertain faith they interpreted it, only our imaginations can inform us.

But the Apostle Paul not only wrote to the Roman Christians, he visited them in person. Soon after sending his epistle, he was imprisoned in Jerusalem, and here he appealed from the unjust decision of an inferior officer to the Roman Emperor. The dangerous voyage of the Mediterranean, the appearance of Paul before the Roman Jews, and his two years' confinement in his own hired house, are all minutely detailed in the Acts of the Apostles. A year after he was set at liberty, there occurred that disastrous conflagration in Rome, for which Nero is considered chargeable. On the testimony of the profane historian, Tacitus, we learn that the Christians were already very numerous and very much contemned in Rome, so that the populace permitted their cruel sacrifice by excruciating deaths, when Nero accused them as the authors of the devastation. Milman, in his recent History of Christianity, suggests,* that some "incautious or misinterpreted expressions of the Christians themselves might have attracted the blind resentment of the people. The minds of the Christians were constantly occupied with the terrific images of the final coming of the Lord to judgment in fire; the conflagration of the world was the expected consummation, which they devoutly supposed to be instantly at hand." Mr. Milman, with great ingenuity and probability, imagines, that the more fanatical, the Jewish part of the Christian community, may have looked with fierce and eager exultation upon the great Babylon of the West, blazing in one vast sheet of devouring flame. They may have dropped some unguarded and triumphant language, have attributed the ruin to the vengeance of the Lord, have hailed it as the opening of his kingdom, and have gloried in their own hope, in the

* Vol. II. p. 36.

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midst of the common misery. The city of idolatry and blood was blazing like a furnace before them, and they alone looked upon it with joy and hope. Thus they may have excited the rage of their tormentors, and have been put to the excruciating sufferings, which, we are told by an historian of the times, who would not deign to examine their faith, they obstinately endured. This was the occasion of the first heathen persecution of the Christians.

Four years afterwards, while Paul was at Corinth, Nero, that monster of cruelty, went thither to witness its celebrated games, and the Apostle, according to tradition, used the opportunity to revisit Rome, where, after a short imprisonment, he was put to death by "the freed slave, Helius, a fit representative of the absent tyrant." As a Roman citizen he was beheaded, rather than ignominiously executed on the cross.

These are facts in history, which connect the early Christian faith with the scenes of human life. A deeply interesting train of thought passes through the mind as it identifies the places, which, with any reasonable degree of certainty, are consecrated as connected with the first propagation of Christianity. Our faith, drawn from books, from education, and from meditation, will linger around a hallowed spot, and be revived even by the stones and the soil.

But now, in our first efforts to specify any consecrated localities, we are met with an exhibition of human frailty, which ever seems to mingle with the best of human means and purposes. Our readers need scarcely be informed, that in the history of Christianity, we very frequently meet with the phrase, "*pious frauds*," namely, falsehoods and deceptions invented and repeated, with the hope of confirming faith; evil done that good may come of it; fictions and tales circulated among the ignorant for the sake of terrifying or convincing them. The early history of the Church is deformed by a thousand legends and artifices, the purpose of which, namely, faith, was supposed to justify the means, namely, falsehood. The scenes of apostolic labor and of Christian martyrdom are overloaded with monkish tales and with absurd superstitions. Every Catholic church in the world possesses some alleged relic, not only of Christian apostles, but of ancient patriarchs, sometimes even of angels and of the Saviour, and there are a thousand localities in Rome, believed by the common people to be thus invested with heavenly glory. Not only the chains and instruments of mar-

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tyrdom, and the bones and ashes of saints, are kept in reverent care, but there are likewise exhibited miraculous fountains, and the footsteps of heavenly messengers upon the solid stone. Some of these deceptions are, of course, in open defiance of historical fact. For instance, Eusebius expressly states that Constantine deferred his baptism, intending to have it performed in the Jordan, but dying suddenly of an ague at Nicomedia, the service was there performed on the day upon which he expired. Yet in connexion with the Church of St. John Lateran, is a splendid Baptistery, maintained by Catholics to have been erected and first used by Constantine. In the same church are exhibited the skulls of Peter and Paul, the well-stone of the woman of Samaria, the table, upon which the Saviour celebrated the Last Supper, the pillar, to which he was tied when scourged, and that upon which the cock was perched, when Peter was reminded of his denial. There is also a large slab supported by four stone pillars, the space beneath which is alleged to be the exact height of the Saviour, and it is added by the priest who exhibits it, that no individual has ever exactly fitted the interval. It is hard to say whether there was any sincerity mingled with the fraud in the mind of him who fabricated this last mentioned relic, for the sole purpose of deceit. Very near by is an edifice erected expressly for the reception of twenty-eight blocks of Tyrian marble, now encased in oak, said to have been those which conducted to Pilate's judgment hall. At least a hundred persons daily ascend those stairs upon their knees, to obtain an indulgence of three thousand years from the pains of purgatory, which is promised upon a large placard at the bottom. The altar-piece at the summit is a picture of the Saviour, attributed to St. Luke and some angels. These may serve as specimens of a thousand deceptions, yet more gross and revolting, which are presented in every church in Rome.

Here, as elsewhere, may we realize the issue of all deception, even though it assume the name of "pious fraud." The true effect of a consecrated scene is wholly lost in the ridicule and disgust which many most absurd triflings with sacred things excite. It is altogether probable that among the heterogeneous mass of relics gathered in Rome, some may be genuine. Disciples of Christianity early made their way thither; and if in the time of the Saviour there were some who thought there was sanctity in the hem of his garment, confirmed believ-

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ers, when persecuted, must have clung closely to any sacred relic. One of the nicest points of casuistry is to settle the measure of credence due to a tradition; the boundary lines of fact and fable are distinguished with difficulty. There may be in Rome some relics which have been handled by apostles, but a reasonable man will soon decide how the small certainty of detecting any of these should be entirely set aside, if such a number of falsehoods meet him at every spot. Relics, by retaining devotion upon themselves, withdraw it from God and truth, and by prompting an observance which the senses can discharge, such as a pilgrimage, or a bending of the knees, they fail to strengthen principles of constant conduct. Yet if every overgrown, nonsensical, and perverted fable were to be traced far back to a few simple elements, to institutions designed in earliest times by affectionate hearts as tributes of a commemorative love for the Saviour and his truth, we should find something upon which we might dwell with sincere delight. A valuable lesson is taught us in these perversities, by cautioning us to guard against the multiplication of symbols and of forms, which tend by force of their own attractive, and in some cases by force of their repulsive power, to outgrow and supersede the truths they were intended to aid.

Yet there are some scenes in the ancient capital and mistress of the world, which may truly be associated with the Apostles and martyrs of our faith. History, tradition, and local evidence of different kinds attest them. Stones, and caverns, and the green soil have recorded, and transmitted the story of human faith, which has made them forever sacred.

With strong grounds of probability from fact, and from well attested tradition, there is still pointed out at Rome the prison in which St. Paul was confined, previous to his martyrdom. We know, from his own epistles, that he was a prisoner at Rome, expecting his death. On the southern slope of the Capitoline Hill, beneath a church, called S. Pietro in Carcere, are two dungeons called the Mamertine prisons. They lie one immediately above the other. The upper one was constructed by Ancus Martius, the fourth king of Rome, about six and a half centuries before our era. Servius Tullius added the lower one, for the punishment of the worst criminals, and from him it was called the Tullianum. They are both about thirty feet by twenty, and about fourteen feet high. The Emperor Augustus repaired them about twenty-two years before the birth of Christ.

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They were the only public prisons in Rome, and many state offenders and conspirators, vanquished enemies and foreign criminals were confined there. Here Jugurtha starved, Sejanus was slain by order of Tiberius, Perseus king of Macedonia was imprisoned, and likewise Jonas son of Simon, the chief of the Jews, by order of Titus. The accomplices of Catiline were confined here before being put to death on the Roman forum.

Pious fraud has busied itself with this locality, and by a most absurd fabrication, repeated in solemn tones by a monk, who exhibits the prison, excites a smile from those, who, with only the probable tradition connected with the spot, would have been deeply impressed. A fountain of clear water gushes from a spring in the lower prison, and is said to have sprung up miraculously, that Paul while confined here might baptize his gaolers and forty-seven fellow prisoners, who all subsequently died as martyrs. As if here was not marvel enough, there is likewise shown upon the surface of the solid stone wall, by the side of the steps which connect the dungeons, the deeply marked profile of a human countenance, the nose, chin, and other features being perfectly delineated. The monks say, that as the gaoler was leading the Apostle to the lower prison, the latter uttered a sentiment which provoked the keeper to strike him upon the head against the wall, and thus left an ineffaceable mark of the countenance of Paul. The cavity is protected by bars of iron, lest devout worshippers should kiss away the impression. As might be supposed, the shrine is much reverenced. In a small chapel behind the church, and immediately over the entrance to the dungeons, are inscriptions recording the miraculous history of the spot, and never can a stranger enter that chapel without observing many individuals adoring and praying, in apparently an absorbed devotion.

Such are the sights and tales which meet us as we enter that prison, and revolve in our minds the strong reasons of probability for a part of the history which is attached to it. It may have been from that damp and gloomy cell that Paul wrote to Timothy his last message of affectionate counsel. The city, which had attractions for all others, had none for him. One friend he had found there who had "oft refreshed him, and was not ashamed of his chain," and he implores a blessing upon the house of Onesiphorus. One simple sentence of his own simple language tells how even partial converts had received the lessons

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which he taught in his public trial; "At my first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me; I pray God that it may not be laid to their charge." But in the midst of his loneliness and desertion, and out of his deep prison, he utters the calm and tranquil peace of his soul. It may have been there, that the following words of sublime and affecting power were penned. "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my work, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness," &c.

The spot where the Apostle suffered martyrdom is likewise pointed out, and over it is erected a costly church, in which are standing miracles more ridiculous than credible. The locality may be correct, but the idle tales concerning the three fountains beneath the church are too absurd to be here repeated.

Next in the order of time, among the durable monuments of Christian interest in Rome, may be named the triumphal arch of sculptured Pentellic marble, erected by the Senate and People of Rome, in honor of Titus, after his return from the destruction of Jerusalem. It is a single arch, crossing the Sacred Way, and surmounted by an attic. Originally, both fronts were adorned with four fluted columns of the composite architecture, which have now disappeared. The frieze represents the triumphal procession of the conqueror with a river god, supposed to figure the Jordan. In the centre of the internal roof, an eagle is bearing Titus to heaven, in attestation of his apotheosis. Upon one side, within the edifice, the sculpture represents the conqueror as seated in a car drawn by four horses, crowned with laurel by Victory, and guided by the genius of Rome. On the other side, the sacred vessels of the Jewish temple, the seven-branched golden candlestick, the tables of the law and of the show bread, the jubilee trumpets, and the vessel for incense, are cut deep in the marble, from the original spoils of the plundered sanctuary. No possible doubt can attach to their originality or their fidelity. The arch and its ornaments were all completed within less than twenty years after the destruction of the temple. An unbroken line of authors have referred to this melancholy token of the desolation of the proudest and most sacred shrine which the earth has ever beheld. There have been thousands of Jews in Rome ever since the destruction of their city, as there are still, and the proud arch

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crosses a principal thoroughfare of travel, but no Jew ever passes beneath it. They profess to believe that instantaneous death would be visited upon any one of them, who should come so near to the monument of their country's desolation and disgrace.

How solemnly down the stream of long ages does that pile of stone, raised by human pride, and decorated with the spoils of a haughty but majestic faith, how solemnly does it confirm the prediction, that, in the fulness of time, a Gentile race should overthrow the ceremonial code of ancient worship, to prepare the way for a simple faith, which addressed and convinced the heart. Even the teeth of time seem to respect the venerable relic; that ages yet in the far distant future may confirm from it the lessons of the dim past.

Josephus says the veil and the tables of the law were placed in Cæsar's palace, and the other treasures in the Temple of Peace, which was built for their reception, and the ruins of which are close at hand. When that splendid edifice was burned, the treasures were saved. The golden fillet is said to have been seen in the days of Hadrian. When Genseric sacked Rome, he took some of the treasures to Africa. Belisarius again seized them from him, and used them for his triumphal entry into Constantinople, and after all, Justinian presented them to different Christian churches in Jerusalem. History thus follows them back to their own home, and there they are lost.

Rome, too, is the scene of many Christian martyrdoms. The blood of true and faithful converts has stained its soil. The Christian never can forget that amid the proud monuments and temples of that ancient capital, the first confessors of the faith wandered as strangers, despised and persecuted. The most gigantic structure ever erected, and still remaining in the city, is the amphitheatre, or colosseum. Its stupendous walls, in part removed when the Roman barons of the middle ages used the edifice as a quarry, from which to construct their palaces, are now protected from ruin, because the arena is consecrated to the memory of the sainted martyrs who perished there, mingling their dying prayers with the howl of infuriated beasts. That enormous structure, conceived in dire cruelty, was completed in the year 80, of our era. One hundred thousand spectators could at the same time behold its fearful spectacles, and it was dedicated to its purpose by shows that con-

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tinued one hundred days, and witnessed the agonies of four thousand beasts and human beings. Among the victims of that dread arena were the iron-nerved gladiators, nurtured in the wild mountains, and reared from infancy with strength of limb and ferocity of heart, to grapple in a death struggle with each other, or with wild beasts from the hot deserts of Africa. These were willing victims. Slaves and conquered foes, and the hated followers of the new sect, were forced upon those sands, to give forth their life-blood in agony.

It is at midnight, by the light of the moon, and the glare of torches, that the awful impression of that cruel relic comes full upon the soul. No single moon can light up the whole of that vast pile. A part of it must always be night, in a shadow as dark as its own fearful history. The lesser ruins around it, are a fit introduction to its imposing terror. There night is always thoughtful, darkness is solemnizing, and the stupendous relic of nearly eighteen centuries produces on the mind an impression never to be effaced. There is the place, and then is the time, of all others, to form one living idea of what is meant by the progress of Humanity towards truth and virtue, under the guidance of Christian principles. That ruined amphitheatre is the giant skeleton, the monumental centre, of all that remains of heathen Rome, its ambition and its triumphs, its cruelty and its religion. It is a desolation and a wreck. The thin mantle of beauty with which hoary antiquity and decay have invested it, cannot veil its terrific and brutal purpose. The great ruling passion of the human heart in old times expressed itself on that spot. It was blood; the sight of bitter agony endured with a proud heart, the view of a composed countenance, and of a hard-nerved fortitude, while racking pains were exhausting the life-blood. The death-shriek of the gladiator, the agonized prayer of a tortured Christian, the deafening roar of the thousand tormentors, who heard them all, with a smile, — there was the past, — a distant, but not forgotten past. Ask now the ruling passion and energy of the present day; put innocence for blood, and good for evil, and the interval between, will show what is meant by the progress of Humanity. The traits of character which then stood first, now stand last. Then the earth rang with one mad and universal cry of blood; now the cry is for the soul of man, his whole soul, and the souls of all men. It is from the dying prayer, the well tried faith of Christians, who stained that arena with their blood, that the change is to be

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dated. Through one of the broken arches of that vast pile, the moon always darts a single pure ray of light, which falls like a bright spark upon the wide blackness of the arena. Perhaps it shines upon a spot where a martyred Christian quivered in his last pang. There is more light in the heavens, and that ray came from a source which shall illumine the whole earth.

There are other consecrated localities, solemn and melancholy in their character, and beyond question or dispute in the sanctity attributed to them. Such are the catacombs, which were at once the burial places of the martyrs, and the humble and secret chapels of early Christian worship. Deep beneath the soil of Rome, and winding off into labyrinths of unknown extent, excavations were made in times before the birth of Christ, for a species of earth or sand, now called *pozzonala*, from which was made the durable cement used by the Romans. As the material ran in narrow veins, rising, dipping, and bending irregularly, it was sought out in galleries of only sufficient size for the operation of procuring it, and when exhausted in one place, the excavation was left to neglect, and forgotten. The galleries are about six feet in height, and three in width; they have been traced for many miles, and there are several entrances to them. As they are not lighted by any air holes or openings, and are very devious and confused in their windings, many persons have perished in them, so that most of the entrances have been closed. The principal access to them now is beneath the church of St. Sebastian, outside of the walls. At intervals are larger spaces, or chambers, for the convenience of the workmen. Under the name of *arenariæ*, these catacombs are mentioned by Cicero and Suetonius. It has been a matter of heated controversy, whether or not the heathen Romans used these dark and gloomy recesses for the purposes of sepulture. The probability is, that the Christians were the first to put them to this service, and that their example may have been soon followed by their pagan fellow citizens. The Romans burned their dead; the patricians apart, the plebeians in the common field, which is now well defined. The Christians abhorred this practice. Along the sides of these galleries, rising in tiers above each other, are horizontal recesses, of the size of the human body, covered with slabs of marble. On these may now be read the first Christian inscriptions, and within the recesses lie the remains of the early martyrs and disciples of the

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faith. Many of these slabs remain in the catacombs, but several have been deposited in the galleries of the Vatican. There is no deception or mistake in the touching mementos of these rude inscriptions. There may be seen in Rome thousands of cinerary urns and tombs, which inclose pagan dust. These are inscribed to many gods, to the deities of the shades, and are ornamented with beautiful, though vain symbols. How impressive the contrast between these stones, which speak of darkened minds and hopeless sorrows, and the first rude sculptures of a Christian faith over the ashes of a martyr or a confessor. The slabs of marble over the Christian tombs, discard the pomp of epitaphs. They merely express the prayer that the sleeper "may rest in peace," and give the length of his earthly pilgrimage, generally with a monogram, formed from the two letters P. X., "pro Christo," or "positum in Christo." Sometimes there is added a rude representation of a cluster of grapes, a dove of peace, a palm branch, a bow of promise, a fish, or the letters *A. Ω.* Some have supposed that the letters *X.* and *P.* are intended to designate the first two letters of the Greek word for Christ. The following are some of the most simple inscriptions, still to be seen; — "Domiti in Pace; Lea Fecit," — "O Domitius! mayst thou rest in peace; Lea did this." "Αφθονα εν Θεω ζησης," — "Apthona! mayst thou live in God." "Farewell! O Sabina! She lived viii. years, viii. months, xxii. days. Mayst thou live sweet in God."

While these recesses served the purpose of graves, a vase by their side often contained the blood of the martyr, and the sponge with which it was gathered up. The larger excavations were the resort of the persecuted worshippers, when only a tomb could conceal them.

Even in these spots, where there is so much of truth, invention and forgery are employed. By some it is pretended that the Christians constructed these immense catacombs for the express purpose of a resting place for the martyrs. An inscription in the Church of St. Sebastian asserts that 174,000 of the sufferers rest beneath it. An immense traffic has been carried on in the bones gathered from these repositories; and the whole Catholic world has been supplied from this store-house, through the agency of Popes and cardinals. Most of the recesses have been rifled to supply with some alleged relic the altars of the faithful, and it is probable, indeed certain, that the bones and ashes of pagans and Christians, martyrs and persecutors, aged

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men and still-born infants, plebeian Romans and Christian bishops, have been promiscuously adored.

Yet there is no manner of doubt as to the tradition and the history which distinctly fill out the tale of those simple inscriptions, and assert that in these dark chambers the first Roman Christians worshipped, and in those neglected galleries were laid the mangled remains of the martyrs, and the bodies of early believers. St. Jerome, about the middle of the fourth century, speaks of the catacombs as consecrated antiquities, which he frequently visited on Sundays, while he was pursuing his studies at Rome, with other youths. He regarded them with deep reverence. Prudentius, a Spaniard, in a visit which he made to Rome a few years later, loved to wander amid these solemn testimonials; and he wrote upon them, and the men and scenes associated with them, many beautiful hymns.

Here, then, far from the merriment, impiety, and folly of the proud city, seeking the caverns of the earth for a hiding place, the Christians first uttered the prayers and sang the hymns of that faith, which is now honored over the whole civilized world. There is a scene for which neither history nor romance have a parallel. When the despised faith was slowly making individual, and but partially instructed converts among the humble ranks of Rome, the first conviction of the heart was accompanied by a full apprehension of its cost, and a sense that belief and danger would come together. The abstracted and downcast look of the new convert, as he walked among the monuments of victories and the temples of heathen gods, his ear profaned with unholy oaths, and his heart aching with the constant presence of foul corruption, marked him out for suspicion. He would not worship with the aid of idols; his God had no representative image, nor asked oblations of blood; he could not clasp the hand, nor drain the cup of friendship, if he must accompany his pledge with an appeal to many deities; and, therefore, he was called an atheist. He shared not in the love of conquest, nor in the pride of triumphs, nor in the cruel sports of the amphitheatre, nor in the impure orgies of the pagan year, and, therefore, he was looked upon as a cheerless misanthrope. Even when persecuted, he returned neither threat nor blow, and he was, therefore, regarded as a spiritless coward. The wonderful incidents upon which he based his faith had originated in the despised province of Judea, and thus the Christian was held to be only a sectarian Jew. But with the

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Jew the Christian would not hold company, and thus he was believed to lack the last redeeming virtue of a knave or a culprit, sympathy with his fellows. Thus regarded, the Christian passed amid the throng, alienated, as it would seem, from the land of his birth, and from the companions of his daily life. Few would risk the pollution of his society, for to speak with him excited suspicion. Then was the time for the first and perfect display of unknown human virtues. Then the inmost soul of man was driven to live upon energies before hidden, and now revealed only as mysteries. What a sincere and blazing testimony was then borne to Christian truth, in the triumph over ancient prejudice, and the unflinching courage of endurance. There were then no private homes where a beloved hearth could be consecrated by prayer. The household comprised the sternest enemies; kindred and friends were the fiercest persecutors. The parent and the child knew not the same God. Even the worship of the Father was a startling office to those whose knowledge of him was but of yesterday; and sympathy of heart, most longed for by every sufferer, was rare. But no experience of loneliness or sorrow could quench the kindling fire of faith. Those who inherit Christianity by birth and education cannot know the intense estimate in which it was held by its first converts. Here and there it was the loved treasure of one heart, and that heart consecrated to it hope and life. Yet the precepts of the faith, and the desire of the soul that cherished it, alike pointed to the work of conversion. Not only must the Christian expose himself to scorn and sorrow, but the business of his life must now be to invite others to share with him his convictions and their cost. Affection, which would designate the first subjects of his labor, would at the same time interpose the strongest argument to damp his zeal. His fondest wish would be to gather the whole circle of home and friendship into the fold of the Saviour; yet nature would dissuade him for involving in a lot, whose bitter sorrows he best could estimate, the loved and familiar companions of his daily life. But such a work was not given to them without aid from the author of their faith, and from the sensibilities of the hearts to which it was addressed. There were some who would listen to the despised Christians, though the conference was in gloomy darkness. The respect which sincerity inspires would often cower the purpose of a traitor, when conviction did not reach his heart. They did not forget the assembling themselves to-

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gether. The midnight meeting in the tombs was made known to all who might safely be admitted. The damp and unwholesome sepulchre was loved, as no gorgeous temple has since been. The worshippers often gathered around the mortal remains of a fellow believer who had fallen upon the arena. With the mementos of mortality around them, they thought of heaven. The brief endurance of the body was meditated by its crumbling ashes; the undying energy of the soul was witnessed in the sincerity of its deep trust. Even the fragment of a Gospel or an Epistle was then a dear-bought treasure, and it was read as the last legacy of those who had gone before them in suffering. Infants were offered in baptism; the prayer and the hymn joined all hearts; the sacramental feast, the oath of constancy, the pledge of fellowship, joined all hearts in one, and they issued from their hiding-place, either to die by violence, or to bear their secret burdens.

Such were the beginnings of the faith in that proud city whither the Apostle was warned to go by a vision of the night. The blood of the martyrs has been the seed of the Church; sown deep in sorrow and tears, let it grow and flourish for the healing of the nations. The proud city is in ruins, the faith upon which it trampled lives.

G. E. E.

ART. IV. — *Frithiof's Saga, or The Legend of Frithiof.* By ESAIAS TEGNER. Translated from the Swedish.

OUT of a rational interest in the literature of our own country grows a rational curiosity respecting that of others; and from the gratification of this curiosity spring many important influences. To read much without being affected in intellectual or moral character, in feeling or tastes, is impossible; hence the fine scholar usually rises the wiser and better from his studies; and, if true to his responsibilities, often becomes the channel, through which streams of fresh wisdom and goodness flow in upon his countrymen, blessed with less of leisure and opportunity. How many of the truths and beauties floating in the world's literature of the present century have come

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down from a shadowy antiquity, have passed from country to country, from language to language, borrowed, stolen, transmitted in all manner of ways, enriching one body of literature after another, and perpetually scattering seeds as they have blossomed and ripened on a fresh soil! And as gifted minds occasionally break forth, having the power of bringing up, from the eternal mines of truth, original ideas, — untried ores, and gems in the matrix, — how beautiful is it to see these mental treasures mingling gradually with the literary currency of one country after another, till they are the property of the whole civilized world!

The causes, which, under the guidance of a divine agency, contribute to these results, are as various as they are wonderful. A solitary scholar travels into a distant land, impelled by a curiosity not planted in all hearts; he has less of *inhabitiveness*, perhaps, than other men; he returns like the laden bee to his hive. The chances of war plunge another wise man into bondage beneath a foreign sky; the collar is on his neck, but the free mind works, and the exile teaches to his master's children the lore of his own unforgotten home. The plumed warrior leads his host into some venerable land, where the desert wind sweeps the sand over monuments that defy Time, the destroyer, and the low voice of Tradition, and even its uncertain echoes, are nearly hushed; he marches in the selfish glory of military conquest; but from that land of silence, desolation, and seeming oblivion, he brings back, with more vulgar booty, the scholar's food; some dim memorials of dead nations, languages, and religions, from which patient ingenuity may wring out knowledge. Now the victor carries civilization into the peak-roofed huts of the Gaul and Briton; and now the barbarian from his vast forests, rushes howling into the splendid abodes of decrepit civilization, to be taught by a subdued people. The light of learning, that once blazed from the plains of Hindostan and the excavated temples of Ellora, amid a people utterly passed away, utterly forgotten even to namelessness, moves majestically westward and illumines the mysterious waters of the Nile; next it gleams placidly among the groves of Academus, and in the fair columns of the Parthenon; then glides to a younger altar, amid the seven hills of the Eternal City, and tinged with many hues caught from various skies, it burns on with a prismatic radiance of mingled histories and mythologies. It cannot be quenched by a tempest from the North; it grows

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dim, flickers, and dies down under the strange, long night of the Dark Ages, but is not extinguished. Its indestructible embers lurk in quiet monasteries, fanned by a few humble individuals, unconscious of their own solemn instrumentality; it has kindled other lights, far apart from each other, beside the throne of the heathen Saracen, and amid the snows and volcanoes of lonely Christian Iceland. And when again the shadows withdraw from Europe, how broad becomes the blaze of mental illumination! Every scattered spark kindles its flame, and in how many countries is there light at last! Then the white sails of Commerce are seen studding all the seas of the round globe, and they waft homeward not only the conveniencies and luxuries which artificial man demands, but to the student, the philosopher, the poet, fresh materials for that invisible laborer, Mind. In this oft-told tale, who does not mark the All-powerful, caring for the intellect with which He has informed these tenements of clay?

At the present day, it is difficult to bear in mind how necessarily the literature of an isolated country, depending only on its own resources, must be meagre and deficient in variety. But who that has perused the relics of Gaelic poetry can help perceiving the fact? Who that compares the Iliad with the Paradise Lost, can avoid seeing the immense advantages of the learned English poet of the seventeenth century over the bards of ancient Greece? From how many countries, arts, histories, mythologies, is drawn the glorious imagery of that epic, which is England's boast. Here, indeed, we find the wealth of "Ormus and of Ind," mingling with tribute from the sacred page, from classic antiquity, from the old traditions of Armorica and Cornwall, the records of later chivalry, the literature of awakened Italy, from the sciences, all dissolved together in the crucible of his own glowing poetic mind, and poured forth in a golden stream along the immortal page. The spirits of the prophets and poets of Judea, of Homer and Virgil, of Dante and Ariosto, of Chaucer and Spenser, hovered in their mantles of inspiration around the sightless old man and breathed upon him — called up by the spells of those patient studies, in which his diligent and unspotted youth had been spent.

To him, therefore, whose object it is to invigorate and carry forward the intellect of his country, we would say, drink from every pure fountain, to which you can gain access. Thence

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will be derived a freedom from absurd conventional rules and national prejudices, a knowledge of human nature as modified by different climates and governments, a fertility of allusion and variety of illustration, which will impart unexpected power. Such an one will be far less likely to repeat oracularly old truths in the vain conceit that they are new; and will escape the mannerism of him who has learned all in a single school. How great an improvement has been obvious in American literature, since our scholars have begun to travel abroad, or study faithfully the writings of France, Italy, and Germany at home. But as there are many who have taste and leisure for literary pursuits, but not for the study of languages, the labors of the translator rise into no small importance. The different degrees of facility with which individuals acquire languages is remarkable, and should be taken into consideration in the direction we give our studies; and those on whom the inconveniencies of the builder at Babel seem partially to rest, in an inability to comprehend more than one tongue, should beware of persevering in tasks, which involve much expense of time on a disproportionate object. Time, — a treasure incessantly slipping from the firmest grasp, — and the powers of the human mind, are both too precious to be so wasted; and, if we may quote so unfashionable an authority as Locke, "Labor for labor's sake is against nature." There are many, whose hours may be better employed with the pen, or in other studies, than in poring over dictionaries and grammars; yet who may eagerly and profitably seek acquaintance with the distinguished writers of other countries, and to them he is a benefactor indeed, who renders the impassable barrier transparent.

We are anxious to recommend the office of the translator to our countrymen, and countrywomen, because we think it might be here pursued with great usefulness; not forgetting how much has already been done in this walk both wisely and well. In the records of the old world, we find that some of the greatest minds have not disdained to give their strength to it. The philanthropic and sagacious monarch, who was the phenomenon of the ninth century, having the good of his Anglo-Saxon subjects at heart, gave them the benefit of his studies by translations from the Latin into their own rude, half-formed dialect; one of the very first who is recorded to have performed for them this humble, but substantial service, fraught with more consequences than we can now pause to enumerate. It is a

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quiet, unobtrusive way of aiding our fellow-creatures; it does not bring the great Me out of the background. The translator may have the honor of being criticised; but he is very apt to find that his best labors are not appreciated; and is seldom heralded before the world by a flourish of trumpets. The love of fame can have little to do with his exertions; the love of money may; but as we look back on the short career of our country, we have faith in higher and purer motives.

The Poem, whose title stands at the head of this article, was not translated by an American pen; but it is the first production of the Swedish muse, which has fallen in our way, and had for us the charm of a literary curiosity. Well acquainted with the useful but unromantic exports of the Baltic shores, with the ship-loads of timber, pitch, iron, potash, and herrings, that, issuing from the jaws of the sweetly named Cattegat and Skaggerack, seek a thousand ports, we have not been in the habit of finding among these precious commodities the intellectual recreation of a leisure hour. The history of Sweden has formed but a small part of the usual course of historical studies in this country. The patriotism of Gustavus Vasa, the insane courage of Charles the Twelfth, the mingled excellencies of Gustavus Adolphus, and the vicious follies of his unworthy daughter, stand out in bold relief on the uninteresting annals of her sovereigns. To many the name of Linnæus represents her men of science in solitary dignity; while that of Emanuel Swedenborg, with mysterious and disputed ray, gleams before others, lonely as the meteor on an unknown heath. Few interesting volumes of travels in these sequestered regions have reached us; and we doubt not that many of our readers will be as much surprised at encountering a highly poetical effusion from a Swedish mind, as if in coursing over the wastes of snowy Lapland at the heels of a rein-deer, they had dashed through a thicket of moss-roses in full bloom. Yet the Germans, somewhat nearer to the lands that once were Scandinavia than ourselves, would tell us that we commit the usual errors of youth, and betray our own ignorance and presumption in thus undervaluing old Sweden. In 1818, she published three hundred and sixty-two works, of which only ninety-one were translations. The wild scenery of her mountainous peninsula, presenting spectacles of Alpine magnificence, especially in its Norwegian recesses, (which of late have tempted the tourists of England in their summer yachts,) the stirring romance of her early legends, cannot but

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have favored the development of imagination among her literary men. How can they help listening to the

> "Voice of the gifted elder time,
> Voice of the charm and Runic rhyme,"

to the thousand poetical voices, heard on their sea-worn shores, in their forests of rocking pines and firs, from their rustling midnight skies, when

> "the Heavens are bright
> With the arrowy streams of the northern light."

Sweden has come, like a corps de reserve, late, but full of vigor, into the literary arena of Europe. The spirit of her people has ever been a strong one. Remote from the throne of the Cæsars, in the happy obscurity of a Terra Incognita, she never beheld the brazen helmets of Roman legions gleaming among her forests. She retained her own fierce form of Paganism till the tenth century. Christianity came at last, but not introduced by southern masters. The nation of warriors, where every husbandman kept his weapons bright, had been taught to consider courage as the first of virtues, and was predisposed to look on a religion of peace with contempt. Wrapped in storms, the gloomy gods of Scandinavia gave way slowly; but the "hammer of Thor" dropped at last, and the buckler of Odin dissolved away under the soft, silvery light, which pursued them through a land of mountains, precipices, and forests, down the steep declivities which terminate in the desolate Frozen Ocean. Then peaceful monasteries arose. The temples of the deified wanderer, the second Odin, who, in some misty, half-fabulous age, had brought his migratory hordes from the shores of the Black Sea, or Caspian, (none knew certainly by what cause driven,) went to decay. His Runic characters, the rites of his superstition, bearing traces of their eastern origin, and his code of laws, once miracles of wisdom, were not hastily forgotten, but fell into neglect. Skokloster, pouring forth the matins and vespers of its holy men, rose on the margin of the same lake which reflected the ruins of old Sigtuna, once the chosen abode of throned Idolatry. But as centuries rolled on, bringing, like the floods, changes on all over which they passed, Protestantism drove out the studious recluses from their cells; still the intellect of a free people was at work. The universities of Sweden were her just pride. Upsala, more an-

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cient than Stockholm herself, may now have her rivals; but her past glories and present rich possessions may still be a nation's boast; and the traveller, who would seek Marathon or Jena, may well visit her venerable cathedral, where under one quiet roof sleep the ashes of the patriotic Gustavus Vasa, and the learned, simple-hearted Linnæus. And in the history of Sweden there is one fact, which to every right mind should invest her with peculiar interest, for we believe the like of it has not been found in the annals of any other nation whatever. In the days of Gustavus Adolphus and Benstiern, she was ruled not only by a wise and virtuous prince, but he in his turn was blessed by the counsels of a minister as wise and virtuous as himself. Two such men not only lived in the same age, but at the same court, sprung from the same people, and studying its best interests, with apparently but one mind and heart between them. To read their biographies from the eloquent pen of James, after poring over those wearying chronicles of crime called History, is like turning from the dreadful splendors of a volcano to gaze at the peaceful stars gleaming on the opposite horizon. Cut off by the rude waves of the Baltic from the rest of the civilized world, Sweden has not been sleeping away her long seclusion. From time to time her strong independent mind has made itself felt in the politics of Europe, and given indications that it would yet show its power in the more refined "gymnastics of the intellect."

Esaias Tegner, the author of Frithiof's Saga, is a celebrated living poet of Sweden. He was born in 1782; wears the appropriate title of Knight of the North Star; was appointed Greek professor at the university of Lund, in the south of Sweden, in 1812, and bishop of Wexiæ in 1824. He is the author of several poems; but the one before us seems to have been the most popular. It was published at Stockholm in 1825, and in six years went through five editions. It was translated into the Danish soon after its publication, and three times received the same honor in Germany before it appeared in an English dress. In 1835 it was published in London, and, as we understand from the modest preface, more than one hand assisted in the translation. What was its reception there, we do not know. But we hold that it is a legitimate source of interest respecting any work to know that it is highly popular somewhere. We are tempted to ascertain, if we can, what qualities have made it popular, and, perhaps, thence draw our

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inferences respecting the state of society in which its celebrity has been gained.

We confess that our own interest in this poem has been derived rather from the glimpses it affords us into the actual operation of that religious system, which was once so wide spread in all the north of Europe, than from its intrinsic poetical merit, or its nationality. Strongly marked, however, in these latter respects, it has seemed to us worthy the attention of our readers. It resembles rather the productions of the English mind, than those of the Germans, Italians, French, or Spanish. The languages of England and Sweden are well known to bear a strong affinity to each other; in some of the islands at the mouth of the Gulf of Bothnia, where the old Swedish tongue is spoken in its greatest purity, Dr. Clarke tells us his English servant was sometimes able to converse with the natives. Still the merits and demerits of Frithiof's Saga are of a different stamp from those of the other literatures of Europe, and it ought not, perhaps, to be judged by the standard of English taste.

Its hero, Frithiof, is a Swedish youth, and it is founded on legends of the eighth and ninth centuries, the epoch of those bloody piracies which once invested the Northern seas with terrors beyond those of their native storms, and swept with a besom of destruction the coasts of France and Britain. The author has thrown himself back into those rude ages with power, and, as it seems to us, with singular success. The supernatural agency introduced is, of course, that of the gods and goddesses worshipped in ancient Norway and Sweden; and the allusions to these fearful beings, their attributes and influence, are not so numerous as to confuse and disgust a foreign reader; but rather, in our opinion, serve to give a peculiar value to his imagery and interest to his simple plot.

The poem opens with a picture of two beautiful children, Frithiof and Ingeborg, growing up under the rustic roof of Hilding, their foster-father, an old Swedish peasant. Ingeborg is the king's daughter; the father of Frithiof is a rich landed proprietor, neither of royal nor noble descent, yet the dear friend and brother-in-arms of his sovereign. The simple habits of the era are thus brought vividly before us at once. But when the gentle princess, — suffered to blossom forth in retirement like a wild flower on a wooded hill-side, — very naturally returns the attachment of her brave young companion, we find from the warnings of the sagacious foster-father, that royal ladies might

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not, even in those primitive times, hope to make matches of affection. He reminds the youth that

"Her race ascends to Odin's throne,"

and that his love is presumptuous and vain. His admonition is received as is customary on such occasions. He is answered by a flash of that fearless spirit, which characterizes the hero throughout the poem.

The second canto presents us with the father of Ingeborg, the venerable King Bele, leaning on his sword in the council-hall, and by his side Thorsten Vikingson, "that bondé brave and good," the father of Frithiof. The monarch has summoned his own two sons, and the son of his friend, to hear his last counsels; for an hundred summers have whitened his hair and beard, and he has received tokens of his approaching departure.

"And even as King Bele speaks, the hall-doors wide unfold;
First Helge comes! how dark his eye! his bearing fierce and bold!
His joy is priestly craft alone, he loves the victim's cries;
And lo! upon his hand still reeks the blood of sacrifice.

"Next Halfdan comes, a blooming boy, with skin so dazzling fair,
But too effeminate his form, too curled his golden hair;
His sword in a rich girdle hangs, as if alone for play,
And like a youthful maid he seems, so smiling, soft, and gay.

"Last of the three young Frithiof came, wrapped in his mantle blue,
His height the other two surpassed, more firm his step and true,
Between the brothers there he stood, with proud, majestic mien,
As still between the morn and eve the brighter day is seen."

The old men bestow their advice on the three youths; it is full of wisdom, clothed in poetic language. In the third canto, we find them both laid peacefully in their graves, "beside the sea-beat shore;" for this was the Age of Hills, when many a lofty green mound rose over the bones of departed warriors. The two princes together occupy the throne of their father, a practice which modern prudence has discarded; and Frithiof, an only son, takes possession of the broad fields of the deceased bondé, (or cultivator,) with its flocks and herds, the proud mansion built of oak and fir, with its hall that could contain five hundred guests, and its stables with twice twelve steeds,

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" Fiery and wild, like fettered winds, that strive to break their bound;
Their hoofs are steel, red ribands deck their manes; how shrill their neigh!
While from the lofty rack they tear and champ the fragrant hay."

Stranger goods than these does Frithiof find at his hereditary domains of Framnaes; a sword, framed by gnomes in a lofty land "at the portal of the Sun," engraved with magic runes or characters, which no man in the North could understand, and called the "lightning's brother;" for the Scandinavians, like the Orientals, from whom they descended, gave most expressive names to their horses, dogs, and weapons. There was a warrior's golden bracelet, too, which Thorsten Vikingson had won in actual struggle with a spectre, a species of conflict which was regarded with peculiar awe, as well it might be; and lastly, a half-living ship, obedient to word of mouth as a trained elephant, with "black sails bound with scarlet." In the long histories of these rarities, we have faithful sketches of the superstitions and manners of those remote times. They are full of imagination; but it is not altogether the imagination of Tegner. He has taken what he found, but he has used his materials well. Even the bark Ellide embellishes Icelandic fable; it is not quite so extravagant a fiction as that of the ship of Freyr, which could contain the whole tribe of the armed Asas, yet might be folded up and carried about like a handkerchief. The modern Swede has shown much discretion in the adoption of his machinery, availing himself of the picturesque legends of the Norzemen, and generally rejecting absurdities unendurable by the taste of the present day.

We must remember, as we read, that even now, in the long evenings of a Northern winter, by the blazing pine fire, these wild traditions from a Pagan age are told among the peasantry of Norway and Sweden, and form the staple of superstitions current among the vulgar. Nay, carried by the Saxons, and Danes, — under which name all the Northern piratical nations were known, — into Britain, they lingered for centuries after the religion which gave them birth had vanished. Gradually fading, they left traces on the very language which we, on this remote shore, now employ; their shadows still flickered in the wild nursery tales, which, though pruned or mingled with more gorgeous fictions of southern birth, were listened to by the cu-

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rious and credulous ear of childhood, both in old England and our own land, until the modern enchantress, Edgeworth, raised her wand, and banished giant, dwarf, and fairy together in "rabble rout." May she never in her turn be exorcised from a wholesome potency over young minds; though we cannot have the heart to drive Gammer Grethel too far from the circle.

We shall not proceed with the poem canto by canto; but will merely commend the plan adopted by the translators of rendering each canto in a different metre. The effect is an agreeable variety; and we have occasionally much beauty of adaptation in the measure to the subject.

Frithiof, rousing himself from a dream of love, repairs to a council held by the young sovereigns at the tomb of King Bele, and before the assembled people demands the hand of Ingeborg. The proud Helge refuses the alliance in no courteous terms; and Frithiof, answering with equal haughtiness, insults the king by cleaving in twain his golden shield, which hangs on a neighboring tree, and rushes in fury to his ship.

We are next transported into Norway, where another venerable sovereign, adored by his people for his virtues, but dim-sighted and gray with years, announces amid his scalds and warriors his intention of demanding for his second bride the young daughter, whom King Bele had left. The ambassadors arrive before Helge, who, passionately devoted to the superstitions inculcated by the priesthood, and himself addicted to the performance of those priestly offices we should deem most uninviting, immediately betakes himself to the grove of sacrifice, slays his steed and falcon, but can find no good omen, and draw no response from priest or Vala, as the northern sybil was termed. The messengers of King Ring are dismissed with a rejection of their suit; and the thoughtless Halfdan, who seems to leave the cares of government to his gloomy brother, gaily anticipates the coming war. And war is made forthwith by the rejected monarch; a proceeding quite natural in those times, and to be expected even from one whose name has descended to posterity renowned for wisdom and goodness. And posterity has no right to wonder or blame, till wars cease to be made in causes as unjust and trivial.

Frithiof is found playing at chess with his foster-brother, Biorne, by the old man Hilding, who urges him to fly to the assistance of his youthful sovereigns, in the unequal conflict

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which threatens them. The terms of the game are employed throughout this canto in a series of equivoques, which seem to us in bad taste; yet, through all this playing on words, we gather that the young hero's sullen determination is inflexible. But we soon find him holding an interview with Ingeborg, within the precincts of a temple, where she had been placed by her brother for protection. It is the temple of the golden-haired Balder, the Apollo of Northern mythology, the god of eloquence. Innocent as is the love of the young couple, such an interview in such a sacred spot is a sin in the superstitious belief of the times, and Ingeborg trembles while she listens to the accents of her lover. There is a passage here which betrays too plainly that the Swedish poet is not unacquainted with the tender parting of Romeo and Juliet.

"Hark! 't is the lark! no! 't is the dove,
I know that plaintive murmur still;
The lark still sleeps beside his love
In his warm nest on yonder hill.

"But see! that light! no! 't is not day;
'T is but the bale-fire in the east."

The lovers separate; but we next find Ingeborg awaiting the return of Frithiof from a royal council, to which, under the softening influence of his last interview with her, he had once more repaired. All night had she waited to learn her fate from his lips, and during those weary hours of suspense, many a bitter thought had passed through her pure mind. To her timid eyes the awful countenance of the statue had seemed to frown upon their interview, through the shades of the preceding night; she trembles in the consciousness of having offended a benevolent deity; and in the sincerity of her penitence, she determines that if her brother be inexorable still, she will sacrifice her happiness to duty. Scarcely has this high resolve been formed, when Frithiof returns, his dark eye and pale cheek announcing their doom ere he speaks. He had so far mastered his own proud spirit as again to demand the hand of Ingeborg from Helge, offering him at the same time his assistance in the approaching contest with King Ring. Helge, without deigning to turn on him his stern forbidding eye, had declared that the maid might be given to the son of a bondé, but never to the man who dared profane the temple of Balder; and demanded a direct answer to the question, whether he had not there held an in-

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terview with Ingeborg. The youth fearlessly acknowledges the truth, and is interrupted by wild cries from the throng around, once his zealous admirers; those near him start back as if they had seen a plague spot on his brow, and the triumphant Helge pronounces instant sentence. He commands the indignant culprit to sail forthwith for a distant isle in the west, there to collect the tribute which its fierce yarl or earl had been accustomed to pay to King Bele, but which had been discontinued since that sovereign's decease.

It is with these tidings that Frithiof returns to Ingeborg; and then with impetuosity urges her flight with him. Carrying with them a handful of earth from the graves of their dead fathers, — a beautiful touch of filial piety in his fiery character, — he proposes that they should seek the placid seas and beautiful isles of Greece, which he had heard described by his parent, and there lead a life of unearthly felicity. There is great poetical beauty in the sketch of these unseen lovely climes from the lips of the young Norzeman; and beauty of a still higher kind in the firmness with which Ingeborg resists his intreaties. She considers herself bound to regard her brother as clothed with all the rights of her deceased father. But the cruel struggle between this rigid sense of duty, and an attachment which had grown up innocently from childhood in her heart, is obvious; and when the lover, incensed that even she should thwart his schemes of happiness, bids her an angry adieu, the whole tenderness of her nature breaks out with a simple and touching pathos. His resentment is at once quenched by her tears; and finding the heroic girl not to be moved from her upright purpose, he parts from her with attachment strengthened tenfold, as it ever must be in such cases, by reverence for her conscientiousness; valuing her love far more because he finds she is not the mere creature of impulse, like himself, but that dignified, half-divine being, a woman of principle, one who asks but "what is right?" and does it, cost what it may.

We then have Ingeborg's Lament, which disappointed us; perhaps only because the feelings having just been highly wrought, no uttered lament could affect us so powerfully as an image left in our minds of resigned, hopeless, silent sorrow. The next canto, called "Frithiof at Sea," is full of the wildness of legendary lore. Helge, by his incantations on the beach, summons the demons of Arctic tempests to pursue the hated lover of his sister. The storm is described in spirited verses,

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perpetually varying in measure. At last, Frithiof, suspecting fiendish interference with his voyage, looks from the mast-head.

"But what strikes his vision, thus swimming so fast?
Lo! a whale, like an island broke loose, rushes past!
Upon its broad back two fell demons are seen,
While still o'er the whale dash those billows of green.
Heid bears the rude shape of a monstrous ice-bear,
He shakes snows around while his eye-balls fierce glare;
And Ham there appears in a huge eagle's form,
He flaps his vast wings, and more rough blows the storm."

Frithiof instantly gives orders, — not to his crew, — but to his ship!

"If thou art Agir's child,
With thy keel sharp and true,
Cut me that whale in two!"

Ellide obeys; Frithiof pierces the sinking fiends with his arrows; the storm is lulled; ship and billows, mountain and sky, smile beneath the "broad golden eye of the sun," and an island of massy rocks and green hillocks appears before him. We are sorry that our poet describes his hero as bearing to the shore *eight* of his exhausted seamen at once! Barbarous nations prize bone and muscle not a little, and with good cause; the heroes of fable are always semi-giants; but we can hardly forgive our modern bard for presenting such an undignified and grotesque image as an illustration of Frithiof's physical efficiency.

For the sake of his brave father Thorsten, an old friend of the yarl, Frithiof is treated with much honor by the chieftain in his "silver helmet" and ample mantle,

"With richest stars embroider'd bright;
Of purple velvet was the ground,
The lining was of ermine white."

After wintering with Angantyr, our young warrior receives from him a purse of gold, not as tribute to the sons of Bele, but as a mark of personal regard for himself; and sails on his return under the blue skies of spring. The description of his approach to the familiar shore is fine, but too long for quotation. He beholds the dome of Balder's temple with emotion, and his falcon comes flying from its roof to settle on his arm. But

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when he doubles the rocky point, and looks for his own mansion, on the well known height stands only a "dark and murky pile." He lands to gaze upon a scene of desolation. His dog bounds upon his breast, and his milk-white steed gallops toward him,

"And seeks as whilome in his hand for food;"

but neither wall nor roof is to be seen in all his once fertile domain; the winds still sport with the ashes of his home. The silver-haired Hilding comes slowly forward to explain the dreary mystery. King Ring had fought a battle with the Swedish princes, in which the gay Halfdan had distinguished himself by his bravery; but the Norwegian had conquered; and as King Helge in his flight had passed Framnaes, he had wantonly and malignantly fired the residence of the absent Frithiof. Then, to secure peace, he had yielded his sister, and Ingeborg had been borne away, the bride of the veteran Ring.

Frithiof forgets for a moment his wrongs at the hand of Helge, in his indignation at Ingeborg; but the old man paints to him the holy submission and deep wo with which, to save her country, she had given herself as a victim at the altar; and the brutality with which, even at that solemn hour, Helge had torn from her arm a bracelet, the parting gift of Frithiof, and placed it on the statue of Balder. The feelings of the impetuous youth rush into another channel. The next canto, commencing,

"The midnight sun on the mountain rests,
Its disk of a bloody hue;
It is not night, it is not day,
But something between the two,"

is one of the most spirited in the poem. Frithiof bursts

"With his soul on fire,
And speech like an autumn storm,"

upon the rites which Helge is celebrating in the temple of Balder; dashes the purse of gold into the king's face and fells him to the ground, threatens the priests,

"Those wan old men with their silver beards,
And knives in their bloody hands,"

and in attempting to tear the bracelet from the arm of the idol,

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brings down the vast statue upon the blazing altar. It burns; the flames are communicated to the temple, and Frithiof vainly strives to check the sacrilegious conflagration.

> "Frithiof, on high, like the rain-god drenched,
> In the midst of the danger stands,
> And stern in the face of the growing death,
> He issues his calm commands."

But the morning wind blows strong from the north, and the destruction is complete.

> "On, on through the grove the fire surge rolls,
> No limits its waves can bound!
> The sun is up! still the red abyss
> Throws its awful glare around."

> "Desolation reigns, and Frithiof turns
> With horror and grief away."

In this revulsion of feeling, he gazes from his ship on the smoking ruins of the temple, and bitterly muses on his fate. What has he now to hope from gods or men? Desperate are his prospects, and desperate the course he embraces. He resolves to forswear the land, and henceforth live a life of violence upon the ocean; to become one of the vikings, seakings, or pirates, whose exploits in those times were thought deeds of glory, and especially smiled upon by the gods themselves!

Tegner adheres to historical probability, in thus sending forth his young hero to forget his blighted hopes in the excitements of a corsair-existence, amid scenes of blood and rapine. The younger sons of Scandinavian princes often had but a pitch-black ship and a fearless crew, instead of a portion of their patrimony; and were thought as well disposed of as the cadets of a noble English family at present, when placed in the army or navy. The causes of the sudden appearance of these pirates on the English and French coasts are inexplicable; and according to an able historian, only to be sought in the ancient traditions of Scandinavia. On the mountains of romantic Norway and wild Sweden grew those mighty trunks, which still supply the finest navies of the world with masts that scorn the tempest; and to the surrounding ocean all men, unblessed with wealth and impatient of labor on a hard soil, betook themselves. Under the influence of their bloody false gods, few were the

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peaceful dwellers on hill or plain; the land was sparsely peopled, while ocean swarmed with the "nailed ships" of the sons of Odin. The restless, the ambitious, the disappointed, rushed upon the sea, exulting in the skill which to them rendered mists and storms a friendly shelter, and revelling in the plunder which they tore without compunction, not only from the then slender commerce of nations, but from the quiet fertile fields of the English or French husbandman. Nay, the mighty Charlemagne wept as he beheld their ill-omened vessels sweeping up the Mediterranean, and the fair coasts of Greece did not escape their ravages.

We must pass unnoticed Frithiof's Apostrophe to the broad, unfettered Sea, to his Father's Tomb, his Farewell to the North, and his Code of Regulations for his Warriors. The poet has here embodied in a few stanzas the fierce laws, by which the Scandinavian bands of corsairs were held in bloody cohesion; for true is it, that no form of society can be utterly lawless.

The reckless youth wanders over the deep, winning much gold, which he despises, and a horrid fame, which cannot make him happy. He looks on the marble temples of Greece, and remembers Ingeborg, whom he had vainly wooed to these sunny realms; he pines for the bleak hills of the North, thinks of the tree he had planted on his father's grave, and at last, finding no relief from his wretchedness in this fearful species of exile, with the vane at his mast-head blowing towards the north, he again cuts through the German ocean. In disguise he visits the court of King Ring, to look once more on his lost one; she recognises him, and

"Swift on Ingeborg's cheek the roses come and go,
Changing its hue like northern light reflected on the snow."

In spite of the warnings of Frithiof, Ring sets forth with his young queen in a sledge upon the frozen lake; the ice bursts, and Frithiof, who is beside them, "steel-shod," rescues both from a watery grave. He afterwards accompanies the monarch in the chase, and resists a terrible, tempting opportunity to slay his aged rival, which is very poetically told. King Ring knows the young man's trial, but his words of approbation cannot cheer the withered heart. Still, conscience-stung and restless, Frithiof resolves to seek the ocean once more, and there perish; when lo! King Ring, scorning to die of mere old age, and bent on following "his great forefathers' law," calls for a sword, and

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deliberately cutting his veins to Odin, bequeathing his queen to Frithiof, and his kingdom, too, in trust for his infant son, — dies triumphantly and opportunely. This seems to us an abrupt and shocking way of extricating a hero from his perplexities; though the "nodus" is assuredly "dignus vindice;" but our poet is borne out by the spirit of the times when King Ring flourished. It is well known that many a Scandinavian warrior so fell, who found himself in danger of dying ignobly "on straw."

The "Ting," or national council, is held in the open air, to which the peasantry flock, armed; they choose the boy for their future king, bidding Frithiof marry the widowed Ingeborg, and rule till the child is of age. Frithiof dares not obey till he has consulted the Nornas, or Fates. His unenlightened conscience pursues him with reproaches, not for his piratical career, but for the frantic and partly accidental act of violence which had laid a temple in ashes; so false are the distinctions between vice and virtue in the heart of the heathen.

He hastens to the green mound where his father lies buried, and there in sight of the ruined fane, pours forth his heart-felt contrition till sunset, when, floating over the western wave,

> "A vision draweth near of mingled fire and gold."

It assumes the form of a gorgeous temple, and descends upon the site of the blackened shrine;

> "And see! where leaning on their shields they pause,
> The solemn Nornas at the temple's base,
> Like three fair roses in a single vase,
> A serious beauty beaming from each face."

Frithiof comprehends the vision, and rejoices in the hope, that by deeds of peace he may atone for youthful crimes. His first act of power is to rebuild the temple with splendor; and at its dedication the High Priest delivers to him an exhortation, containing much of the doctrines of that remarkable compilation, the Edda. After a beautiful allusion to the approaching religion of Christ, whose tomb, he says, lies "under distant palm-trees," but the fame of whose peaceful doctrines has reached him, he boldly rebukes the proud, wrathful, and vengeful spirit of Frithiof. He tells him that to little purpose hath he rebuilt the temple, unless he make expiation within his own breast, by sacrificing all anger and hatred. Then announcing the death

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of Helge, he bids the penitent reconcile himself with Halfdan, who enters through the gate of bronze, hesitating and silent. The hero promptly obeys; the ban which had hung over him is dissolved; Ingeborg suddenly advances in bridal array, and their hands are joined in the glittering, newly-consecrated temple.

That Tegner is a man of genius none can doubt, who read "Frithiof's Saga," even through the medium of a translation. Of the accuracy of the translation we have no means of judging. But if we admire the glowing imagination of the poet, pouring forth a redundancy of images and illustrations like a fountain of fire, corruscating like the Aurora Borealis of his native skies, still deeper homage do we pay to his fine moral sense, which has portrayed a character so exalted as that of Ingeborg. The narrative is beautifully pure; the contrasts of character well managed; that between the brothers Helge and Halfdan, though the latter be only an outline, is distinct; and that between Frithiof and Ingeborg, both true to nature and well sustained. Her gentleness, her integrity, her tenderness of conscience, — that loveliest trait of innocence, — and her firmness of purpose, are so mingled with a womanly strength of affection, as to raise her far above the ordinary standard of heroines. Indeed, a common-place poet or novelist would have disposed of her very differently; and instead of wedding her to King Ring, would have striven to interest us by her sufferings in a mad flight with her lover; or would have bidden us weep over the fair and youthful self-murderess. Tegner has painted one who can rule herself, despising the romantic and dangerous sentiment, on which so many bewitching fictions have been based, so much real usefulness and happiness wrecked. Frithiof, on the other hand, stands forth, the wild and fiery child of impulse; headstrong and headlong, he listens only to the first hasty promptings from within; and well has Tegner painted the ever recurring regrets, the outward violence, the inward restlessness and misery of such a being. We think, therefore, that this poem has a moral, and a fine one. If there be an anachronism in the production, it is the pervading one of carrying on the action in a pagan land, with pagan agents, yet allowing the whole poem to breathe a Christian spirit, a Christian moral. But we cannot quarrel with our author for this; our hearts tell us he has done right. And he may, indeed, plead that he has carefully abstained from representing Frithiof as

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enduring remorse on account of his piracies; that he has but followed tradition and legend, which assign to the women of the ancient North many exalted traits, (beautifully developed afterwards in the Anglo-Saxon princesses, who were the first Christian converts of their country,) and that he has borrowed most of his direct moral axioms from the Edda itself.

And now we part from him gratefully, musing over what the world was before Christianity came into it; and what it would be should Christianity soar away, and leave it to its own lights of reason. Should the God-enkindled sun be quenched, what flame that mortal hand might light could supply its place? He has set the distant stars in the firmament; but would their rays give man sufficient light and heat?

These thoughts are not so apt to be roused by the fables of classic mythology, because with their horrors and absurdities we have been familiar from youth; they have ceased to startle. But, as we rose from this Swedish poem, in which, as we remarked before, is exemplified the actual operation of a religion, which sprang from man's own upward impulses, and grew up in his unaided soul, and which once ruled succeeding generations over many a wide country, our own remote ancestors, how pure, lovely, transcendant, and perfect seemed to us the doctrines of Jesus of Nazareth! Who would dare risk the consequences of reverting to those days, of being thrown back upon the "instincts and intuitions" of his nature? Who can endure that a single stone should be thrown at the faith which had the power to supersede superstitions, deep-seated as they were horrible, and to teach men to conquer their passions instead of deifying them, when no competent substitute is offered? And who can help fearing that if the religion of all enlightened men could possibly become Pantheism, monstrous Polytheism would inevitably be that of the ignorant and less intellectual?

L. J. P.

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ART. V. — *Eighth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind, to the Corporation.* Boston: John H. Eastburn. 1840.

THIS pamphlet, though of an unpretending size and form, contains matter interesting and useful to the philanthropist and the philosopher. It renders an account of sums placed in the hands of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution for the Instruction of the Blind, and briefly states some of the results which have followed the employment of these funds, bestowed by the generosity of private individuals, or the munificence of the state.

The art of introducing knowledge into minds, shut against its entrance by the privation of one or more of the senses, (those indispensable avenues to intelligence,) has a strong claim to our attention. To learn its method, to contemplate its results, cannot but be interesting to those, who have at heart the improvement and the happiness of their fellow-creatures. The records of this and similar institutions would unfold to us tales of thrilling interest, not surpassed by those of the novelist; and histories of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, as astonishing and as replete with encouragement as any we now possess. Here we shall find cases in which the rational powers have been awakened, as it were, from a deep sleep, and the individual put in possession of all the independence and delight which accompany their exercise. Within that dull and listless exterior dwelt the spirit in its godlike power, formed to look back on the past, and gather up its wisdom, to pierce the future, and anticipate and accomplish its glorious results, endowed with the prerogative of investigating the secrets of nature, learning her laws, commanding her powers, performing her works; but this spirit is imprisoned, its eye is closed, or its ear is dead. The heart is there, it throbs in that bosom with undefined desires, but it has no language to tell its emotions, it sees not the answering glow, it hears not the affectionate voice. These beings are neglected, except by the very few, on whom the ties of consanguinity or the laws of common benevolence impose the task of supplying their immediate wants. Fetters are on their souls, the bright world of knowledge and of love forever barred. The steps by which the spirit is released from bondage, re-

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stored to its native functions, and filled with the ecstasy of thought, under the guidance of benevolence, and through its own earnest and healthful endeavors, are worthy to be traced in all their details; and we wish that some graphic hand would present us with the picture.

Through what unwearied pains this work has been accomplished, we can only learn by visiting these asylums, now established in many of our cities for the blind and for the deaf, and witnessing the knowledge and the happiness which are their unfailing results. The vacant, restless manner, which reveals that most melancholy of wants, the want of occupation; the discontented, cheerless condition of the dependent and the companionless, are banished from these abodes; activity, sympathy, and progress, meet you at every step. The needy, beside the usual branches of a good school education, are taught some art, or trade, by which their independence is secured, and instead of being a burden, become useful members of the community.

"The working department," says the Report, "has continued steadily in operation, and received additional patronage from the public.

"It has paid its own expenses, including stock, and four hundred dollars wages to blind persons, [once pupils,] and the rent of a shop in Washington street. We do not include, however, in the expenses, the board of the pupils.

"In this connexion, we may make some observations upon the prospective want of an establishment, connected with or supplementary to our own, which shall offer a home and an occupation to those who have finished their education.

"There are very serious objections to having adult blind persons introduced promiscuously into an establishment destined for the education of children. The effects upon each class are bad, for reasons which will be obvious to any thinking person.

"But it often happens that a laboring man is suddenly bereft of his sight by accident; he is deprived of all means of support, and his situation is much more unhappy than that of one born blind. If all schools for the blind are closed to him, his only refuge is the alms-house.

"Again, there are now in this country five institutions for the instruction of the blind. Every year there will be discharged from them a few individuals, some of whom cannot gain a livelihood by themselves, but might earn enough to pay for their own board, to clothe themselves, and to have a spare penny for the extra comforts of life. Take, for instance, the case of a young

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man who is expert at making mattrasses, a most excellent business, but requiring capital; he can earn four or five dollars a week, at journeyman's wages; but suppose he attempts to set up for himself, he must buy his materials at retail prices, he must sell his goods as soon as manufactured, for he cannot command his price by holding on through the autumn and winter for the spring trade, and in a short time he fails. We have known more than one such case.

"Considerations of this kind have made some friends of the blind desirous of founding a central establishment for the *Industrious Blind*, from various parts of the country. It should be an establishment to which any could be admitted, who could earn enough to pay their board and clothe themselves; and where they could work by piece-work, and be paid at regular periods. They should be subjected to no more restrictions than were absolutely necessary for good order and correct morals; and be left to pass their leisure hours as best suited them." — pp. 10 – 12.

The pursuit of knowledge under difficulties is a subject which, as we have already hinted, would here find abundant illustration. The difficulties cheerfully met and overcome by those, who are denied the natural facilities for learning, are not such as have usually obstructed the path of study to those gifted individuals, whose history has been preserved for our instruction. These difficulties have often whetted, rather than checked the desire of improvement, and are more than compensated by the superior natural endowments which prompt their possessor to enter on the course to usefulness and fame. It cannot frequently happen that these unfortunates possess superior powers of mind, and they labor under the disadvantage of being to a great extent destitute of that facility in the use of their faculties, which the incessant action of the senses calls out in infancy, whether the individual be subjected to any regular training, or not. Yet, so strong is the impulse to seek knowledge, and to indulge the social feelings, that incredible labor is encountered to satisfy these propensities. Those who have attended exhibitions at this Institution, or at our other asylums for the blind, or the deaf mutes, can testify to the wonder and admiration called forth on witnessing the progress made by the pupils, and the slow and difficult processes they go through in order to acquire the usual branches of education. What patience and toil it must require to attain to the use of written and oral language without the aid of speech, or to read with the fingers. We have seen a blind young gentleman perform in his head an algebraic

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process, and give the result accurately, which, as we were told by the instructor, would if written out cover a surface of two feet square; he was also a good Latin and Greek scholar; and children of eight and ten years old answer any question put to them in geography, astronomy, and arithmetic, by feeling alone.

Some years ago, we attended one of the regular lessons in writing given to a class of deaf mutes at the Institution in Philadelphia. The teacher expressed by signs, (not the manual alphabet,) the sentence to be written. While doing this, the eyes of each scholar were rivetted on him; then turning instantly to their slates, each wrote the sentence in a plain good character. Some completed the task a little sooner than the others. One of the number (whose countenance evinced great sensibility) wrote it wrong. As soon as this was pointed out to her she burst into tears. The teacher, with much kindness of manner, informed her that she had mistaken him, and proposed to repeat the lesson, at which her face brightened up directly, and her attention became fixed. They all wrote again; she not only executed the task with perfect correctness, but completed it the first. A young girl next her, on observing this, embraced her with evident pleasure, clapping her hands for joy at the success of her companion, and turning round, pointed it out to the teacher. This little trait of generous sympathy, so beautifully pure and spontaneous, brought tears into the eyes of the spectators. What springs of feeling and intelligence had been unlocked in these young creatures, by the art of instructing deaf mutes, and what praise is due to those who have learned, and with so much patience engaged in the practice of this art, loosing by their efforts not the body, but the soul, from thraldom.

Another point deserving attention is the method of instruction adopted in these institutions. Necessity is the parent of invention. The peculiar difficulties attending the instruction of those to whom one or more of the natural entrances to knowledge is closed, have led their teachers to seek out the best methods. There is, in children possessed of all their senses, so many avenues to the mind from without, and such consequent activity of the faculties, roused, solicited, developed as they are by the events and objects of every moment of existence, that not even the poorest method of teaching, nor the least attractive topics, nor the chilling atmosphere of harsh-

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ness, can entirely check their curiosity and aptitude to learn. Their activity and constant questioning, deemed so irksome by those who possess not the art to direct these propensities to their legitimate ends, secure to the young, though often through much tribulation, a competent amount of knowledge. Who that reflects on the fact, that a child, during the short period of two years, and that when its capacities are the weakest, makes the most elaborate of all our acquisitions, language, will doubt the teachableness of his nature?

But it is not so with the deaf or the blind; a death-like stillness reigns with one, eternal darkness and gloom with the other. Without some improvements on the common method of teaching, little success would be anticipated in any attempt to enlighten their minds. It needed only this conviction to lead to the discovery of a better method. By a careful study of the process of the mind in arranging and retaining its ideas, by distinguishing the circumstances which are favorable from those which are hindrances to the quickness and clearness of our perceptions, certain rules were evolved, and on application modified and perfected by experience. The peculiar difficulties of the case being clearly apprehended were met with patience and perseverance, on the part of both pupil and teacher; these sentiments being always reciprocated by the pupil, when manifest in the teacher. The admirable, it might almost be said miraculous, result of such earnest and harmonious coöperation have caused the heart of the spectator to leap for joy, as he witnessed in these bereaved ones the evidence of their clear possession and ready use of that rich treasure of thoughts and emotions, which are the birthright of Humanity. The following passage is from the annual report for 1839: —

"The system of education adopted at the commencement of the Institution has been followed during the past year, and with gratifying results. That system having been explained in previous Reports, we need only allude now to its general features. The moral, intellectual, and physical nature of the pupils is developed by a division of their time, and a variety in their occupations, which calls each into daily exercise. Four hours are devoted to intellectual pursuits, four hours to music, four to mechanical labor, four to recreation and play, and eight to sleep.

"With regard to intellectual education, our principle has been, that the mind has an appetite for knowledge, as the body has for food; and that the exercise of any of the mental faculties in the

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acquisition of knowledge, is accompanied and rewarded by vivid pleasure. This pleasure nature has made so strong as to be a sufficient inducement to the exercise of the intellect: the child seeks knowledge for the gratification it brings; and the object of teaching should be, to present to each and all the mental faculties opportunities for action, and objects upon which to act, at the appropriate time. Every child finds delight in the exercise of his perceptive faculties, and never tires of learning new facts and new things. It is only when he is called upon to study words that he cannot understand, and to exercise powers of reasoning and abstraction, which are as yet undeveloped, that he turns from books and school to observe and learn for himself the things which nature presents to his senses.

"This principle, we have found, can be surely relied upon in our school; and trusting to it, we need none of the stimuli which are by some supposed necessary. We have no corporal punishments, no prizes, no taking precedence in classes, no degradations. Emulation there is, and will be; nature provides for this in the self-esteem of each individual; but this sentiment can rarely be cultivated and used in schools as an incentive, without producing envyings and heart-burnings.

"Acting upon this principle, and taking care to avoid fatigue, by giving the pupils short lessons and frequent recesses, our teachers succeed in imparting much knowledge to them. It is gratifying to find, that in spite of their having one avenue to the mind closed, they can advance in almost every branch of study about as fast as seeing children; and it is still more gratifying to witness the pleasure they derive from learning a new fact, or developing a new thought.

"The whole number who attend the school regularly is sixty. Of these, fifty-two can read the books in raised letters; ten boys, and fifteen girls can write a legible hand; all those above eight years of age are well grounded in the elementary studies of grammar, arithmetic, and geography; while some have made very respectable acquirements in the higher branches of natural philosophy, algebra, geometry, and astronomy." —pp. 3–5.

Let such as are disposed to complain of the dulness and frowardness of their pupils visit these institutions, and ascertain if they can, by what method it is, that learning is to their inmates rendered delightful, and that their progress sometimes outstrips that of children who have the use of all their senses. The general principles of instruction, as well as their details, are most worthy to be studied. Their efficacy proves their truth.

It will be seen that here moral and intellectual results are not

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expected to flow from physical means. So far from there being a necessity of severity to induce the young to learn, it will here be found that kindness and encouragement are the atmosphere in which the faculties most readily expand. Owing to the very earnestness of the mind for knowledge, it is baffled and chilled when it is presented with a confused idea, and it never takes a firm step, till it knows the ground on which it stands, and is led from the idea it already has to the next, without fatigue or precipitation. The active powers of a child cannot be called forth, unless presented with objects suited to his taste and capacity, or connected with such as means to ends. Sympathy, too, that powerful agent in instruction, that sun to the darkened mind, is never withheld, and it invests every duty and labor with the attractions of the heart. An indispensable rule, and one never lost sight of in the instruction of the blind or deaf, is a clear comprehension of the first step, before the second is proposed. It often happens that one child fails to take an idea which others comprehend immediately. Let not the fault be laid on him, it belongs to the instructor, who was not careful to mark, that in this case the previous ideas were not yet introduced. This may be owing to dulness or inattention in the pupil, but till it is done, the lesson is in vain, and serves only to irritate both teacher and pupil. Dulness is a constitutional defect; it cannot be cured by scolding or whipping, though it is often confirmed by these. Inattention comes more within the province of the will, and the inquiry here should be, what will command attention? The old answer, the fear of punishment, or the hope of reward, is a very insufficient one; though it may bring immediate relief, like a drastic medicine, it leaves the patient more subject to the disease than ever. Nothing short of a desire to attain the object will permanently command attention, or ensure successful effort; and if this cannot be inspired by an exhibition of its beauty, or its value, by an appeal to the curiosity, sympathy, and emulation, it must be relinquished, and the pupil put on another course. Something there will certainly be which his heart is formed to desire, and his talents fitted to attain, and in this only will his progress be satisfactory to himself and others.

It will, we are persuaded, be found true, and the history of these institutions confirms the opinion, that the young will learn with readiness and pleasure, when suitable objects and necessary facilities for their attainment are presented

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to them, and kindness, patience, and an adaptation of the mode of instruction to their natural endowments are perseveringly employed. An exact detail of the methods of instruction pursued in this and similar institutions, with the general principles on which they are founded, would be a valuable present to teachers. There is one thing more, as we were told by the principal of the asylum, not less indispensable than a right method, and that is a hearty interest in the work, on the part of the instructor. An earnest devotion of the mind to the object, which will call forth all his powers, enable him to seize the peculiarities of each mind under his charge, and which, where known methods fail, prompts to the invention of new ones. Such a concentration of the thoughts as only true interest can produce breathes, as it were, a new soul, and surprises even the possessor, by the reach of abilities of which he had hitherto remained unconscious. What is called a gift for teaching, will be found to consist in a great measure in this strong interest in the labor, which should always be one of love, and should never be undertaken, any more than that of the ministry, without the consciousness of being missioned. No doubt the peculiar misfortune of those children, who are deprived of one or more of the senses, awakens a more tender sympathy, and calls forth a greater degree of patience in the instructor, than can be expected in ordinary cases; yet, reflection on the best methods of accomplishing his object, and a conscientious regard to duty, might enable a teacher (who had any heart) to enter into the feelings, compassionate the difficulties, and admire the awakening powers of his pupils; for with the help of all their senses, in the present imperfect methods of teaching, and want of unction in the masters, learning is generally a hard and dull, if not distressing task, to these young creatures, whose path in the morning of life is not merely covered with dew-drops, which the buoyant step of infancy would easily brush away, but is strewed with unnecessary thorns.

There is still another view suggested by this report, on which we wish to dwell for a few moments; and this is the aid furnished to the philosophy of mind by the observation and registering of the steps of its development under circumstances so peculiarly favorable for arriving at correct conclusions, as are here afforded.

That mankind have experienced the need of this philosophy, and been convinced of its possibility, is evident from the fact,

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that every period and literature contain writings on the subject; and some of the greatest geniuses of ancient and modern times have devoted their powers to the study of the human mind. What wonder, that in "glancing their eye from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven," they should select for contemplation the noblest and best of God's works. If, as is too true, we are still far from possessing anything having the certainty of science, this is to be ascribed not to any lack of interest or ability in the study, but to its intrinsic difficulties. Yet are we not discouraged by failure, but continue our endeavors to answer those deep questions, which the mind asks as earnestly and with as clear a consciousness of its right to ask them now, as it did ages ago.

Mental philosophy, like every other, must be founded on observation or reflection, which is internal observation; all its admitted truths are inductions drawn from accurately observed facts. But the number of these truths, compared with the field they are required to cover, is very small, and the deficiency is supplied by ingenious theory. A too early generalization is the consequence, which, however it may have done some service in collecting and arranging facts, has been prejudicial in leading the student from the precise point of inquiry, and in the fabricating and distorting of instances. What we still want is facts, and facts which it is next to impossible to obtain.

The development of mind commences at the earliest period of life, and its operations are so varied and rapid, so unnoticed by the indivdual who experiences them, so imperfectly manifested to those around, that it would require the closest attention of a cautious and philosophic observer to obtain data which could be safely used. But who are the philosophers to whom this delicate task of science is confided? Mothers and nurses, women, rarely well informed on any subject, except the immediate care of the body, deficient in habits of accuracy and generalization, and so far from possessing leisure for such nice investigations, immersed in petty cares and duties, vexatious and exhausting both to their minds and bodies. When philosophers attempt to trace the unfolding of the faculties, in order to arrive at the origin and analysis of our ideas, they labor under great disadvantages. The period of infancy, during which almost all ideas are acquired or developed, is to them a sealed book.

This report acquaints us with a very rare and favorable op-

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portunity for observing the natural order of the unfolding of the faculties, in the case of Laura Bridgman, a little girl, now in the institution, who is deaf, dumb, and blind. We are informed that she was born with sight, but lost it at the age of eighteen months. During this time she was subject to severe disease, and it is not discoverable that she retains any traces of the impressions of that sense, though perhaps her mental powers may have been rather more developed, than if she had always been as destitute as she is at present. Since this early age she may be regarded as having but one sense. Smell is not perceptible, and taste is so faint as scarcely to furnish the occasion of any mental operation, except, simply the feeblest vapid impressions. Her intellect is uncommonly active, she has lively affections, and a very sweet temper. Her patience and industry would be extraordinary, in one possessed of the usual means of appreciating the value, and making the acquisition of knowledge; in one so bereft of these, they are nearly incredible.

"The account given in the Report of Laura Bridgman, though sufficiently minute for conveying an idea of her situation and acquirements, is not sufficiently so for those who regard her case as interesting and important in a psychological point of view.

"Such persons are assured that careful observations continue to be made, with a view to ascertaining the order of developments and the peculiar character of her intellectual faculties. The result will probably be made public; meantime, the following general observations, added to those in the last Reports, will serve to make out a general continuous history of the case.

"Having mastered the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes, and learned to spell readily the names of everything within her reach, she was then taught words expressive of positive qualities, as hardness, softness; and she readily learned to express the quality, by connecting the adjective hard or soft with the substantive; though she generally followed what one would suppose to be the natural order in the succession of ideas, placing the substantive first.

"It was found too difficult, however, then to make her understand any general expression of quality, as hardness, softness, in the abstract. Indeed, this is a process of mind most difficult of performance to any, especially to deaf mutes.

"One of her earliest sentences after learning the adjectives was this; she had found the matron ill, and understood that her head pained her, so she said,—'*Smith head sick,—Laura sorry.*'

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"Next she was put to the positive expression of relation to place, which she could understand. For instance, a ring was taken and placed *on* a box, then the words were spelt to her, and she repeated them from imitation. Then the ring was placed *on* a hat, and a sign given her to spell, she spelt, *ring on box*, — but being checked, and the right words given, she immediately began to exercise her judgment, and, as usual, seemed intently thinking. Then the same was repeated with a bag, a desk, and a great many other things, until at last she learned that she must name the thing *on* which the article was.

"Then the same article was put *into* the box, and the words ring *in* box given her; this puzzled her for many minutes, and she would make mistakes; — for instance, after she had learned to say correctly whether the ring was *on* or *in* a box, a drawer, a hat, a bucket, &c., if she were asked where is house, or matron, she would say *in* box. Cross-questioning, however, is seldom necessary to ascertain whether she really understands the force of the words she is learning; for when the true meaning dawns upon her mind, the light spreads to her countenance.

"In this case the perception seemed instantaneous, and the natural sign by which she expressed it was peculiar and striking: she spelt *o n*, then laid one hand *on* the other; then she spelt, *i n t o*, and enclosed one hand *within* the other." — pp. 20, 21.

"An extract from the diary kept by her instructor will give an idea of her manner of questioning.

"'*December* 3.

"'Spent one hour in giving Laura an idea of the meaning of the words left and right. She readily conceived that left hand, meant *her* left hand, but with difficulty generalized the term. At last, however, she caught the idea, and eagerly spelt the name of her arms, hands, fingers, feet, ears, &c., as they were touched, and named them, right or left, as might be; suddenly pausing, however, and looking puzzled, she put her finger on her *nose*, and asked if that were left or right; thus she continually puzzles one: but such is her eagerness to find out one's meaning, such a zealous coöperation is there on her part, that it is a delightful task to teach her.'

"'Uses to-day freely the prepositions *in* and *on:* she says, teacher sitting *in* sofa; — do not dare to correct her in such cases of anomalous usage of the preposition, but prefer to let her be in error, than shake her faith in a rule given: the corrections must be made by-and-by: the sofa having sides, she naturally says *in*.'

"In her eagerness to advance her knowledge of words, and to communicate her ideas, she coins words, and is always guided

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by analogy. Sometimes her process of *word-making* is very interesting; for instance, after some time spent in giving her an idea of the abstract meaning of *alone*, she seemed to obtain it, and understanding that being *by one's self* was to be alone, or *al-one*. She was told to go to her chamber, or school, or elsewhere and return *alone;* she did so, but soon after, wishing to go with one of the little girls, she strove to express her meaning thus, Laura go *al-two*." — p. 22.

But, notwithstanding her superior mental and moral endowments, the steps of her progress are laborious and slow, which enables a careful observer to note them accurately. It is a most fortunate coincidence, (and one, without which, the whole benefit of the case to philosophy would be lost,) that the person, to whom her instruction is confided, is himself a philosopher, a man of candid and accurate habits of mind, and fully competent to distinguish and appreciate the import of all the phenomena exhibited. He has long been conversant with the most approved methods in use, in the instruction of the blind, and practically engaged in this interesting service, with what beautiful and most affecting success, let those declare, who have visited the Perkins Institution.

Being deeply interested in the case, and aware of its psychological importance, he either conducts the instruction himself, or has it done under his special direction. An exact record is kept of the process and its results.

Here are details such as the philosopher has long sought in vain. Instead of that lightning-like rapidity with which impressions are made on the infant mind, insensibly develop its latent powers, and awaken its yet unconscious ideas, — how and when cannot be traced, any more than the growth of a plant, — we have an unfolding of the faculties so gradual, that it may be detected and described, the first imperfect dawning of ideas, their increased definiteness, their order of development, their natural and acquired combinations.

With what curiosity do we peruse even the brief account of her which is given in the appendix to the report, and how anxiously do we look for the complete record which we are assured is kept of the case. There is proof, if any were wanting, that the senses simply impart their organic impressions, and furnish the occasion merely of the development of the mental powers. That most difficult and abstract of all acquisitions has been made by this child of nine years, both oral and written,

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with the aid only of one sense, and that the least used in this process by such as have all their senses.

Those mental processes involved in the use of language, comparison, abstraction, generalization, are clearly hers, though as yet to a small extent. The use of signs as media of communicating thought, and doubtless of recalling ideas and impressions, is also hers, as much as it is ours. The vocabulary is yet small, but it is daily increasing, and nothing hinders its becoming as complete as our own, with the exception of the organic impressions denied her. The uncommon activity and soundness of her intellect, and the purity and definiteness of the moral sentiments, as far as these latter have been evinced, show how little the soul is beholden to mere sense for its high nature and perfection. It is merely as instruments, that the senses are valuable; its holy affections, its elementary and intuitive truths, are all its own, and not less its power of modifying, combining, and arranging materials, when supplied. As yet, Laura has few materials, but not a day is suffered to pass, without an addition to her stock. It is worthy of remark that this task of acquiring knowledge, so irksome to children in general, is to her, though performed under such peculiar disadvantages, one of high pleasure. Can we doubt that knowledge is the mind's natural food; that the appetite for it is inherent, and must abide by it in all its forms of existence?

"Having acquired the use of substantives, adjectives, verbs, prepositions, and conjunctions, it was deemed time to make the experiment of trying to teach her to *write*, and to show her that she might communicate her ideas to persons not in contact with her.

"It was amusing to witness the mute amazement with which she submitted to the process, the docility with which she imitated every motion, and the perseverance with which she moved her pencil over and over again in the same track, until she could form the letter. But when at last the idea dawned upon her, that by this mysterious process she could make other people understand what she thought, her joy was boundless.

"Never did a child apply more eagerly and joyfully to any task, than she did to this; and in a few months she could make every letter distinctly, and separate words from each other."—pp. 23, 24.

"With regard to the sense of touch, it is very acute, even for a blind person. It is shown remarkably in the readiness with which she distinguishes persons: there are forty inmates in the

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female wing, with all of whom of course Laura is acquainted; whenever she is walking through the passage-ways, she perceives by the jar of the floor, or the agitation of the air, that some one is near her, and it is exceedingly difficult to pass her without being recognised. Her little arms are stretched out, and the instant she grasps a hand, a sleeve, or even part of the dress, she knows the person, and lets them pass on with some sign of recognition.

"The innate desire for knowledge, and the instinctive efforts which the human faculties make to exercise their functions, are shown most remarkably in Laura. Her tiny fingers are to her as eyes, and ears, and nose, and most deftly and incessantly does she keep them in motion: like the feelers of some insects which are continually agitated, and which touch every grain of sand in the path, so Laura's arms and hands are continually in play; and when she is walking with a person, she not only recognises everything she passes within touching distance, but by continually touching her companion's hands she ascertains what he is doing. A person walking across a room, while she had hold on his left arm, would find it hard to take a pencil out of his waistcoat pocket with his right hand, without her perceiving it." — p. 28.

The origin of our ideas is a point which it is less important to settle, than their nature and laws. It has, however, attracted far more attention from philosophers. A careful observation of the mind in its earlier stages forms the safest ground for conclusions here; yet recourse has been had rarely if ever to this method of investigation. On the contrary, attempts are made to analyze the complex ideas, produced by the combined action of the senses and the intellect, and which become, long before we are aware of it, indissoluble compounds. Every system, which has been adopted as an explanation of the origin of our knowledge, has been sustained by one or more facts; but all these theories taken together do not include the whole complex phenomena, still less their true analysis. The two grand divisions of metaphysical systems, one referring all knowledge to the senses, the other to the intellect, have at last met on common ground; but their respective parts, in furnishing the mind, or in developing its faculties, are by no means determined. How, indeed, shall we detect the elements of an effect so exquisitely mingled and wrought by the hand of nature, as the knowledge to which every human being attains, during a few years of life in this limited abode, and with powers so imperfect

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and finite? Who will undertake to discriminate mind from matter, and appreciate their proportions, in the phenomena even of sensation? Natures so dissimilar, and yet so interwoven, that while nothing can be more clear than their difference, it is impossible to mark the line of their union; while no two things can be more independent of each other, we cannot seize on the slightest manifestation of one without involving both. Matter is the medium by which we arrive at our own thoughts, and intelligence is the essential origin, the sole recipient of the qualities of matter. But the senses, which in philosophy have long been lord of the ascendant, and claimed to be the source of all the godlike thoughts of the soul, are now hiding their diminished heads. The ideal is regaining its rightful domain, and restricting them more and more to the mere threshold of the soul's temple. We cannot grant them anything beyond the honor of furnishing the occasion of opening the door, for the spirit to walk abroad in its native power and dignity, and possess herself of the beauties prepared for her alone. And some philosophers have even assumed that the external world depends on the laws of mind for its reality, as it undoubtedly does for its recognition. From the principle that the laws of the mind must regulate our cognitions, Kant infers that they must so far regulate objects. "Space and time are," according to him, "subjective," "the formal condition of all phenomena internal and external," "they have no objective reality, but lie ready in the mind, *a priori*, and are called up by the impressions we receive from external objects through the senses." Now if this view be correct, if time and space are purely subjective, then it must follow, that if mind were annihilated, time and space could not exist. We conceive that matter, or the external world could exist, even if mind were annihilated, (a mere supposition, of course, to illustrate our idea,) for our convictions of its objectivity are indestructible; but there are things which we perceive to be essentially subjective, such as virtue, beauty, truth, thought; these cannot be, if mind is not. But events might occur, the heavenly bodies perform their revolutions, and preserve their relative distances even if no mind existed to note them. There would be duration between the rising and the setting of the sun, and space over which the earth passed in her annual revolution. The conception of them would be wanting, but this conception is not the whole. Space is no sensation; it is neither feeling, sight, nor sound, but the absence of these; the idea is

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unique, it cannot be explained; it, however, needs no explanation; we are only puzzled as to the way in which we obtained it. It belongs to the class of the acquired perceptions of the senses, in which organic impressions, and inferences from them made by the mind, become combined into one complex idea, whose elements it is almost impossible to distinguish. The share which the mind has, in this process is essential, but the space between two trees, for instance, has an existence as truly objective, as the trees themselves have. If this be so, space cannot be purely subjective.

Locke was the first to observe, or at least to explain, the fact, that our idea of time comes from internal succession; like space it is unique; it is not any event or experience, but the absence of these, the separation between them.

Our *conviction* of the universality and necessity of space and time are purely subjective; but the absolute and the universal are neither subjective nor objective, but existences wholly unconditioned. An exact history of the acquisition of these ideas might throw light on the subject; and we often wish we could have a course of observations on the early development of the human mind, as patiently made and as accurately recorded as those on the habits of insects, or the phenomena of animalculæ.

Laura Bridgman must have formed the ideas of space and time long before she came to this asylum, which was three years ago. Yet, perhaps, some new views on these difficult points may be gained, by closely observing the way in which she applies them. That she can estimate duration with surprising accuracy is shown by her being able to strike the length of the notes of music correctly on a piano, and her knowledge of space seems also to be nearly as perfect as ours.

"Those persons, who hold that the capacity of perceiving and measuring the lapse of time is an innate and distinct faculty of the mind, may deem it an important fact, that Laura evidently can measure time so accurately as to distinguish between a half and whole note of music.

"Seated at the pianoforte she will strike the notes in a measure like the following, quite correctly.

"Now it will be perceived that she must have clear percep-

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tion of lapse of time, in order to strike the two eighths at the right instant, for in the first measure they occur at the second beat, in the second measure at the third beat." — p. 26.

" Her judgment of distances and of relations of place is very accurate; she will rise from her seat, go straight towards a door, put out her hand just at the right time, and grasp the handle with precision.

" When she runs against a door which is shut, but which she expected to find open, she does not fret, but rubs her head and laughs, as though she perceived the ludicrous position of a person flat against a door trying to walk through it.

" The constant and tireless exercise of her feelers gives her a very accurate knowledge of everything about the house; so that if a new article, a bundle, bandbox, or even a new book is laid anywhere in the apartments which she frequents, it would be but a short time before in her ceaseless rounds she would find it, and from something about it she would generally discover to whom it belonged.

" She perceives the approach of persons by the undulations of the air striking her face; and she can distinguish the step of those who tread hard, and jar the floor." — pp. 28, 29.

This case offers a field for interesting observation in the development of the moral powers. Conscience is described by Jouffroy as the result of a gradual acquisition of the abstract idea of order. According to this, Laura should as yet give scarcely any proof of a consciousness of this faculty; but on the contrary we find unequivocal evidence of her being possessed of the ideas of right and wrong. She is susceptible of praise, blame, shame, and the emotion of self-approbation. That sense of responsibility, which is the condition if not the essence of free agency, is plainly hers. From how small a stock of perceptions and facts has this great idea been evolved or awakened in her mind, showing, as we think, that conscience or the moral principle is original, and not of secondary formation; that it comes forth simultaneously with the experience of free-agency, and a perception of the relation of motives to acts, and of our own acts to the production of good or evil to others and ourselves.

The different explanations of the moral sentiments, which have been offered, prove that this class of phenomena are very complicated, and that care has not been taken to distinguish " between the nature of moral sentiments and the criterion of

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moral acts." * The selfish systems, the sentimental, and the rational, are each sustained by just, though partial views; they do not, however, exhaust the subject. The terms, good and evil, have become so generalized, that they include much which is not referable to will, while to such only as involve responsibility, namely, *are* connected with the will, can the terms right and wrong be applied. We have an intuitive idea of good, absolute and universal; how far this is abstracted from original objects, in which the good is real and positive, and how far it is this association transferred to other objects, is yet to be explained. This idea of good is connected in our mind, as ends to means, with the sense of accountability, which gives the character of moral, for moral phenomena can never be found disconnected with volition. Take away volition, and we may admire, or even love, but we cannot praise, or blame. These and similar questions of psychology may receive light from an accurate record of the moral and intellectual development of minds, whose unfolding is delayed and gradual, in consequence of the loss of one or more of their senses.

Nor let it be supposed that such inquiries are merely speculative and curious. Those arts, whose principles are to be sought in the philosophy of mind, such as education, government, and the fine arts, are indispensable to society. Man has exercised them from the earliest ages; but with what rudeness and imperfection need not be shown. The truths of philosophy, as far as they have been announced, are easily comprehended, and made available to every mind. The difficulty of understanding metaphysical works lies principally in the mixture of errors with truths, and in the vagueness of the views of their writers. These investigations lead to the region of the ideal, and deal with abstractions. We are not, therefore, removed from the real and the intelligible. Abstraction is a process performed by every one, even the child and the illiterate, in matters which come under their attention, as perfectly as by the philosopher. The only difference is, that the latter has observed the process of mind, and carried it out to a higher degree of perfection. The ideal is the soul's home; and she is abroad only when she is employed with the tangible. Truths once disclosed will eventually be adopted and acted on. Not one was ever announced in vain, though many have given

* Mackintosh.

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centuries of sway to the errors connected with them. For truth, like our own precious souls, when ushered into life can never die, but will in the end cast off the disguises and contaminations, which cling to its earlier stages of existence.

Many truths lie scattered through the pages of philosophical systems, which will yet be gathered up, and carry with them the names of the great men by whom they were first disclosed. Why are these permitted to remain still hid amid the errors and fancies incident to their period? Some attempts have been made to collect them into one eclectic system; but where is the volume to which we can go for the pure admitted truths of mental philosophy? This as a preliminary step is indispensable. We cannot disregard the wisdom of the past. The philosophers of that period were as deeply engaged in the study, as those of our own times. They discovered as much, settled as many questions, as perhaps any one individual can hope to do now. In the voluminous, but rich pages of these writers, may be seen some of the most interesting aspects of the human mind, its loftiest flights, its deepest investigations, its most remarkable errors, and, we cannot doubt, many of its essential truths. In addition to their being the repositories of the wisdom of the past, they have a further claim to our study and gratitude. This consists in the spirituality, and intellectual development, which they nourished and brought out both in their authors and readers. Their voice was heard amid the din of earthly pursuits, sensual indulgence, and schemes of ambition, for it addressed a real principle of our nature, and turned the attention of men to the divine inhabitant of their own bosoms. The admiration these works commanded, and the avidity with which they have been read, must not be ascribed entirely to the genius of their authors, but to the real worth of the subject.

Let us, then, study and collect these valuable, but as yet scattered hints, and add them to the results of later observers; the smallest specimen, if it be a true one, is of use in the cabinet of the naturalist. We must not look for a system of philosophy in our own day, but each observer of human nature in his daily walks may lay up something for the future architect, who in the fulness of time will appear. We look to the record of Laura Bridgman as a valuable repository of psychological facts; and this interesting creature, so excluded as it were from the privileges of her race, in becoming the object of sympathy and instruction, in entering the world of ideas, through

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new and difficult passes, opened for her by the hand of benevolence, will more than repay the obligation by the valuable light she will throw on that most important of all the departments of knowledge, the philosophy of mind.

Many other topics are suggested by reading the reports, particularly that of printing for the blind, to which we wished to direct the attention of our readers; but we refer them to the report itself, whose clear, satisfactory, and unambitious statements, cannot fail to call up an interest in the Institution, and an admiration and respect for those who, with such patience and devotedness, carry out the benevolent purposes of its founders and patrons. We also recommend their visiting the Institution, not merely from curiosity, although in this view they would be repaid, but for their own instruction. Here they will see benevolence working in its highest and surest paths; here they will learn what power is given to the spirit to pursue its upward, onward course through every difficulty, if it will but be true to itself. And here they may receive a lesson of resignation and cheerfulness under the privations of life, and be assured that, if our usual sources of happiness and usefulness should be cut off, we may open to ourselves others sufficient to nourish and employ those faculties, which are given not to lie idle, but to be used for our own and others' good. Duty, knowledge, love, are never beyond our reach, while there is a single sense or power left, by which the soul can recognise the external, or commune with itself.

L. M.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Two Articles from the Princeton Review, concerning the Transcendental Philosophy of the Germans, and of Cousin, and its Influence on Opinion in this Country. Cambridge: J. Owen. 1840. pp. 100. — We consider the religious public to lie under great obligations to the Princeton Reviewers for their elaborate accounts of German Transcendental Philosophy, and to Mr. Norton for procuring their republishment in a separate form in this part of the country. Some information like that contained in this pamphlet was needed, to enable those not acquainted with the dark recesses of the German language, and the darker ones of

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German wisdom, to form some satisfactory judgment concerning the novelties in religious speculation and religious practice, which just now are attracting a good deal of attention. We do not propose at present to enter into any of the speculative questions, many and deep, naturally suggested by this exposition of Transcendentalism. Our object is merely, as chroniclers of passing events in the religious world, to put the title of this pamphlet on record, and furnish such extracts from it as may enable our distant readers, who may not have it in their power to procure the treatise itself, to know what the opinions are which it sets forth, and which philosophers abroad, and some it would seem at home, regard as a form of faith transcending that of the Gospel. We believe that all those among us, who, from what they have heard here and there in a lecture-room or in conversation, have been disposed to look upon the new philosophy with favor, as something that seemed to promise a new and more spiritual and vigorous form of Christianity, will need no more than what they will find in these Princeton Reviews to satisfy them, that to exchange any form which Christianity assumes among any of our sects, for any form which Transcendentalism has assumed in Germany, would be to exchange light for darkness, truth for error, the word of God for the dark guesses of man. We are happy to have been able, in the present number of our journal, to present an analysis of the work of Strauss, which we suppose may be regarded as the probable, if not the necessary termination of the speculations, comprehended under the general term of German Transcendentalism. We apprehend that few, after reading that analysis, will entertain any other feeling than one of deep abhorrence for a book, which, by philosophic tricks so fantastic and childish, aims to annihilate the Gospel. Whatever may be true of Germany, it is not yet true here, that there are any who, for the Gospels according to the Evangelists, are willing to receive the Gospels according to Strauss.

And we found our opinion in our conviction, that among us the tendency and the movement are toward belief, not toward unbelief; the desire is for religion, for more religion, and better religion, not for infidelity and atheism. Failure to realize their aspirations for a higher form of Christianity may leave some in doubt or unbelief; but it will be from no preference of such a state, on its own account. We believe that there are no more religiously disposed persons in our community than some, at least, of those, if not all, who have either been examining into the claims of Transcendentalism, or have absolutely adopted its conclusions. It is and has been, we know, in no spirit of levity

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or indifference, in no cold-hearted aversion to an acknowledgment of the being of a God, that any have seemed to embrace, or have actually embraced, the Pantheistic philosophy. There may have been superficial inquiry, hasty and rash generalization, boastful claims of higher and better light, natural pride of opinion, and very natural speculative error; but there has been, we are very sure, nothing of what is meant by the spirit of infidelity; but, on the contrary, a spirit of belief and love, and a real devotion to the interests of truth and virtue. We may well grieve that Pantheism, — the public secret of Germany, — gives any signs of becoming the public secret of America; that the genius of Cousin should avail through its attractive speculations, in even a single individual, to substitute a mystical faith in a God that is no God, in a Christianity that is no Christianity, for the faith of the Bible, which so long has answered so well. But, though we doubt not, if such speculations prevailed, that Religion, not only Christianity, but Religion, would for a time decline or perish; we do not believe, on the other hand, that in the case of the few individuals, who at present may be regarded as having received them, they have had any effect injurious to character, or have so much as overshadowed religious hope, in their own view; we suppose there has been a positive gain, both in the strength of virtue and the firmness of hope. Such we suppose to be the truth of all great heresiarchs. They have departed from the prevalent faith, not for something worse and less efficacious, but for something which they esteemed to be better and more efficacious. To themselves their new doctrines have proved so. It is to their followers and imitators, to those who push their opinions to consequences, they themselves did not see or would not acknowledge to be legitimately deduced, the evil is to be ascribed, that has at length been justly charged upon them. Thus Hegel, if we may believe what we read, is not to be made answerable, except indirectly, for the extravagances in doctrine and morals, that are the characteristics of the "extreme left."

Thus much we feel bound to say, — and we say it with a deep persuasion of its truth, — as to the spirit which actuates some among us. What their doctrines are we do not profess to understand; nor do we know where to look for any explicit statement of them. The Princeton pamphlet cannot be taken as their exponent. However there may be some, one or two, who might admit that they agree essentially with the doctrines of Fichte or Hegel, of Strauss or Cousin, as to the nature of God, human immortality, and the inspiration of Jesus;

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we believe that there are but one or two, and that for the remainder they would indignantly repudiate them. But while we accord with heartiness our love and approbation of the spirit which actuates our "modern philosophers," we have none to accord for the doctrines set forth in this pamphlet, whether truly or not, descriptive of one or many among us. They are truly doctrines at which reason stands aghast. They annihilate God, the human soul, and Christianity; or leave only names, phantasms, shadows, where the glorious substance was. As our correspondent says of the volume of Strauss, "we never read so melancholy a book," so we may say of this exposition of Transcendentalism, we never read so melancholy a book. And what made us more sad than even the fatal doctrines delivered in it was the thought, forced upon us as we read, how the human mind will persist in running round the circle of exploded opinions again and again, grasping at as a novelty what was old two thousand years ago and more, and renouncing the revelation for which the ancients earnestly prayed, in favor of the very dogmas of which *they* felt the vanity and insufficiency, from the region of which they were ever hoping to escape into a light and truth that should be indeed heaven-descended.

We have said that this pamphlet of the Princeton Reviewers cannot be in justice taken as an exponent of the opinions of those among us, who have obtained the name of Transcendentalists. Still we suppose we do no injustice when we say that, in our opinion, the tendency of prevailing speculations is toward the doctrines here developed. By a few extracts we shall endeavor to show what some at least of these doctrines are; but not having at our command the room we hoped for, our view of them will be necessarily incomplete, yet not so incomplete as to be without some value. We commend to the attention of the reader the pamphlet itself.

The first division of the pamphlet is devoted to a review of the philosophies, — considered especially in their theological bearings, — of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, and Cousin; the second is occupied by a more full account of Hegel and his followers. We must at present, at least, pass over Kant, Fichte, and Schelling, and come at once to Hegel, whose philosophy seems to be a concentration of the virtues or vices of those that had preceded. In the paragraphs which follow, the Reviewers give a brief sketch of Hegel's system. Let the reader ponder and digest it.

"All philosophy, according to Hegel, is but an attempt to answer a simple question, namely, *Quid est?* And the answer to this involves all Truth, all Reason; for whatever is, is Reason. All reality is reasonable, all that is reasonable is real. Hence the only real existence

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is the ideas of Reason. All reality (Wirklichkeit) being thoroughly rational, is also divine; yea is God revealing himself or developing himself. God reveals himself in creation, or in the universe, by a series of eternal unfoldings, some in matter, some in mind; and thus the Deity is in a perpetual effort towards self-realization. The history of Physics is, therefore, the necessary career of divine self-evolution; indeed, God thinks worlds, just as the mind thinks thoughts.

"In order to philosophize aright, we must lose our own personality in God, who is chiefly revealed in the acts of the human mind. In the infinite developments of divinity, and the infinite progress towards self-consciousness, the greatest success is reached in the exertions of human reason. In men's minds, therefore, is the highest manifestation of God. God recognises himself best in human reason, which is a consciousness of God (Gottesbewusstseyn.) And it is by human reason, that the world (hitherto without thought, and so without existence, mere negation) comes into consciousness: thus God is revealed in the world.

"God is the Idea of all Ideas, or the absolute Idea; hence our ideal thought is divine thought, and this is no other than reason. 'The doctrine of the being of God is no other than that of the revelation of himself in the idea of him.' 'God *exists* only as knowledge (*Wissen*); in this knowledge, and as such, he knows himself, and it is this very knowledge, *which is his existence.*' We may therefore say with truth, *God exists as an Idea.*

"After thus arriving at an ideal God, we learn, that Philosophy and Religion draw us away from our little selves, so that our separate consciousness is dissolved in that of God. Philosophy is Religion; and 'true Religion frees man from all that is low, and from himself, from clinging to *I-hood* (Ichheit) and subjectivity, and helps him to life in God, as the Truth, and thereby to true life.' In this oblation of personal identity, we must not claim property even in our own thoughts. By a step beyond Emmonism, Hegel teaches, that it is God who thinks in us; nay, that it is precisely that which thinks in us, which is God. Marheineke himself manifests tokens of alarm, when he states this doctrine. The pure and primal *substance* manifests itself as the subject; and 'true knowledge of the absolute is the absolute itself.' There is but a step to take, and we arrive at the tenet, that the universe and God are one. The Hegelians attempt to distinguish this from the doctrine of Spinoza, but their distinctions are inappreciable; ''t is the same rope at either end they twist;' their scheme is Pantheism. And as God is revealed by all the phenomena of the world's history, he is partly revealed by moral action, and consequently by sin, no less than by holiness. Sin is, therefore, a part of the necessary evolution of the divine principle; or rather, in any sense which can affect the conscience, there is no evil in sin,—there is no sin. This is a part of the philosophy of Hegel, which has given great pain to pious men in Germany, who have repeatedly complained of it as subverting the first principles of morality, not merely in theory but in practice; and begetting a fatalism, which threatens alike the foundations of religion and of state. A late pantheistic poet teaches us, that all which we regard as sin, is necessary, and therefore good, and may, to other intelligences, justly appear most lovely! But there are conclusions of the new phi-

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losophy still more surprising, for which our inchoate metaphysicians should be getting ready. It is well said by an acute writer already quoted, that when, according to the demands of Schelling, we annihilate first the object and then the subject, the remainder is zero. Though Schelling is not known to have admitted this, his critics were not slow to perceive it. Schulze, in particular, declared, that, according to this system, *Everything is Nothing, and Nothing is Everything;* and Koppen called this the philosophy of Absolute Nothing. It was reserved for Hegel to abandon all the scruples of six thousand years, and publish the discovery, — certainly the most wonderful in the history of human research, — that *Something and Nothing are the same!* In declaring it, he almost apologizes, for he says, that this proposition appears so paradoxical, that it may readily be supposed that it is not seriously maintained. Yet he is far from being ambiguous. Something and Nothing are the same. The Absolute, of which so much is vaunted, is nothing. But the conclusion, which is, perhaps, already anticipated by the reader's mind, and which leaves us incapacitated for comment, is this, — we shudder while we record it, — that, after the exhaustive abstraction is carried to infinity in search of God, we arrive at nothing. *God himself is nothing!*" — pp. 27 - 30.

In offering, in the second part of the pamphlet, a more extended view of Hegel's philosophy, the Reviewers say, "we shall avail ourselves of the authority of such men as Leo, Hengstenberg, and Tholuck, men of the highest rank in their own country for talents, learning, and integrity. We shall let them describe this new form of philosophy, which is turning the heads of our American scholars, inflating some and dementing others; and we shall leave it to our transcendental countrymen, if they see cause to accuse these German scholars and Christians of ignorance and misrepresentation."

"It is well known," they go on, "to all who have paid the least attention to the subject, that the prevalent system of philosophy in Germany is that of Hegel; and that this system has, to a remarkable degree, diffused itself among all classes of educated men. It is not confined to recluse professors or speculative theologians, but finds its warmest advocates among statesmen and men of the world. It has its poets, its popular as well as its scientific journals. It is, in short, the form in which the German mind now exists and exhibits itself to surrounding nations, just as much as Deism or Atheism was characteristic of France during the Reign of Terror. That a system thus widely diffused should present different phases might be naturally anticipated. But it is still one system, called by one name, and, despite of occasional recriminations among its advocates, recognised by themselves as one whole. The general characteristic of this school is pantheism. This, as has been said, is 'the public secret of Germany;' and 'we must,' says Hengstenberg, 'designedly close our own eyes on all that occurs around us, if we would deny the truth of this assertion.' And on the following page, he says, that, though there are a few of the followers of Hegel, who endeavor to reconcile his principles with Christianity, yet they are

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spoken of with contempt by their associates, who, as a body, are 'with the clearest consciousness, and as consequently as possible, devoted to pantheism.' They are, moreover, he adds, hailed as brothers by the advocates of popular pantheism, who denounce, under the name of 'pietism,' at once Christianity, Judaism, and Deism. This was written four years ago, a long period in the history of modern philosophy, and, since that time, the character of the school has developed itself with constantly increasing clearness.

"In allusion to the French Chamber of Deputies, this school is divided into two parts, the right and the left. The former teach the principles of the philosophy in an abstruse form, as a philosophy; the other gives them a more popular and intelligible form. This latter division, again, is divided into the centre left, and extreme left. The one preserving some decorum and regard to public morals in their statements; and the other recklessly carrying out their principles to the extreme of licentionsness. To the extreme left belong the class which is designated the 'Young Germany,' of which Heine is one of the most prominent leaders. This class profess themselves the true disciples of the extreme right; the extreme right acknowledge their fellowship with the centre left, and the centre left with the extreme left."—pp. 73, 74.

Hegel's philosophy was assailed by Professor Leo of Halle, and it is from his work "Hegelingen," or "Hegelians of the Left," that the Reviewers draw up their account. Leo charges Hegel and his followers with the denial of a personal God, with turning the Gospels into a mythology, with the denial of the immortality of the soul, and finally with dishonesty and immorality.

"Leo's first charge is this: 'This party denies the existence of a personal God. They understand by God, an unconscious power, which pervades all persons, and which arrives to self-consciousness only in the personality of men. That is, this party teaches atheism without reserve.' With regard to this charge, Hengstenberg remarks: 'Whoever has read Strauss's 'Life of Jesus,' and Vatke's 'Biblical Theology,' where pantheism, which every Christian must regard as only one form of atheism, is clearly avowed, cannot ask whether the party in general hold these doctrines, but simply whether the particular persons, mentioned by Leo, belong, as to this point, to the party. About this who can doubt, when he hears Professor Michelet say, beside many other things of like import, 'God is the eternal movement of the universal principle, constantly manifesting itself in individual existences, and which has no true objective existence but in these individuals, which pass away again into the infinite;' [in other words, God is but the name given to the ceaseless flow of being;] when he hears him denouncing, as unworthy of the name, 'the theistical Hegelians, who believe in a personal God in another world?'—p. 22. 'Professor Vischer,' adds Hengstenberg, 'is so far from being ashamed of pantheism, that he glories in his shame, and represents it as the greatest honor of his friend Strauss, that he has 'logically carried out the prin-

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ciple of the immanence of God in the world.' That the Professors Gans and Benary agree with him and with Strauss not only in general, but in this particular point, Michelet, 'certain of their assent,' has openly declared. According to Dr. Kühne, Hegel's God 'is not Jehovah;' he is 'the ever-streaming immanence of spirit in matter.' To this representation, Dr. Meyen agrees, and says, 'I make no secret, that I belong to the extreme left of Hegel's school. I agree with Strauss perfectly, and consider him (seine Tendenz) as in perfect harmony with Hegel.' Another writer, the anonymous author of the book 'Leo vor Gericht,' ridicules the charge of atheism as though it were a trifle. He represents the public as saying to the charge, 'What does it mean? Mr. Professor Leo is beyond our comprehension; Wodan, heathenism, Hegel's God, atheism! ha! ha! ha!'" * * * "Stripped of its verbiage, the doctrine is, that men are God; there is no other God than the ever-flowing race of man; or that the universal principle arrives to self-consciousness only in the human race, and, therefore, the highest state of God is man. The extreme left of the school trouble themselves but little with words without meaning. They speak out boldly, so that all the world may understand. 'We are free,' says Heine, 'and need no thundering tyrant. We are of age, and need no fatherly care. We are not the hand-work of any great mechanic. Theism is a religion for slaves, for children, for Genevese, for watch-makers.'" — pp. 76–79.

Hegel is next charged with turning the Gospels into a mythology.

"It is strange," say the Reviewers, "that men holding such views should trouble themselves at all with the Gospel. As this system, however, has arisen in a Christian country, there was but one of two things to do, either to say, that real Christianity means just what this system teaches, or to explode the whole evangelical history. Some have taken the one course, and some the other, while some unite both. That is, they reject the Gospel history, as a history; they represent it as a mere mythology; but, as the ancient philosophers made the mythology of the Greeks and Romans a series of allegories containing important truths, so do these modern philosophers represent the Gospels as a mere collection of fables, destitute in almost every case of any foundation in fact, but still expressive of the hidden mysteries of their system. It is by a mytho-symbolical interpretation of this history, that the truth must be sought. The 'Life of Jesus,' by Strauss, is a laborious compilation of all the critical objections against the New Testament history, which he first thus endeavored to overturn, and then to account for and explain as a Christian mythology. 'Had this book,' says Hengstenberg, 'been published in England, it would have been forgotten in a couple of months.' In Germany it has produced a sensation almost without a parallel. It has become the rallying-ground of all the enemies of Christianity, open and secret, and the number of its advocates and secret abettors is, therefore, exceedingly great." — p. 82.

In the first pages of this number the theological reader will be

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gratified by seeing a pretty full analysis of this famous book of Strauss, which for the Gospels gives us fables.

"Leo's third charge against this party is, that they deny the immortality of the soul. 'This point also needs no further proof,' says Hengstenberg, 'since the former have been proved. With the personality of God falls of course that of man, which is the necessary condition of an existence hereafter. To a pantheist, 'the subject which would assert its individual personality is evil itself.' (Michelet.) It is regarded as godless, even to cherish the desire of immortality. According to the doctrine of the eternal incarnation of God, it must appear an intolerable assumption, for an individual to lay claim to that which belongs only to the race; he must freely and gladly cast himself beneath the wheels of the idol car, that he may make room for other incarnations of the spirit, better adapted to the advancing age.' The proofs, however, of this particular charge, are peculiarly abundant. Hegel himself, who ought not to be represented as so different from the Hegelingen, since the difference between them is merely formal and not essential, involved himself in the logical denial of the immortality of the soul. This has been fully proved with regard to him and Dr. Marheineke, in a previous article in this journal, (that is, the Kirchen-Zeitung.) It has also been demonstrated by Weise in the work, 'Die philosophische Geheimlehre von der Unsterblichkeit,' as far as Hegel is concerned; and with Weise Becker has more recently signified his agreement. If this happens in the green tree, what will become of the dry?

"'Richter came out with such a violent polemic against the doctrine of immortality, that the party had to disavow him, for fear of the public indignation. When, however, they thought it could be done unnoticed or without danger, they acknowledged the same doctrine. Michelet endeavors most earnestly to free Hegel's system from the charge of countenancing the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, as from a reproach. He speaks out clear and plain his own views, in words which, according to him, Hegel himself had spoken; 'Thought alone is eternal, and not the body and what is connected with its individuality,' that is, the whole personality, which, according to this system, depends entirely on the body. . . . Ruge ridicules the scruples of theologians, as to whether 'Philosophy can make out the immortality of the human soul; whether philosophy has any ethics; whether it can justify the gross doctrines of hell, of wailing and gnashing the teeth, &c.' 'Such vulgar craving,' he says, 'is beginning to mix itself with purely philosophical and spiritual concerns, and threatens to merge philosophy in its troubled element. The more this dogmatical confusion arrogates to itself; the more this senseless justification of the wretched errors of orthodoxy dishonors the free science of philosophy, the more necessary will it be to cast out this dungheap of nonsense to the common mind, (in das gemeine Bewusstseyn.)'" — pp. 82 - 84.

That part of Leo's last charge which relates to "Dishonesty," we must omit, but add what relates to immorality generally.

"'With this last charge, Leo,' says Hengstenberg, 'entered upon the department of morals; and we could wish that he had dwelt longer

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on this part of the subject. It would then have been shown how this party are laboring to destroy all that Rationalism has left of religion and morality. What their ethics are, may be readily inferred from their religion. Where there is no personal God, there is no law, which men need fear to violate, as the expression of his will. If the distinction between God and man is removed, if man is set in the place of God, then nothing is more natural, than that men should without reserve, and upon principle, give themselves up to all their inclinations and lusts. To suppress these desires, is to hinder the development of God; if they do not become God as developed, they do become the nascent God; if not good in themselves, they are relatively good, as transition points in the progress of development. It is not sin that is sinful, but only impenitence, that is, cleaving to the relative good, which is vulgarly called evil, as though it were the absolute good. These painful results of the doctrine of this school are everywhere, with the most logical consequence, avowed and brought to light.'" — p. 88.

Such are the charges brought by the Professor Leo against Hegel's system of philosophy, and so are they made out. This is done at much greater length in the tract from which we quote, and to that we refer the reader for fuller information. If it should prove in further publications that the Pantheistic school has been misrepresented by its orthodox opposers in Germany, or here, we shall be prompt to do justice to one party as well as the other. But, although some of the preceding statements may require modifications and abatements to bring them within the exact limits of truth, we cannot believe that the main features of the system, as they are here set forth, will be found to be greatly erroneous or distorted.

In regard to Cousin, no one we should suppose could doubt, who considers language which he has used, whether he also is to be numbered with the Pantheistic philosophers of Germany. The Reviewers say;

"As he has given the world nothing in the form of a system, it is only by these occasional intimations, that his readers can judge how far he adopts the ideas of the German school, whence all his opinions are borrowed. These intimations, however, are sufficiently frequent and sufficiently clear to make it plain, that he is a denier of God and of the Gospel. This has been clearly proved in the article in this Review already referred to. He uses almost the very language of the Hegelians in expressing his views of the nature of God. 'God exists as an idea,' say the Hegelians; 'these ideas,' that is, of the infinite, finite, and the relation between them, 'are God himself,' says Cousin. According to the Hegelians, God arrives to consciousness in man; and so Cousin teaches; 'God returns to himself in the consciousness of man.' The German school teaches, that everything that exists is God in a certain stage of development; so also Cousin; 'God is space and number, essence and life, indivisibility and totality, principle, end, and centre, at the summit of being and at its lowest degree, infinite and finite to-

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gether, triple in a word, that is to say, at the same time God, nature, and humanity. In fact, if God is not everything, he is nothing.' Surely there can be but one opinion among Christians about a system, which admits of no God but the universe, which allows no intelligence or consciousness to the infinite Spirit but that to which he attains in the human soul, which makes man the highest state of God. And we should think there could be, among the sane, but one opinion of the men, who, dressed in gowns and bands, and ministering at God's altars, are endeavoring to introduce these blasphemous doctrines into our schools, colleges, and churches." — pp. 94, 95.

We have thus given a brief sketch of German Transcendentalism, as exhibited in the tract before us. The Princeton Reviewers express alarm at what they understand to be the progress of such doctrines among the Unitarians of Boston and its neighborhood. "We have evidence enough," they say, "that this pantheistic philosophy has set its cloven foot in America." And again; "We learn with pain, that among the Unitarians of Boston and its vicinity, there are those who affect to embrace the pantheistic creed." We can assure these gentlemen, that they who even "affect to embrace" this creed are very few. We know of but a single individual whom the public has any sufficient ground for regarding as a believer of it. From the published writings of Mr. Emerson, quoted by the Reviewers, and their accordance with the language quoted from the German philosophers, it may with great apparent certainty be inferred that he is of their school; and beside him there are a few others, who, if not to be termed followers, yet hold generally with him. But it is by no means a safe conclusion, the Reviewers must understand, that because Mr. Emerson was admired as a lecturer, he was therefore received as a master or authority in either philosophy or religion; for we suppose it true that not an individual out of his crowd of hearers at the close of his lectures could have stated with any confidence what his religious or philosophical system was; whether he himself was theist, pantheist, or atheist. One might have an opinion; but he could refer to no argument of the lecturer, on which he founded it. Those lectures were brilliant flights of the imagination, beautiful streams of poetry, very often instructive and elevating homilies upon life and duty, upon man and society, but they were not clear expositions of doctrine, or systematic statements of opinion, or labored defences of one philosophy or another. At the close of the lectures the hearer knew little more of the lecturer's opinions, than before. All he knew was, that he had been treated to a succession of beautiful moral pictures, which, like the pictures of a crowded gallery, had passed rapidly before him, and left pleasing but vague impressions on his mind. The converts of Mr.

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Emerson, if he made any, were converts not to his opinions, but simply to admiration of himself as a poet, a moralizer, and a rhetorician. But, however many there may be who hold with him or of him in the community at large, we do not believe there is one occupying a pulpit in the Unitarian body who embraces either the pantheism, or the sort of Christianity detailed in the extracts given above. That there are many both in the pulpit and out of it, who estimate the miracles of the Gospel at a very different value from that which is put upon them by others, to whose minds miracles have little or no force as evidence of the divine authority of Jesus, — yet at the same time not doubting or denying them as facts, — but to whom other evidence of a different kind is omnipotent, we know very well; but we do not know what that has to do with the Transcendentalism set forth in this pamphlet. We presume the Princeton Reviewers would be slow to accuse him of infidelity, who, while with all his heart and all his reason, he admitted the historical reality of Christ's miracles, could not feel that they approached in their powers of conviction, the character of Jesus, his life, and the divine truths which he uttered. Yet we suppose this to be the extent of the Transcendentalism of most of those to whom this loose term is applied. Of course upon such there can be charged no hostility to, or defection from Christianity. But if we are mistaken in this, if any, proceeding farther, reduce the inspiration of Jesus to ordinary human inspiration, explain away his miracles into *myths*, place him upon the same level in all respects, except in *degree* of religious wisdom and philosophy, with other teachers, acknowledge no authority of God in him or his works beyond that authority of God, which accompanies everything absolutely true and good, then indeed such, in our judgment, are not *speculatively* Christians, any more than the old Platonists would be were they now living, or than are now Jews or Chinese. They may be good men, devout men, religious men, philosophers, saints, but it were a partial, foolish use of language to call them Christians. Christian stands not for virtue alone, but for belief as well. He is not Christian who has only goodness. He indeed possesses what is better than Christianity; he possesses that which Christ was given to create in the soul; his virtue is the greater, and Christianity the less. Still he is not a Christian, for the same reason that the Jew is not a Mahommedan. Christianity, that is, is not only virtue, but belief also.

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ספר הישר, *or the Book of Jasher, referred to in Joshua and Second Samuel, faithfully translated from the original Hebrew into English.* New York: published by M. M. Noah, and A. S. Gould, at 144 Nassau Street. 1840. 8vo. pp. xxiv. and 268. — Both the title page and the preface of this work pretend that it is the ancient Book of Jasher, twice referred to by name in the Old Testament. Mr. Noah in his preface says distinctly, "I have no hesitation in pronouncing it a *work of great antiquity and interest*, and a work that is *entitled — to a great circulation among those who take pleasure in studying the Scripture.*" p. vii. The translator adds, that with some doubtful exceptions, it is "a venerable monument of antiquity," and is, without the smallest doubt, "a copy of the book referred to in Josh. x. 13, and 2 Samuel, i. 18." Its contents "confirm the great and inestimable truths which are recorded in divine history." Such a work must be of great value, especially if it contain, as it pretends to do, "*interesting particulars not mentioned in the Bible*," relating to such worthies as Jannes and Jambres, and Balaam the son of Beor. Still farther, to enhance this interest to the highest degree, the Hebrew preface here translated relates the wonderful preservation of the book, — that during the destruction of Jerusalem, a Roman officer, in a secret place in a house, discovered a cask full of sacred books, and beside it an old man reading the same. The old man and the soldier and the cask of old books are rescued from peril, and find repose at last in the city of Sevilia, (Seville) of which anon. Out of this cask, in due time, came forth the Book of Jasher, "the best and most valuable of all." He says it is called the "Book of Jasher," that is, the *correct* book, [!] because its "transactions" follow in their regular historical order. Finally, there is the Hebrew Printer's Preface, of "the humble worm and no man, Joseph," son of Samuel the Little, who mentions his anxiety lest this work should come to an untimely end. Prefixed to this volume are testimonials from three distinguished Hebrew scholars, Professors Nordheimer, Turner, and Bush, who attest to the general correctness of the translation. Another gentleman, Mr. "H. V. Nathan, minister of the English and German synagogue, Kingston, Jamaica," says, our "translator is an eminent scholar." In our remarks we shall not go behind the testimony of these scholars, who speak only of the merits of the translation, but pass no judgment on the book itself.

Such then are the pretensions of the book. It is announced as an *authentic*, if not an *inspired* work, written in part before the death of Joshua. Now the book is a sheer forgery from

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beginning to end; it is full of anacronisms, profanities, and nameles abominations. It contradicts the Bible, and is inconsistent with itself. It is at variance with reason and religion, and is beside one of the most stupid and weak forgeries we remember ever to have seen. If the original book of Jasher ever existed after the time of the Maccabees, it has left no vestige of itself. No early Christian scholar knew anything of the book. Origen found manuscripts in a "cask," but knew nothing of the book of Jasher; Josephus was equally ignorant of it, and the Jewish writers upon the Scriptures show very plainly by their explanations of Josh. x. 13, and 2 Sam. i. 18, that they knew of no such separate book. Some of them say the Book of Jasher is *Genesis;* others that it includes the *whole Pentateuch*, and such explanations they would never have given had they known this present book as authentic; and it is scarcely possible a book of such great "antiquity and interest" should remain unknown to them till the seventeenth century.

It is evident from the book itself, that it is not the primitive Book of Jasher, for the first Hebrew Editor says it was generally called the "Generations of Adam;" and the most careless reader sees that the author had the Pentateuch and Book of Joshua before him, and was besides familiar with the rest of the Old Testament, from which very many passages have been borrowed. It contains fables and exegetical remarks borrowed from the Talmuds. — For example, we find Rabbi Eliezer's opinion as to the time the sun and moon stood still in ch. lxxxviii. 64, therefore it must be younger than the Talmud. This book does not contain the ode referred to in Josh. x. 13, but only the *words quoted from it in that passage.* This book is full of absurdities, and inconsistencies, and impossibilities, not to mention the numerous passages in which it contradicts itself in good set speech. We will venture at random to draw a few straws out of this rick, only premising that those we take are but a fair sample of the uncounted number left behind. Cain is made to *plough* the ground; he kills Abel with the *iron part* of his plough, for they had quarrelled, it seems, because "they were straitened for room," and Abel had *trespassed* on Cain's estate. Both of these sons of the earth wore *woollen* garments. We had fancied the first races of men knew as little of *ploughs*, and *real estate*, and *iron*, and *woollen* jackets, as some of their descendants six thousand years later. Our author solves the exegetical puzzle of Enoch's translation, and relates even the manner in which it was effected. He rode off "on a great Horse" which "paced in the air," (ch. iii. 27, seq,) and eight hundred thousand men — for they were counted — accom-

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panied him some distance on the Earth. Three hundred and forty years after the flood, six hundred thousand of the impious assembled to build the tower of Babel. If a man fell in that work, no one would look at him; but if a brick got broken, "they would all weep over it." The tower at length became so high, that a whole year was necessarily spent in carrying a hod of bricks from the bottom to the top. Lot's wife, after she was changed into a pillar of salt, afforded a "sweet morsel" for the oxen "who daily licked it up to the extremities of the feet, and in the morning it would spring forth afresh." Thus our author's lies proved his ignorance, no less than his falsehood; for a diligent antiquary should have known that the oxen in that neighborhood will not eat salt; and before indulging in the composition of the book of Jasher, it would have been well enough to ascertain, whether the Babylonians *burned* their bricks, and whether the term *Satan* was known to the Jews before the exile. Such straws show which way the stream runs.

Miracles occur at every turn, like enchantments in the old romancers. Monstrous animals appear in the likeness of men and beasts and Kephas, [?] and so refined are they, that they ride on asses. Scorpions and serpents hide from the face of Joseph as he is thrown into the pit; the camels lie down for fear of the Lord, and Rachel's ghost, like the king in Hamlet, speaks out of the ground to her son. The following pleasant adventure is related. Jacob, after the loss of Joseph, sends his sons to catch the wild beast that had devoured his son, that the beast may "show cause" why he injured "so sweet a youth." They bring back a living wolf, which Jacob "with a bitter heart" addresses, "why didst thou devour my son Joseph, and how didst thou have no fear of the God of the earth?" &c. Mr. Wolf nothing daunted answers like any Jew, in good set phrase, "As God liveth who created us in the earth, and as thy soul liveth, I did not see thy son. I came into the field to seek my son, and your sons found me and seized me. Do unto me as it may seem good in thy sight, but by the life of God who created me, I did not see thy son, neither has the flesh of man entered my mouth all the days of my life."

We pass over many profane and indecent passages, and advise such as *will* read the book to do the same. On a certain occasion giant Og took up a stone *twelve miles* in length, designing therewith to crush the whole camp of Israel, but an angel, for angels are plenty as black-berries in the book, —killed the giant himself with this very stone. Judah did once upon a time, shout so loud that "all Egypt quaked at the sound," and the "walls of Egypt to the land of Goshen fell in," and still more, — "Pharaoh also fell from his throne."

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The art of writing is made coeval with the human race, and we have an original letter from Jacob "to the powerful and wise king, the revealer of secrets, king of Egypt." Our author has an exceedingly felicitous knack of avoiding the unities of time and place; now his geography would lead us to the earth; then it sinks us in the palpable obscure of his own fancy. He relates an event which he says occurred "in the 91st year of the life of Abram," that is, about 1905, B. C., which is the well known rape of the Sabine women by the Romans, B. C. 750. He even makes use of the names Canopia, Tuscanah, the river Tibreu, and the city Sabinah. We thought human impudence could go no farther, but were mistaken; for turning to the preface, we find an attempt to vindicate this statement, and to show "that it was an event placed in proper chronological order." Turnus, Lucus, Romah, Bartoniah, Franca, the rivers Senah [Seine], Dubnee [Danube], and Tibreu [Tiber], are beautifully appropriate in the mouth of a contemporary of Moses. Still more remarkable is that chronology which makes Moses, Latinus, and Hannibal live in the same age.

This book contains a brief account of the second Punic war, (ch. lxxiv.) and Hannibal's invasion of Italy. The Romans under the name of *Chittim* often appear in the book. One of the chapters relates events that took place "in the 72d year from the Israelites going down into Egypt," which it is plain could not have occurred until after the middle of the sixth century after Christ, for he speaks of the king of Bibentu [Benevento]. Now every body knows that there was no king, or duke, of Benevento, until the Lombards invaded Italy. But to expose his ignorance still more, this author has been left to mention the Lombards by name, and not by their more ancient title Langobardi or Longobardi, but by their more modern appellation Lumbardi. (ch. x. 15.)

The names of Jania, Niblos, Zepho, Sardunia, (where we suggest to the translator to read in the second syllable a *yod* instead of *vaw*,) Abianus, Brittania, and Kernania, (as the translator misreads the Hebrew,) sound very natural in a Jew's mouth 1500 B. C. Still further, the Moorish invasion and conquest of Spain are distinctly set forth (in ch. l.) and referred to the times of Joseph, who himself led these Ishmaelites against the men of Tarshish [Spain]. From v. 5, it appears the Moors held possession at the time the book was written. The mention of Sevilia in the "Printer's preface" alone would throw suspicion on the book, for it is notorious that this town, — anciently called *Hispalis* or *Hispalia*, — did not receive its present title

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until after the Moorish conquest, when the Arabic name, Ixbilla, became corrupted by the Castilians to its present form Sevilla. This reference, in v. 5, is perhaps the most certain mark of the author's age, though the obscure, and only conjectural allusion to Louis xi. (ch. lxxvi. 29, seq.) ought not perhaps to be overlooked. The alleged purity of the Hebrew, however, would place it at an earlier date; perhaps in the eleventh or twelfth century A. C.

It was scarcely necessary to say so much, to prove the spuriousness and worthlessness of this book, nor should we have written a word, had not some popular periodicals extolled it somewhat highly. It really contains a couple of fine moral passages, in the ninth and eleventh chapters; but these excepted, we remember nothing in the book worth reading. Sometimes the author or his translator gives us *very remarkable* etymologies, and the latter now and then indulges us with *learned* notes, which certainly display a very *unusual acquaintance* with the Hebrew tongue, that would have made Buxtorf and Gesenius "*stare and gasp.*" We will not cumber our pages with examples, and bring up the "terrible Hebrew itself," but refer our readers to the notes on ch. xi. 4; xiv. 16; xlii. 34, and xliv. 18. In ch. lvi. 9, Jacob says "*teach thy sons the bow and all weapons of war*," and alluding obviously to 2 Sam. i. 18; but *there* a reference is made to a *song* called "The Bow," though our translators made the same mistake with this author, — but alas, the song nowhere appears in the book, which ends with the times of Joshua, and yet the translator appeals to this passage as "going far to prove the authenticity of the book"! p. xiv.

If we are rightly informed, the first edition of *this* Book of Jasher in Hebrew, commonly known, was published at Venice, 1625, 4to. Bartolocci (Bibliotheca magna Rabbinica sub voce) mentions an earlier edition, printed at Naples, but he is probably mistaken, for the Venice editor claims to be the first, and the Jewish doctors forbid any other person to issue the book for ten years to come. But Mr. Noah says the edition in his hands was printed at Venice, 1613. The edition of 1625 was reprinted at Cracow, 1628, 4to., at Frankfort, 1706, 8vo., and at Amsterdam, 1707. 8vo. It has also been translated, and published in German Jewish, and, if we mistake not, in mere German also. For farther information on this point we will refer our readers to Wolf's Treatise *de Scriptis Hebræorum anonymis*, with its *Supplementa* in his *Bibliotheca Hebræa*, voll. ii. and iii. sub voce; to his treatise *de libris in codice Hebræo citatis sed non extantibus*, in his Bibliotheca, and especially to vol. ii. p. 219, seq., where may be seen the various opinions

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of scholars respecting the work referred to in Joshua and Samuel. See also Bartolocci, l. c. Pars. iii. Tom. iii. pp. 935 and 868.*

The present work is not the only "Book of Jasher." There is one with that title by Rabbi Tam, published at Cracow, 1586, which relates to the Jewish laws, as we are told, and is quoted by Eisenmeuger in his *entdecktes Judenthum.*

Another spurious "Book of Jasher" with a very long title, is now lying before us. It was printed at Bristol in 1829, 4to., (pp. xiv. 64, and 10,) and pretends to have been "translated into English by Alcuin," who lived in the eighth and ninth century, and knew as much of ancient Hebrew, as of modern English into which the translation is made. See this stupid forgery exposed by Mr. Horne in his Introduction to the Holy Scriptures, American ed., Phil., 1836, from the seventh London edition, vol. ii., Bibliographical Appendix, pp. 63, seq.

Critical and Miscellaneous Essays, by T. Babington Macaulay. 2 vols. 8vo. Boston: Weeks, Jordan, & Co. 1840. — We have been waiting with much interest for the appearance of these volumes, ever since the Publishers issued their proposals for giving them to the public. They contain sixteen articles from different numbers of the Edinburgh Review, written by the author in as many years. As they originally appeared in the Scotch Journal, they did more for its wide renown and circulation than any other series of articles which it has given to the world. They discuss high themes, and compress into pages, which may be comfortably perused in one interval of leisure, complete and philosophical delineations of many most distinguished men. Milton, Machiavelli, Dryden, Byron, Bunyan, Johnson, Hampden, Lord Burghley, Mirabeau, and Lord Bacon, are the subjects of some of the papers which excited the most interest at their successive appearance. The results of profound thought and of a wide field of study are here presented, without a word or idea which is above the comprehension of any intelligent reader. A high moral feeling, a superiority to common sectarian and party prejudices, and a discriminating acuteness of judgement, are the prominent characteristics of the author in his writings. The volumes did not

* Besides this, there is a treatise on the Book of Jasher by Abichtius, with the title *de Libro Recti.* Lipsiæ. 1714. 8vo., but we have not seen it. See also Carpzovius' Introductio ad libros canonicos V. T. Lips. 1731. 4to. P. I. p. 56, seq.

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appear in season to admit of a thorough Review in our pages, and we must be satisfied with this brief notice, which may inform those who have already admired the single articles, that they are now to be found together, and induce those who have never read them to purchase for themselves cheap, but solid and pleasant wisdom.

The Scriptural Doctrine of our Lord Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit, in their relation to God the Father. By NATHANIEL S. FOLSOM. Boston: James Munroe & Company. 12mo. pp. 80. — A pamphlet of unusual interest; — not only for its contents, but for the circumstances which have called it forth. We solicit attention to it accordingly. The author, it appears, was recently the pastor of an Orthodox church in Providence, from which place he has withdrawn himself on account of a change of his views on the subject of the Trinity. This is the occasion of the publication before us. It begins with an Introduction, which contains the letter in which the author communicated to his church the reasons for resigning his office, and the considerations which have led him to make the present publication.

"During the last eight months, my doubts have thronged thick and fast. I determined to investigate the subject; and it was on this last week that I closed it. I now find myself in the confirmed rejection of the doctrine of the Trinity, as maintained in your creed, and all Orthodox creeds. As an honest man, I cannot continue your pastor, when I know I have come to entertain a sentiment subversive of what both you, and the ministry who set me over you, deem an essential article of Christian faith. Not that I have any scruples, myself, to preach to those who differ from me as you and all other Trinitarian Christians now differ. But knowing the established feelings on this point, it is my duty to retire, when I cannot stand with you on what I know you deem the only sure platform; and when I cannot lead you in forms of devotion dearly cherished in your hearts; and when, added to this, my conscience would rebuke me for appearing to be what I am not. These are the reasons, and the sole reasons, *why I leave now.* And my health is in truth a reason which urges me to leave, as early as practicable, this arduous field.

"I cannot conclude without saying, that I am solicitous to share still in your respect and affections. If you think I ought to have retired before this, — before my doubts assumed their present shape, — I can only reply that I tried to resist them; that I struggled hard to keep from entertaining them, and supposed I still might be free; while I also thought, (and still think,) of the possible injury that might be occasioned at least to some, by changing my opinion on a subject which is now connected, in the estimation of so many, with Christianity itself.

"And now once and to me still dear brethren, having apprized you

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of the change in my views as soon as I have found it to have actually taken place, I beseech you follow me no farther than I have followed Christ. What I believe is not your standard. What I reject is not your rule. To his own Master every one standeth or falleth. Let the Bible be to each and to all, (what I trust I still hold it,) the only and sufficient rule of faith and practice. Unless the truth I cherish makes me, through the holy Spirit, meet for heaven; unless there is enough in my creed to prove God's power and wisdom to my salvation, I know I shall not be able to enter the kingdom and church of God above. I am fallible. If I have erred from 'the faith once delivered to the saints,' I ask your prayers that I may yet be saved, though it be 'as by fire.'" — pp. 3, 4.

Then follow several sections, in which are set forth the views respecting Christ and the Holy Spirit, in which his mind at present finds rest. They are expressed principally in the exposition of the various texts which have been regarded as most favorable to the Trinitarian hypothesis, and have the merit of great clearness, simplicity, and fairness, though not in all instances wholly satisfactory. Some of them seem to us particularly happy, and throw new light on the text; some are too brief; to some there seem to be obvious objections. The *tone* of the book is calm, fervent, serious, and gentle, as such writings should be, but too often are not. The allusions of the author to himself and his peculiar position are simple and modest, and such as to give a peculiar grace to the introductory chapter.

Such a pamphlet as this, from such a source, at the present day, gives occasion to a flood of reflections, which, if we had room, we should be tempted to bestow upon our readers. Perhaps it is as well that we are obliged to break off, and substitute for them the following extract.

"'Coming events cast their shadows before.' Many behold the signs of the times, and, in their dread, are entrenching themselves still farther back within the lines and circumvallations of doctrines of the sternest school, and have already built so high as to shut out not only their enemies, but half of their own army. A Stuart, who charged fundamental error on a Channing, receives in turn the same from a Dana. A Beecher, whose voice imperatively called for dismemberment of the heretical churches, and exclusion of the heretical ministers, has the same measure meted out to him by his brethren, and now stands himself, with hundreds of excluded ministers and dismembered churches. All this is preparing those in whose minds Christianity is not a mere name, but a living power, to welcome a transition to a state of more perfect freedom, and Christian forbearance, and brotherly love, and coöperation in the cause of religion and humanity." — pp. 12, 13.

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NEW AND RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

A Discourse on the Life and Character of the Honorable Thomas Lee. By Samuel Gilman, D. D., Charleston, S. C.

The Unitarian Church in Charleston have met with no common bereavement in the death of Judge Lee. His character and services are beautifully commemorated in the discourse of Mr. Gilman. He was one of those men of whom society furnishes so few, who superior to fear and the prejudices of the community, thought, acted, and believed for himself in the matter of religion. Educated a Trinitarian, he yet reasoned out for himself the truth of the opposite system of faith, and what his inquiries taught him was true, that he hesitated not openly to avow, and forsaking the communion and church of his fathers, join himself to the Unitarians. Judge Lee was born in Charleston, in 1769. In 1794, he was appointed Solicitor-general of the State, and ten years afterward a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He was next made Comptroller-general of the State. In 1817 he was elected President of the State Bank in Charleston, an office which he held with honor for twenty-two years, and in 1823 was selected by Mr. Munroe to fill the place of Judge of the District Court for the South Carolina District. The two last offices he held at the time of his death. At a public meeting of the Tract Society of Mr. Gilman's Church, a few years since, he bore this testimony to his faith as a Unitarian Christian. "The creed of my fathers was Trinitarian; and I had every motive to attach myself to and love that religion which they professed. I was brought up in that faith, and worshipped in it long after the period of manhood. I then found its mysteries perplexing and incomprehensible. The demands which it made upon my mind to yield implicitly and blindly to doctrines, as fundamental, which I could not understand, led me to calm and deliberate investigation, which resulted in their rejection as not warranted by Scripture. I considered myself as an accountable being; and believing that it was my sacred duty to use the reasoning faculties, with which God has endowed me for the discovery of truth, and in a more especial manner of religious truth, I rejected the authority of men and councils, and sought for light and direction where alone they could be found, in the records of Revelation. My mind is completely satisfied, and I thank God I have no longer any doubts or misgivings."

An Address delivered before the New England Society in the city of New York, Dec. 23, 1839. By Robert C. Winthrop.

For the sake of the literary intelligence contained therein, we copy a note appended to this really eloquent address. "For the opportunity," says Mr. Winthrop, "of perusing this dialogue," an imaginary dialogue between some Young Men born in New England, and sundry Ancient Men that came out of Holland and Old England, written in 1648 by Governor Bradford, "I am indebted to Rev. Alexander Young, by whom it was copied from the Plymouth Church Records. I am happy to be able

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to add, that Mr. Young is engaged in preparing for the press a volume, to be entitled 'The Old Chronicles of the Plymouth Colony, collected partly from original records and unpublished manuscripts, and partly from scarce tracts, hitherto unknown in this Country,' in which this Dialogue will be contained, and which will be, in fact, a history of the Plymouth People, written by themselves, from 1602 to 1624. Mr. Young confidently expects to be able to recover or restore the most valuable portion of Gov. Bradford's History, which was used by Prince and Hutchinson, but which disappeared during the War of the Revolution, and has been supposed to be irrecoverably lost."

A Discourse preached at the Dedication of the Suffolk Street Chapel, Feb. 5, 1840. By John T. Sargent; Pastor of the Chapel. Published by request. Boston. 1840.

On Natural Theology as a study in Schools. A Lecture delivered before the American Institute of Instruction, at its annual Session, holden in Springfield, August, 1839. By Henry A. Miles, of Lowell. Boston. 1840.

This is a most excellent discourse, plainly and strongly written, and containing, as we judge, sound doctrine on the subject of which the author treats. Its aim is to recommend the study of Natural Theology to the young generally, and in particular its adoption as a branch of instruction in our common schools. We lament with Mr. Miles, that Religion should be wholly banished from our schools. The reason indeed is not without foundation, namely a fear on the part of the community of sectarian indoctrination. But surely there are truths common to all Christian believers, which may be taught without offence to any conscience. Mr. Miles says, "To exclude the dogmas and prejudices of a sect, it is not necessary to exclude religion itself. The truths of Natural Theology are wholly independent of all questions of ecclesiastical strife. They relate, exclusively, to the existence and attributes of God, and are held in common by all of every name. Nor will it do to say that the Pulpit, and the Sunday School, should be the sole agents for teaching these truths. Here is the very evil against which we protest — that religious instruction is not made a part of the common, daily business of education, that it is pushed altogether aside to one or two hours on the Sabbath, that hence it becomes appropriated and formal, and that thus while the mere knowing faculties of the child are drilled continually, the higher and guiding powers of his soul are left stinted and dwarfed. How obvious is it that these never can have that proportion of culture — which, if the object of education be to perfect the whole man, is properly theirs, until we admit their right to have at least an equal chance of attention, and some enlightened, and careful, and thorough means of training them are employed, in the course of the every day processes of school education." But the practical difficulty — the laboring point, would be, we suppose, with the conscience of some zealous teachers, who would not consider themselves faithful to their own souls, and the souls of their pupils, if they forbore to enforce the peculiarities of their creed; and it is the peculiarities of a creed which, with those who hold it, are the vital and saving parts.

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A Discourse on the Latest Form of Infidelity, delivered at the request of the "Association of the Alumni of the Cambridge School," on the 19th of July, 1839. With Notes. By Andrews Norton. Cambridge: J. Owen. 1839.

The Latest Form of Infidelity examined. A Letter to Mr. Andrews Norton, occasioned by his Discourse before the "Association of the Alumni of the Divinity School," on the 19th of July, 1839. By an Alumnus of that School. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1839.

Remarks on a Pamphlet entitled "The Latest Form of Infidelity examined." By Andrews Norton. Cambridge: J. Owen. 1839.

Second Letter to Mr. Andrews Norton, occasioned by his defence of a Discourse on the "Latest Form of Infidelity." By George Ripley. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1840.

Defence of the Latest Form of Infidelity examined. A third Letter to Mr. Andrews Norton, occasioned by his Discourse on the Latest Form of Infidelity. By George Ripley. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1840.

Transcendentalism of the Germans and of Cousin. Two Articles from the Princeton Review concerning the Transcendentalism of the Germans and of Cousin, and its influence on opinion in this country. Cambridge: J. Owen. 1840.

The previous Question between Mr. Andrews Norton and his Alumni moved and handled in a Letter to all those Gentlemen. By Levi Blodgett.

This is a pamphlet in the present spirit of the times. We do not say that it is the aim of the author, but it is the effect of what he has written, to reduce Christianity to the level of natural religion. His object in the first place is, to prove that there are germs of religion in the soul, that religion is natural to man, that man everywhere wants it and everywhere therefore has it, a case which he fully makes out, but which did not need special proof, as we suppose it to be a proposition as universally admitted, as that man needs and will therefore find food. When men agree to reject food or take poisonous substances in its stead, they will reject religion and be atheists. As some have been mad enough to do both these unnatural things, so there are monsters who have denied the being of a God. But they are and will be very few. We have no fears for religion, whatever we may sometimes have for revelation.

But if religion is natural to man — Mr. Blodgett then would have the inference to be drawn — Christianity is not a supernatural religion; seeing it was not needed as such. He does not deny that miracles were wrought; on the contrary he admits their reality, though he does

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deny that it can be shown that they were. But as he leaves no office for them to perform of any use or dignity, he takes away every sufficient reason for believing that they were wrought. For if their only purpose was to make men wonder, or if they were only a sign of peculiar natural gifts or genius on the part of the worker, if no higher end can be assigned which they were to answer, the presumption against their actual occurrence becomes almost or quite insuperable. It is the end for which Christians suppose them to have been wrought, namely, to prove the divine mission and inspiration of Jesus, not to prove certain moral truths, as Mr. Blodgett thinks, which makes a belief in them reasonable and easy. It is hardly conceivable that one should long continue to admit the reality of miracles as facts — except through the mere force of habit — who does not see them in the character of proofs — proofs of Christ's authority. Christianity accordingly is in the view of this writer only one of the forms, in which men arrive at religion by their own unassisted genius. Geniuses arise from time to time, who carry on to a higher point science, and art, and philosophy, and so geniuses arise from time to time, who in the same way carry on religion farther and higher. Jesus was such an one. If he wrought miracles, it cannot be known historically that he wrought them, and they served no purpose that we can understand. Still he carried on Religion to a higher point by his divine instructions and his godlike virtues. The latter part of the pamphlet is taken up with specific considerations to show the incompetency of miracles as evidence; that they are not needed and are of no use; and the all-sufficiency of other kinds of proof. We cannot notice these considerations, but refer the reader to the pamphlet itself, if he is curious in such speculations.

We think such a tract as the one we are noticing injurious to Christianity, so far as its conclusions shall be adopted. Just so far, it appears to us, as the miracles of the New Testament are made out to be myths, fables, exaggerations of natural circumstances and events, the results of mistaken observation on the part of the evangelists, or anything else but what on the face of the thing they claim to be, just so far is the New Testament shown to be comparatively a worthless book; it is of no more value — except as it is a better book of the kind — than any philosophy or fiction which presents to the imagination and the reason excellent characters and doctrine. If now any should ask whether we really think it is for, or through the miracles most persons believe Christianity, we say no. They do not think much about them one way or another, in becoming Christians. It is the moral and spiritual character of Christ and his teaching, that makes them Christians, so far as the New Testament has any share, in addition to education and circumstances, in making them so. But then, but for the miracles, we contend there would have been no Christ, no Christianity. Mr. Blodgett says he deprecates the theology of those who rest Christianity solely, or chiefly on miracles, and thinks them its true enemies. We in our turn deprecate such a theology as this pamphlet presents, for we are sure it could not be extensively adopted, but at the expense of all that to us is most valuable in Christianity. We had natural religion before Christ came; it is to be had now in Africa and the islands of the Pacific. We value Christianity on the ground, that it is

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something additional to that — and so far better, namely, a revelation — using the word in its common acceptation. But however mistaken we may hold the theology of the pamphlet, we acknowledge with satisfaction the earnest and religious spirit in which it is written.

Two Discourses preached before the First Congregational Society in Medford; one upon leaving the Old Church; and one at the Dedication of the New. By Caleb Stetson; Minister of the Society. Boston: 1840.

The Preacher and the Pastor. Two Discourses delivered in Harvard Church, Charlestown, Sunday, March 15, 1840, on the Commencement of his Ministry. By George E. Ellis. Printed by request, for the use of the Society. Boston: 1840.

The Analyst: a Collection of Miscellaneous Pièces. New York: Wiley and Putnam.

This is the play-day work of a man of elegant tastes, and of much good reading. He produces his wares, however, in so many different forms, copied after chosen models, that it is not easy to obtain a distinct idea of his own manner. The volume consists of essays, criticisms, imitations, philosophical speculations, characters, sketches, letters, and fragments, presenting together an agreeable and various repast, to serve as a dessert after the severer studies of the closet. We would gladly bestow upon them a more equal notice, accompanied by extracts, but it is not easy to find the room we want for the merely literary. We think, by the way, that he abuses the clergy quite too much; at least his pictures are not true of that order in this part of the country. We do not know which of the sects sat to him for its portrait. — To sell, the book should have received a more imposing form from the printer. All but great geniuses must be content to owe half their honors and successes to paper, type, and press-work.

On Labor. An Address at the Annual Cattle Shows of the Worcester, Hampshire, Hampden, and Franklin Agricultural Societies, October, 1838. By H. Colman. Boston: 1839.

An Address to the Middlesex Society of Husbandmen and Manufacturers, at their Annual Cattle Show. By Henry Colman; Commissioner for the Agricultural Survey of the State. Boston: 1839.

Spartacus, or the Roman Gladiator; a Tragedy, in five acts, by Jacob Jones, Esq., Author of "Longinus, a Tragedy," &c. Third Edition. London: 1837.

The Cathedral Bell; a Tragedy, in five acts. By Jacob Jones, Barrister at Law; Author of the "Stepmother"; "Longinus, or the Fall of Palmyra," &c. London: 1839.

Cabiro; A Poem, by George H. Calvert, Author of "Count

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Julian, a Tragedy," and Translator of Schiller's Don Carlos. Cantos I. and II. Baltimore: 1840.

There are many signs of a bold and poetical mind in Count Julian, the title of which we gave in our last number. If the author is, as we take him to be, a young man, or a young author, he may do very considerable things yet. In this tragedy he has given a gratifying evidence of courage and of conscious resources, in adopting a fable of extreme simplicity, and throwing himself for success upon his power to unfold character, and speak through noble and interesting sentiment to the heart of the reader. We are obliged to confess, that the words are sometimes more than the idea; the thought is dressed in too cumbrous and startling drapery. The language of particular passages, as well as the general strain of some of the scenes and dialogues, is perhaps a little too much in "Hercules' vein." But in saying this we acknowledge the presence of a reflecting, vigorous, poetical mind. Of Cabiro we have little to say in commendation. There are good lines and stanzas, — but it requires more than the genius of even Byron to make such poetry very readable. Beppo and Don Juan are enough of the kind.

Unitarian Christianity, — What it is, and what it is not. A Discourse delivered at the Installation of the Rev. John Parkman, as Pastor of the First Unitarian Church and Society in Dover, N. H. April 22, 1840. By Ezra S. Gannett, Junior Pastor of the Federal Street Church, Boston. With the Charge, by Rev. John Pierpont; the Right Hand, by Rev. Samuel Osgood; Address to the People, by Rev. Francis Parkman, D. D.

Two Discourses, delivered September 29, 1839, on occasion of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Gathering of the First Congregational Church, Quincy: with an Appendix. By William P. Lunt. Boston: 1840.

A Discourse delivered in the Church in Brattle Square, on Sunday, May 3, 1840; occasioned by the death of Rev. John Thornton Kirkland, D. D., LL. D., late of Harvard University. By Francis Parkman, D. D., Pastor of the New North Church. Boston: 1840.

A Discourse on the Life and Character of the Rev. John Thornton Kirkland, D. D., LL. D., formerly Pastor of the Church on Church Green, Boston, also late President of Harvard University, delivered in the Church on Church Green, May 3, 1840. By Alexander Young. Boston: 1840.

A Letter to Rev. Ezra S. Gannett of Boston, occasioned by his Tract on the Atonement. By Nehemiah Adams, Pastor of Essex Street Church, Boston. Boston: James Munroe and Co 1840.

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A Discourse on the Life and Character of the Rev. Charles Follen, LL. D., who perished January 13, 1840, in the conflagration of the Lexington. Delivered before the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, in the Marlborough Chapel, Boston, April 17, 1840. By Samuel J. May.

Poems, by William Thompson Bacon. Third Edition. Boston: Weeks, Jordan, and Co. 1840.

The Bible Reader; being a new Selection of Reading Lessons from the Holy Scriptures, for the use of families. By W. B. Fowle, Author of the Primary Reader. Boston: 1839.

Mr. Fowle thus states his design in making these selections, which it seems to us he has accomplished very successfully. "The author of the compilation has endeavored to furnish such a selection of Scripture Lessons as may be used in schools and families, without subjecting the teacher or the reader to the trouble of making a selection at the time of reading. That some selection was called for, no one will deny, who has attempted to read the Bible in course to his pupils or to his family." Those very familiar with the Scriptures might prefer to make their own selections for morning and evening service, but by others this volume would be, we think, a very convenient manual. "The text of the common translation has been followed." "In a few cases the pronunciation of difficult words is marked. The work is divided into three parts, the first containing selections from the Old Testament, the second such miscellaneous passages as most fairly exhibit the precepts of Religion, arranged under suitable heads."

The Chapel Hymn Book. Third Edition; with additional Hymns. Boston: 1839.

A small, neat pocket volume of 288 pages and 437 Hymns. "Simplicity and cheapness," say Messrs. Barnard and Gray, "were our objects in compiling it." "It is offered to the public," having been prepared originally for the Warren and Pitts Street Chapels, "at the request of certain of our friends, who think it may be acceptable in Sunday Schools, Families, or some of our smaller Churches."

Academical Lectures on the Hebrew Scriptures and Antiquities. By John Gorham Palfrey, D. D., LL. D. Vol. II. Genesis and Prophets. Boston: James Munroe and Co.

Theory of Legislation; by Jeremy Bentham. Translated from the French of Etienne Dumont, by R. Hildreth, Author of "Banks, and Banking, and Paper Currencies," "Despotism in America," "Archy Moore," &c. Vol. I. Principles of Legislation. Boston: Weeks, Jordan, and Co. 1840. 2 vols.

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INDEX.

A.

Aimé Martin on the education of Mothers, reviewed, 44. — Three systems of education described. The old fashioned, 44 — the modern, 45 — the masculine, 51 — Eclectic, 52. — Aimé Martin's work analyzed with quotations, 53 - 63.

Analyst, the, a collection of miscellaneous pieces, 402.

Antiquities, Christian, in Rome, 335, 339.

Atonement, Magee on, reviewed, 63.

B.

Bardesanes, an early writer of hymns, 11.

Beard on Owenism, noticed, 255.

Bible Reader, the, 404.

Blind, principles of the instruction of the, 262.

Blodgett, Levi, on the previous question between Mr. Andrews Norton and his Alumni, 400.

Board of Education, third annual report of, noticed, 253.

Bowring's account of the present state of the Samaritans, 150, note.

Brownson, O. A., his Charles Elwood, or the Infidel Converted, reviewed, 180.

C.

Cabiro, a Poem, by George H. Calvert, 403.

Cellerier's Authenticity of the New Testament, 268,

Chandler's Hymns of the Primitive Church, reviewed, 1.

Channing, Rev. W. E., Discourse of, occasioned by the death of Dr. Follen, 68 - 87.

Channing, W. H.; his Translation of Jouffroy's Introduction to Ethics, reviewed, 137 — an analysis of the work, 138 - 147 — Reasons why such a work is important, 144 — Want of a true system of Christian Ethics, 146.

Charles Elwood, or the Infidel Converted, reviewed, 180.

Chapel Hymn Book, 404.

Chicago, Annals of, by J. R. Balestier, 269.

Christian Antiquities in Rome, 325 - 339.

Christianity, historical, article on, 166.

Christian Layman, the, reviewed, 122.

Crania Americana; or a comparative view of the skulls of various Aboriginal nations of North and South America, by Samuel George Morton, reviewed, 248.

D.

Daubigné's History of the Reformation, 20 — Account of the author and general character of his work, 21 — An analysis given of it, 22 - 44.

Dean's Philosophy of Human Life, 263.

Digitized by Google

Delusion; or the Witch of New England, 130.
Despotism in America, 271.
Domestic Worship, by W. H. Furness, reviewed, 199.
Dudleian Lecture, by Rev. W. B. O. Peabody, 317 – 325.

E.

Education of Mothers, by L. Aimé Martin, reviewed, 44.
Elwood, Charles, or the Infidel Converted, reviewed, 180.
Ephrem, the Syrian, a voluminous writer of hymns, 11.
Evil, its true office and end, a Discourse by Dr. Channing, 68 – 78.

F.

Faerie Queene, Spenser's, reviewed, 208.
Follen, Rev. Charles, Discourse occasioned by the death of, 68 — Sketch of the Life of, 87, 88.
Folsom's, Nathaniel S., Scriptural Doctrine of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and the Holy Spirit, noticed, 396.
Footsteps of Angels, Longfellow's, quoted, 247.
Fowle's Bible Reader, 404.
Frithiof's Saga; or Legend of Frithiof. By Esaias Tegner, reviewed, 339 – 358.
France, education in, 47 – 50.
Furness, W. H., his "Domestic Worship," reviewed, 199.

G.

Gammer Grethel, by Mrs. Follen, noticed, 267.
German Literary Intelligence, 135.
Gilman's, Rev. Samuel, Discourse on the life and character of the Honorable Thomas Lee, 398.

H.

Historical Christianity, a defence of 166 – 171.
Hymns of the Primitive Church, article on, 1 — Chandler's collection, 1 – 3 — Bishop Mants, 4 – 7 — Ancient mode of singing in the churches, 8 — Ambrose, 16 — Improvements introduced by Gregory, 9 — Ancient writers of hymns, 10 — Bardesanes, Ephrem, &c., 11 — Paul of Samosata, Prudentius, &c., 13 – 19.

I.

Infidelity, Modern, characteristics and causes of, 181 – 186.

J.

Jesus, life of, by Strauss, reviewed, 273 – 316.
Jouffroy's Introduction to Ethics, translated by W. H. Channing, reviewed, 137.
Julian, Count, a tragedy, 403.

L.

Laura Bridgman, an account of, 367 – 375.
Layman, the Christian, reviewed, 122.
Lee, Thomas, a Discourse on the life and character of, by Rev. Samuel Gilman, 398.
Life of Jesus, by Strauss, reviewed, 273 – 316.
Local Vestiges of the early propagation of Christianity in the city of Rome, 325 – 339.
Longfellow's Voices of the Night, reviewed, 242.
Lothrop, S. K., Sermon by, on the destruction of the Lexington, noticed, 130.
Luther, sketch of the life of, from Daubigné's history of the Reformation, 22 – 44.

M.

Macaulay, T. Babington, Critical and Miscellaneous Essays by, noticed, 395.
Magee on the Atonement, reviewed, 63.
Mants' Ancient Hymns, reviewed, 1.

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Martin, Aimé, on the education of mothers, reviewed, 44.
Massachusetts Board of Education, third annual report of, noticed, 253.
Miles, Henry A., on Natural Theology as a study in schools a Lecture by, 399.
Miracles, Mr. Brownson's view of, 194 - 196.
Moore, Archy; or Memoirs of a Slave, noticed, 129.
Morin, Father, his theory of the Israelitish origin of the Samaritan Pentateuch defended, 159 - 165.
Morton's Crania Americana, reviewed, 248.
Music in the Ancient Christian Church, 7. - 9.

N.

National Establishments of religion. By John Taylor, reviewed, 171.

O.

Obligations of the world to the Bible, a series of lectures to young men, by Gardiner Spring, noticed, 261.
Owenism, Christianity defended from the assaults of, by J. R. Beard, noticed, 255.

P.

Palfrey, John Gorham, his Dudleian Lecture on the theory and uses of Natural Religion, noticed, 127.
Peabody's, Rev. W. B. O., Dudleian Lecture, 317 - 325.
Pebblebrook; or the Harding Family, 131.
Pebbles from Castalia, noticed, 265.
Pentateuch, Samaritan, article on, 147.
Perkins Institution, and Massachusetts Asylum for the blind, eighth annual report of the trustees of, reviewed, 359 - 378.
Philosophy of Human life, by Amos Dean, noticed, 263.
Poet's Tribute, by W. B. Tappan, noticed, 128.
Prayer, objections to, considered, 199 - 202 — the nature and value of prayer, 203 — the duty of family prayer urged, 205 - 207.
Psalm of Life, Longfellow's quoted, 244.

R.

Reformation, History of, by D'Aubigné, reviewed, 20.
Rejected Addresses, 271.
Rome, Christian Antiquities in, 325 - 339.
Rosanna; or scenes in Boston, reviewed, 111.

S.

Samaritan Pentateuch, 147 — History and present condition of the Samaritan people, 148 - 151 — The Samaritan Pentateuch known to the Fathers of the first centuries, 152 — Sketch of its History to the present time, 152 - 155 — Account of the controversy concerning its origin and character, 156 - 158 — Remarks on it, 158, 159 — Arguments in behalf of Father Morin's theory of the Israelitish origin of the Samaritan Pentateuch, 159 - 165.
Scenes in Judea, 89 - 111, 224 - 241.
Singing in the ancient churches, 7.
Spenser's poetical works, reviewed, 208 — Characteristics of Spenser, and his poetry, 210 - 218 — Faults to be charged upon the Faerie Queene, 218 — Minor poems of Spenser, 219 — His rank as a poet, 220 — Compared with Shakspeare and Milton, 221 - 223.
Spring's, Gardiner, Obligations of the world to the Bible, 261.
Stephens, his visit to the Samaritans at Naplosa.
Strauss's Life of Jesus, reviewed, 273 — not properly a life of Jesus, 274 — the introduction valuable to the student of the Scrip-

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tures, 274 — an abstract given of it, 274 - 283 — Strauss's historical difficulties and objections, examples of, 283 - 305 — Concluding treatise of Strauss, 305 — false principles of Strauss pointed out, 307 - 312 — Concluding remarks, 313 - 316.

T.

Tappan, William B., his Poet's Tribute, noticed, 128.
Taylor on National Establishments of Religion, reviewed, 171.
Taylor, Isaac, his Ancient Christianity, and the Doctrines of the Oxford Tracts, noticed, 257.
Teacher taught, by Emerson Davis, noticed, 259.
Tegner's, Frithiof's Saga, or Legend of Frithiof, reviewed, 339 - 358.
Temperance Reform, 111 — Legislation, 114 - 121.
Thacher, William Vincent, obituary notice of, 131 — epitaph, 134.
Transcendentalism of the Germans and of Cousin, two articles from the Princeton Review, noticed, 400.

V.

Voices of the Night, by H. W. Longfellow, reviewed, 242.
Voluntaryism and its results compared with compulsory support of Religion, 178.

W.

White Slavery, 269.
Winthrop, Robert C., his address delivered before the New England Society in the city of New York, 398.
Withington's review of late temperance movements, 269.
Worship, Domestic, by W. H. Furness, reviewed, 199.

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